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ウィリアム エリオット グリフィス

WRITINGS OF

WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D.

I. The Mikado's Empire. Sixth Edition.
II. Japanese Fairy World.
III. Corea, the Hermit Nation. Third Edition.
IV. Corea, Without and Within. Second Edition.
V. Matthew Calbraith Perry. Second Edition.
VI. The Lily Among Thorns. A Study of the Biblical Drama entitled the Song of Songs.

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BOSTON AND CHICAGO.

YOSHI-IYÉ DISCOVERING THE AMBUSCADE. — See page 95.

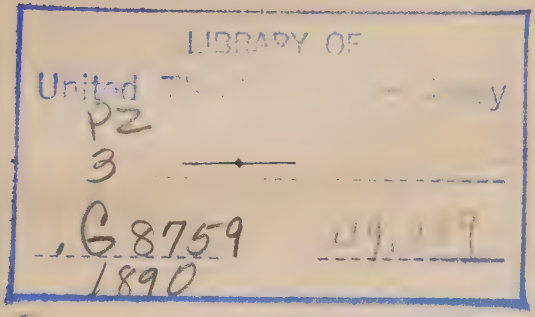
HONDA THE SAMURAI

A STORY OF MODERN JAPAN

BY

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D.

Pastor of the Shawmut Congregational Church, Boston, Mass., and author of "The Mikado's Empire," "Japanese Fairy World," "Matthew Calbraith Perry," etc.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Dedication.

TO THE NOBLE BAND OF MISSIONARIES
LIVING AND DEAD
WHO HAVE DONE SO MUCH TO MAKE THE
NEW JAPAN THAT IS,
AND THE CHRISTIAN JAPAN THAT IS TO BE,
THE AUTHOR DEDICATES THIS WORK
IN PROFOUND APPRECIATION.

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Pronunciation of Japanese Words.

---

a as in *father.*
é or *e* as in *prey.*
i as in *pique.*
ō as in *bowl.*
u as in *rule.*
ŭ is silent.
ai as *i* in *mile.*
ei as *a* in *pray.*
y as *i* in *pique.*

PREFACE.

This story owes its origin to the suggestion of a publishing friend who wanted the young people of America to know how the wonderful New Japan flowered out of the roots of the Old. Further, he wished the events of the last twenty years told in the form of a story, and from an inside point of view.

Now it makes a great deal of difference, when you are trying to make out the design in a stained-glass window, whether you are looking at it from the street, or within from the aisle or chancel. So, for a foreigner to know Japan, it is better to get inside of the country and tell the story of what he sees, than to look from without with alien eye.

How I came to go to Japan, to live in Fukui during 1871, the last year of feudalism, and in Tōkyō during the three formative years of 1872, 1873, and 1874, is told in the preface to "The Mikado's Empire," and need not be repeated here. I became acquainted with hundreds of Japanese lads and men, mostly samurai. Matsudaira, the daimiō of Echizen, was my stedfast friend. Many others whose names are veiled in the story were neighbors, companions, or pupils.

It was shortly after my arrival in Boston in 1886, to

become the pastor of Shawmut Church, that one of my fellow-members asked for this story, but lack of time and press of many duties prevented my fulfillment of the promise then given until this year.

I can scarcely say that "Honda the Samurai" is a story "founded on fact," but rather that the whole edifice of fiction is a mass of facts cemented together with a little imagination and fancy. In the first part of the book I have pictured in short stories ancient and mediæval Japan. I next show the change of the Japanese mind in the rush of events that followed the arrival of Perry's invincible but peaceful armada, and then the nation's growth from 1868 to 1890. The story is a string of pictures of what I saw, or heard, or knew to exist, in "the country between heaven and earth." Portions of the descriptive matter in the book have already appeared in the author's contributions to periodical literature, but so rewritten as to be hardly recognizable even to former readers, while the narrative is wholly new.

May the story bind in new sympathy and friendship Japanese and Americans; and in new love and consecration to the Master all his followers, on both sides of the Pacific!

W. E. G.

SHAWMUT CHURCH, BOSTON,
October 1, 1890.

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HONDA THE SAMURAI.

CHAPTER I.

THE CITY OF THE HAPPY WELL.

WHAT would be the feelings of an "heir of all the ages," and especially of an American lad of the nineteenth century, were he to leap out of the present into the thirteenth century? His feelings would have been ours, had we arrived in Fukui, in Echizen, Japan, after a journey from Osaka via Lake Biwa and the mountains, in the year of our Lord 1852. Here was the capital city of a feudal province which long ago, and for centuries, had been the center of war, the castle having been often taken and retaken in blood and fire; but during the last two hundred and seventy years there had been no more quiet spot in the Land of Great Peace.

Life in a Japanese city, to one fresh from the intense life and energies of an American metropolis, would have been like existence in the thirteenth century. Society was so simple; there were but two classes, the governing samurai and the governed

people. The latter class knew nothing of the government, except that they must yield unquestioning obedience to its decrees.

Life was so quiet; it seemed to consist chiefly of eating, sleeping, and smoking. If there were more than that, it appeared to be merely incidental. In an American city, the sight of men on their way to business is a spectacle of dramatic interest. To stand still in the midst of such a crowd as surges along Broadway — who would dare to do it? For a merchant to be indifferent to customers — who is the man? Yet in Fukui, before a customer, the merchant sat warming his hands over his brazier, as stolid as a statue. It was impolite to ask any one to buy; and as for the busiest street, one *might* stand in the middle of it all day and neither be run over nor knocked down. The contrast between the life of human beings in Japan and in America was as great as the difference between the mean wooden houses of the former country and the comfortable dwellings of the latter. Except on great festival days, when this interior city looked something like bustling Yedo, the streets were never crowded.

There are two ways of describing a Japanese city. One is in the gazetteer style. Thus it might be said: "Fukui is a city in the province of Echizen, on the Ashiwa river. It is the seat of a daimiō's government. It has a castle, two large bridges, a theatre, a town-hall, several schools, many temples. The chief productions are paper, silk, tea, and rice. Population, forty thousand."

All this might be said and more, and it would all be true, yet the reader would not have the faintest idea as to how the city of Fukui looked. The word "castle" calls up the picture of tall towers, castellated ramparts, and rocky approaches. At the mention of "theatre," there rises in the mind a dazzle of upholstery, chandeliers, and gas-lights. Do we say town-hall? What American never in Japan can image in his mind the true picture?

A better method of description is by a plentiful use of negative particles. Society in Japan was reduced to very simple elements. Even the miner in the nearly inaccessible California gulch, far away from city life and civilized society, was yet more of a modern man than was the average Japanese citizen in Fukui in 1852. For the newspaper can, with more than Mohammed's power, bring the world to the miner, without his going to the world. But here in Japan was a people civilized for centuries; yet there were in Fukui no hospital, no asylums, no almshouse, no public hall, no bank, no lightning-rods, no steam-engines, no gas-lights, and no newspaper.

"Oh, but these are all modern inventions!" cries the critic; "how could the Japanese have these? Of course they had all the ancient and universal improvements, had they not?"

No! There was a fine river flowing through the city, and a seaport on the bay, but there, at Mikuni-on-the-Sea of Japan, was not a single dock or pier. There was not a wagon or carriage in the city, nor a wheeled vehicle within leagues. Most of

the beasts of burden were human beings. Men carried stones down hill and up. Men and women shouldered fagots and bags of rice and bundles of charcoal. Men made themselves fulcrums, and bore all the burdens, where an Anglo-Saxon makes the round earth with its gravitation do half the work. All sorts of loads were carried by the "heavenly balance-pole," of which the human being was the supporting column and his shoulder the resting-place. Even wheelbarrows were unknown. River boats were hauled by men instead of by mules. Horses, stupid and lazy, unkempt and ill-fed, did duty as sumpters, and bullocks likewise; but two-legged beasts of burden were in the majority.

There was no bread, no milk, no beef. A native man wants but little wheat, but he wants that little long. The Japanese usually eats wheat in the form of thick vermicelli, in strips the length of a yard-stick. When he can get rice, he disdains to eat other grain. There was no word in the language for bread; and wheat was cheap and in little demand. There was no milk, for the people thought it wrong to deprive the cow of it, and the majority of people never thought of such a thing as using cow's milk for food. There was no beef, for the two religions, with their thirty-five or more sects, taught that it was a sin to eat the flesh of domestic cattle.

The prohibition did not extend to monkeys, foxes, wild boars, and deer, for these were wild. Of potatoes, that is, the Satsuma *imo*, or sweet potato, there were plenty, which were eaten as "refreshments"

between meals, being baked at ovens or stands along the street, and sold like cakes or nuts. White, or "Irish," potatoes were called Java, or "Dutch." Of our modern garden vegetables and small fruit, there was almost none, though other kinds flourished. How could these people live thus so long? There were no stone street-pavements, no sidewalks, though in private courtyards and within the castle and temple grounds were many solid, massive, and beautiful stone-laid walks. There was not one brick chimney in the province. There was not a stove in any house, nor a bedstead, nor a chair.

"What sort of houses did the people live in?" you ask. Every house in the city was of timber, and rarely more than one story high. The shops were all open to the street. The average stock-in-trade of each might be fifteen dollars' worth. The average value of the houses was a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars each. All had low frames, roofed with tile, shingle, or thatch. The dwellings of the official classes were often large and costly. In looking over the city, one saw no imposing piles of architecture, no towers of masonry, no smoking furnace-mouths, no spires. All was a monotonous flat of tiles, or dingy, weather-darkened thatch or shingle. There were the square, many-gabled castle-towers and pagodas, and there were the massive roofs and vast white gables of the great temples. Here and there rose fine old trees. A square four-storied bell-tower rose in each of the city wards. On housetops one caught sight of the ever-ready

tub of water and brace of brooms for fighting the flames. Bamboo groves, beautiful and feathery, lent variety to the scene, often serving as places of refuge during an earthquake; but no one who had learned the meaning of the word "city" in Eastern America would suppose such a collection of low buildings — villas or shanties — was a city. It might be a number of booths erected for a fair, a mere temporary arrangement for a few weeks; but a city one thousand years old, how could it be that? A Japanese youth arriving in San Francisco, even when the city was but twenty years old, could not believe the houses were built by men. He thought they must be the work of the gods.

There was not a stone house in the city. Even in Yedo, Osaka, and Kyōto, there were not, in all, a half-dozen stone dwelling-houses, though there were hundreds of massive fire-proof store-houses with earthen walls a foot thick. Everything was of perishable timber, the sport of time and the victim of fire. There seemed to be nothing durable but tombstones and castle walls, for these were of stone. Ancient monuments of art and architecture were very few.

Everything, except their great bronze images and their castles, was built of wood, hay and stubble, and mud. Their best buildings were of perishable material. This was partly because the ever-threatening earthquake has paralyzed the growth of architecture in Japan. Their proudest castles have been razed, their towns engulfed, and their largest cities leveled. Without science they were helpless, and

their builders labored in vain. Yet there were other reasons also.

The houses within were plain, utterly devoid of furniture, as the word is defined in our dictionary and as it exists in our conceptions. There were no sofas, chairs, tables, bedsteads, or washstands; yet the rooms were neatly floored with fine, soft mats, the walls papered and hung with scroll-pictures, the screens handsome, and in the recess of the parlors of the respectable houses were bronze vases, fresh flowers, cabinets, and specimens of the joiner's and lacquerer's art. The partitions were of latticed wood and paper; the windows were of the same material. Notwithstanding the difference in furnishing and architecture, there are, in most of the better class of houses in the Mikado's empire, striking evidences of good taste and refinement, and the people who live in them are polite ladies, gentlemen, and well-bred children.

Let us look around the city as it was in 1852. The lower classes, or "the people," live in the business part of the city; the gentry, or samurai, all dwell within the large and roomy space enclosed by the castle walls and moats. There are "street men" and "castle men." From across the river, supposing we are traveling into Fukui from the south, we can see the towers, walls, ramparts, and moats of the citadel. Here and there other portions of the complex lines of ditches, walls, massive gates, and government offices, embowered in groves of greenery, peep out in the sunshine.

Crossing the long bridge over the river named after the god Ashiwa, whose shrine is upon the mountain yonder, we look up and down the valley and admire the scenery. This is one of the enjoyments of the people, and many a good-natured dispute is held by friends as to what are the prettiest views to be seen near Fukui. The standard and orthodox opinion, as the result of centuries of chat, is that the eight finest "sceneries" are: —

1. The peach-orchard in blossom on the river flats.
2. The fireflies flitting over the valley meadows.
3. The moon reflected in Cherry Pond.
4. The flight of the wild geese across the moon at Happy Marsh.
5. The fresh-fallen snow on the hill of Makida.
6. The slanting rain at Flower-path Hill.
7. The sound of the temple bells at the "South End."
8. The people on festival days passing over the Great Bridge.

Of the thirteen entrances into the city we select this one over the bridge. The thoroughfares, though not stone-paved, have a hard surface, and are kept level with gravel rammed down tightly together. We notice the street names, which are taken from the castle gates, or the Buddhist temples to which they lead, or called after the trades or kinds of business done in them. Here are a few specimens: Cormorant, Castle-bridge, Dawn, Spring, White-beard, Willow, Boat, River-door, Falconer's, Mountain-back, Palanquin, Night-watch, Temple Point,

Rich-man, Fish, Salt, Mat, Key, Pipe, Boat-bridge, etc. The main street and the avenues are wide, but many of the humbler thoroughfares are narrow lanes.

The shop signs amuse us. Combs, hairpins, and switches seem to be sold in many places, as well as looking-glasses, or, rather, round metal mirrors. The paper, tea, and silk shops, the drug, hardware, and book stores swing their signs, fly their flags, or set up their square lanterns. The shops are all open to the street. Not a glass window is to be seen or a house-door on hinges. All apparatus for opening and closing slides in grooves.

Street pedlars are numerous, and their cries interest us. Everything runs into doubles, and the carrying of all burdens is by dividing the weight in half and bearing the halves suspended by a pole laid across the shoulder. The umbrella-coverer, the pipe-mender, and the locksmith carry their machinery and tools with them. "Bean-cheese, well-cooked or partly fried!" "Parboiled and soft-boiled bamboo root!" "Pots mended!" and "Crockery baked and joined!" "Oil and wicks!" "Shell-fish!" "Dried fish!" "Bean-sauce!" and "Maccaroni!" are cries that sound on the air, as men move around to ply their trade and to turn honest *zeni*, or cash, in order to stick them on a skewer or string them, a hundred apiece, on twine made of straw, for each brass or iron coin has a square hole in the centre. Perhaps the man gets his pay in paper money, that is made of strips of pasteboard six inches long and two inches wide, of two, three, or six cents denomination. Then

there are the barley-paste toy-makers, and the man who rents batter and griddle for children to play making cakes on, and other pedlars who have stands and only migrate occasionally. Perhaps street musicians with trained monkeys, women who play three-stringed banjos, or funny fellows who amuse the children with the "Korean Lion" game collect crowds of young folks, hatless, and rosy-cheeked despite the dirt.

Something more dignified and quiet may be seen inside the castle enclosure where the gentry live: ladies in silk and gentlemen with elegant swords in their girdle; riders on horseback; occasionally a procession of noblemen and retainers; the moats blue with flowing water in which men fish, or sluggish and full of great pink lotus flowers; boys flying kites or knots of children at gleeful games; and babies looking as much like the dolls as the dolls look like them.

On the south side are most of the one hundred and twenty-five larger Buddhist temples in the Happy Well City. Here one hears the tinkle and boom of bells, the chanting of monks and priests, and sees well-dressed people coming and going from worship. Here are costly buildings, rich with gold and bronze and art decorations, with large tracts of land containing gardens, groves, and lovely solitudes. All these are owned by the priesthood, for Echizen is a stronghold of Buddhism. There are also throughout the city twenty-two principal Shintō shrines, in which the native gods of Japan are

worshiped; sixty-six fanes sacred to Kuanon, the goddess of mercy, and twenty-eight edifices in which are statues of Jizo, the patron of travelers and the protector of children. The Shintō temples are simple in structure and furnishing. In them little is to be seen but unpainted wood, strips of white paper, a polished metal disk, and what looks like a closet or cupboard. This austere simplicity is in wonderful contrast to the dazzling gold, gilt, brass, gorgeous altar, incense smoke, and splendid robes of the priests in the temples of the Buddhist sects. One wonders what so many stone foxes, and Chinese lions, and scowling demons, and idols of the two kings — gigantic fellows set at the gateways who excel Hercules in the knotting of their muscles, and are painted red and green — have to do with the service of man to his Maker.

What kind of religion is taught in these temples and by these priests, monks, and shrine-keepers? Some good things, no doubt, and much truth, but the Maker of all things is ignored. Buddhism does not teach or believe in a Creator. Everything in the universe comes and goes like the seasons, but as to the Who or What causes it to come and go Buddhism says nothing.

Shintō, or the doctrine of the gods, teaches little better and much less. The universe came out of chaos, when the cloud and the warm mud separated. Then out of the warm muck sprouted a rush, from which grew a sort of a being; from this came man and woman, and then sprang into existence Japan

and its contents and inhabitants, and finally the world and the starry heavens appeared as they are now. That is, the matter came first and mind afterwards. In this scheme of bald evolution creation made the creator, and even the highest gods were the children of the earth and sky.

With such religions, that know no supreme Creator, could the Japan of 1852, even so full as it was of bright and intelligent people, ever become the equal of the nations of the West, whose fathers were forest barbarians when the Land of the Rising Sun had letters and literature?

Before we enter into one of the houses of Fukui, let us stop under the shadow of the great gateway and lofty bronze lantern at the bridge entrance and read some of the laws hung up in a roofed timber frame set on massive masonry.

Law No. 1.

"Human beings must carefully practice the principles of the five social relations. Charity must be shown to widowers, widows, orphans, the childless, and the sick. There must be no such crimes as murder, arson, or robbery."

That is good, whether Confucian, Christian, or Japanese. Now let us read

Law No. 3.

"The corrrupt sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Persons suspected [of believing in Christ] must be reported to the proper officers

[of government] and rewards will be given [to informers]."

In this way Christ was preached from thousands of pulpits of Japan. Branded as "the Christian criminal God," he was thus held before the people. By the ferries, market-places, gateways, and roads into the cities all over Japan these notices were spelled out by the school-boys and read by all the people. Mothers frightened their children into silence by threatening them with the name of Jesus. Here, in one of the fairest lands that ever came from the Creator's hand, was He unknown or groped after by those who followed blind leaders of the blind. Here the idol and the dream confused the mind and obscured the soul's vision of the Maker of all things and the Father of all souls.

CHAPTER II.

A JAPANESE HOME.

LET us enter the home of the Rai family in Fukui. In most Japanese houses there is no upstairs, for they are but one story high. The finest mansion may occupy much ground space, but height is not considered desirable. Most two-story houses were public inns, or shop-keepers' houses, or dwellings of the humblest sort. When the high lords passed them in their proud processions, the upper windows had to be sealed with slips of paper, lest any one should look down on their highnesses below.

Let us make our visit in the morning. Setting out from the river-bank, we ride in palanquins borne on men's shoulders through the "Priest's Gate" of the castle, and along the road skirting the moat; pass the long, low building of the Shin sect of Buddhists, and then between the mansion of the former prince and the government offices, or town-hall; and halting opposite the "Iron Gate" of the inner circuit of the castle, we dismount at the imposing black gate of the Rai mansion. The porter leaves off smoking his pipe, and emerging from his lodge at the side of the wicket, draws the ponderous bolts of the main gate, admits us, and escorts us with many bows

and smirks up the wide stone walk. On the ample porch, or vestibule, our young host, son of Mr. Rai, meets us. Though politely invited not to do so, we take off our shoes or sandals, as all well-bred Japanese do. Passing up a long corridor, we step upon the stainless matting and into the parlor, or *za-shiki*. The name of this best room or parlor means "sitting-place"; but there is nothing to sit on but the floor, which is covered with spotless matting. The Japanese carry their chairs on their heels, and these or the soles of these are what they rest on when at ease. In this open airy room there are no sitting conveniences.

The usual resplendent cleanliness of floor, woodwork, and ceiling, the usual vase of flowers or piece of bronze or silvered crescent with hanging vines, the lacquered cabinet or pictured scrolls in the recess and shelves are noticed at once. On the walls are hanging scrolls containing poems or landscapes in India (Japanese) ink, or perhaps colored paintings representing scenery. Two magnificent screens depict in gold and bright tints famous historical events in the thirteenth century, painted by a renowned native artist. From the sill of a low window we look out in the garden, after stopping to admire the knotless, polished wood, grained like watered silk, and drawing aside the latticed window-panes of translucent white paper.

The view in the garden is one of characteristic beauty. On a mound to the left is a bell-shaped pine-tree. Near by, an artistic clump of dwarfed trees of various species imitates a forest, the rugged surface

of mountain-land being made by a rockery of lava, volcanic and water-worn stones. Here are mimic precipices, gorges, and dells, and over one projecting crag of miniature proportions dashes a tiny cataract; the water, gliding through moss and aquatic plants, joins the fish-pond a few feet off, which gleams with darting gold-fish. A peculiar kind of cake or cracknel, kept ready in a pail, is used to feed the finny pets and gives ample reason for their fatness. At the end of the pond is a quarter-acre of lotus flowers in bloom. Their colossal leaf-shields, two feet and a half in diameter, hold in their heart glittering jewels of dew. The blossoms, white and pink, six inches across, are beautiful beyond description.

The lotus is the sacred flower of the Buddhists. It is found on their temple altars, sculptured and carved in their architecture. The Buddhist *sutras*, or sacred writings, are called lotuses. The stone which holds the bier during the services at the tomb is carved to represent the lotus. It is the symbol of creation, immortality, divinity. In Nirvana, the devout believer in Buddha hopes to be absorbed in the bosom of Buddha who sits upon a lotus. To "sit on the lotus" means to go to the Buddhist heaven.

Tall and venerable trees casting grateful shade, the sound of purling water, cool breezes blown over fragrant white lilies, tall and swaying — these strike the senses with delight as we sit for a very few moments awaiting the arrival of our hostess. A serving-maid first brings in refreshments — a tray containing

a tiny tea-pot, tinier cups, and little metal sockets. There is no such thing as a saucer or handle to these cups, for such foreign additions are unknown in Japanese tea-drinking. In the maid's other hand is a stand, laid with white paper, and piled with cut sponge-cake and amber-colored sugar jelly. Kneeling and bowing, she pours and hands out the little cups, each set in its socket.

The grandmother is a well-preserved old lady of sixty-nine; the mother a lady of probably thirty-five. They come forward and make the usual salutation — hands, knees, and forehead on the floor, or rather the face laid on the two prone palms. Then, sitting up, they engage in conversation. The old lady is extremely merry and loquacious, the mother is rather dignified and a little inclined to reserve, but handsome and with the atmosphere of high birth and breeding. She is a native of Higo, a province which with Echizen shares a good reputation for beautiful women.

The other members of the family who are at home — the head of the house with his man-servant being away traveling — are two sons and two daughters. Of the boys, Taro is twelve and Kozo is four; of the daughters, Kiné is ten and Umé is six.

Supposing that under the leading of Mrs. Rai who, like most good housekeepers, is fond of letting her friends see her household, we wander through the rooms and garden, this is probably what some of us would see, think, or tell. We should be impressed with the fact that neatness and simplicity

are the characteristics of the people in the Mikado's empire. Paint is rarely used on the woodwork, the delicate grain and fragrance of the native woods being too highly appreciated. After one has lived even for a short time in Japan he wonders why people in other countries spoil so much beauty by smearing it over with oil pigments; but where we paint, the Japanese lacquer, using the juice of the varnish-bearing sumach. This substance, laid on as varnish, leaves a hard, lustrous surface difficult to scratch. Woe be to him who touches or approaches it when it is fresh! Lacquer-poisoning is a temporary purgatory of itch, rash, and swelling. Respectable ladies and gentlemen soon look like prize-fighters. In aggravated cases, the eyes close entirely and the nose bursts into fiery bloom. The misery lasts a week or more; but some persons are never affected by the sap.

The floor is laid with *tatami*, or rice straw, two inches thick, made into mats six feet long, and bound by an inch border of black cloth. The face of the mat is of fine smooth grass, like that in the best matting, but the inside is of coarse rice straw. Being so closely laid, the floor reminds one of a colossal chessboard. The joints are so tight that there are no draughts; and the air at the floor is of a singularly warm temperature.

The ceiling is of thin boards of wood, grained like watered silk, crossed by black lacquered strips of wood or colored bamboo. Plaster on the ceiling is decidedly unpopular on account of earthquakes.

The Japanese are not so passionately fond of knowledge as to wish to see the law of gravity illustrated at every chill of Mother Earth by having their skulls cracked by falling lime. On the walls, after priming of pulp made of common waste, the ornamented or gilt paper is pasted. Here we see that Japan is the original home of wall paper, and that the designs are quiet and elegant. The ceiling is rarely so covered.

Closets, chimneys, glass windows, or sashed casements are unknown in the city, except where some one has brought a pane of glass from the Dutchmen of Nagasaki, and, as a mere curiosity, has set it in a door, calling it *giyamon* (diamond). Cuddy-holes for small articles are made and often exquisitely adorned. Cabinets and chests of drawers have their place. Charcoal, which is used for warmth, is smokeless and odorless. One would suppose the use of this fuel to be dangerous, but one never hears of a native losing his life by it. The openness of the houses prevents ill effects. The partitions, which occupy three sides of nearly every room, the fourth side being the wall, slide in grooves. The tops of the frames are not quite six feet high from the floor, and it is plain that there are not as many tall men in this country as in some others, else they would surely often bump their heads. Over the partition frame is a space of two feet to the ceiling, in which is set a handsome lattice of white-pine or camphor or *kéaki* wood watered like silk; or perforated landscapes, or mountain outlines, or flocks of birds in

flight, the design easily made visible through the thin boards, and making pretty effects of light and shade, complete the partition between the rooms. The cats of the country are not only bobtailed, but so lazy that the rats multiply and run riot over the ceilings and make a playground of the partition tops. To keep them from nibbling and spoiling this beautiful, carved woodwork, the carpenter has kindly made a little square aperture at the end of each partition top, so that they may pass through conveniently and not spoil the fine art of the carver. The rats fear nothing but the weasel.

The kitchen is called *dai-dokoro*, or "great place," which sufficiently indicates that even Japanese women suspect that the seat of a man's affection is in his stomach. The chief piece of kitchen furniture is the furnace, made of earth or plaster, with two cavities, one for rice-boiler and one for tea-kettle. The fuel is of split wood, which is cheap in Japan. The Japanese do everything upside down, as we may think, for the blade of the axe for splitting wood is set at right angles to the handle. As we look at the cooked rice we find it snow-white and each grain separate. There is no burning, sogginess, or hardness. Rice-cooking is a triumph of high art.

In lieu of a bellows — an artifical pair of lungs to blow the fire — the maid uses nature's own, and a bamboo tube carries the oxygen from the mouth to the fire. In addition there are iron and brass cooking-pots with wooden covers. Charcoal is used for broiling, when the birds, fish, or bean-curd are spitted

or laid on gridirons. A thick cutting-board and flat-sided knife to cut vegetables, another dirk-like one to slice raw fish, and an edgeless sheet of brass for bean-curd are among the necessary implements. A rasp, or unperforated piece of iron, is kept for grating purposes. Tubs, pails of all sizes, and dippers are numerous and made wholly of bamboo or of wood. Tinware is unheard of, except as a curiosity imported by the Dutch and called by the foreign word *briki* (instead of the New Jersey word "blickie," for the Japanese have no *l* in their alphabet). Mortars of wood and stone and sieves and baskets are set in their places. The domestic hand-mill is used especially to grind *miso*, or bean preparation. No such thing as fork (*niku-sashi*, "meat-sticker") or spoon is known to the Japanese cook. She digs out the boiled rice with a flat paddle or a scoop, only slightly countersunk. Pieces of flat bamboo, with the end slightly indented like a spoon and lacquered in the cavity are called *saji*, and look like something between a gravy-ladle and a spoon proper. As the native of Japan neither defiles his tea with milk nor spoils its flavor with sugar, his nation even in this land of tea has lived without the knowledge of a teaspoon or even the need of it.

Of furniture, as has been said, there is in a Japanese house almost none. The casual visitor sees no sofa, chairs, tables, stoves, curtains, or hat-rack. In the parlor, or room for receiving guests, are seen in the *tokonoma*, or raised space, a handsome sword-rack, flower vases, bronzes, or lacquered ware.

In the ladies' chamber will be found bureaus, mirror or toilet stands, needle-work boxes, cabinets, racks for dresses; but all these are Lilliputian in size, and it may be seen at a glance that they are to be used when kneeling or sitting on the floor.

We imagine that the fact that everything is done on the floor explains in great part why the Japanese are so courtly and ceremonial in their customs. What is a bed-chamber at night is usually put to some other use during the day. When bedtime comes, the sliding-doors or closets are opened and the bed-clothes brought in. One or two quilts are laid on the floor. Near the upper one is laid the pillow — a block of wood with a small pad. The paper pillow case, in well-kept houses, is renewed every day. An enormous and thickly padded loose coat, made of silk or cotton is laid on the top, and fits nicely to the body. On this sort of couch the Japanese have slept since time immemorial. Among a few of the richest families the bedding is of silk. With the great mass of people it is of the usual dark-blue, quilted cotton cloth. The object of this kind of a pillow is evidently so to rest the head as not to disarrange the coiffure.

"With us ladies," says Mrs. Rai, "this is a matter of importance, since it usually requires an hour or two for the work of arranging our hair. The priest, whose head is shorn, does not use a pillow of the usual kind but a more luxurious one made round. This is called the *bozŭ-makura*, or priest's pillow. 'To tie a priest's hair in a knot' is a saying for doing what is impossible."

In summer when the mosquitoes make their appearance, for Japan is equally favored with the rest of the world with these pests, mosquito nets are found in every household that can afford them. The netting is good and strong, though rather coarse. It is mostly pink or green. The nets, which are called "mosquito houses," are made in the form of a cube. They are hung by brass rings and cords to hooks or nails in the woodwork on the corners of the room, and thus occupy nearly the entire space of the room, but they thoroughly answer their purpose. When a Japanese widow is willing to secure a partner, she simply hints to a favored suitor that her mosquito net is too large! For the baby's naps a smaller one is provided.

The arrangements for eating correspond to the sleeping and visiting, being all done on the floor. In a family or party a little table is set before each person. This table is only four or five inches high and about a foot broad, having a raised edge of one inch high. On this are laid four covered bowls, a little dish of pickles or sauce, and at the right hand side a pair of chopsticks wrapped in white paper, or in the pasteboard case belonging to each person, which has his name written on it. The rice cup is of porcelain; the others are usually of lacquered wood. The rice is attacked first. The maid-servant, Miss Taka or Miss Hoshi, sits in the midst of the circle in charge of the wooden bucket of rice, and replenishes each cup as it is emptied, receiving it on her lacquered tray and passing it with a bow. She is also in charge

of the teapot, for many like to have the hot *cha* poured over their bowls of rice.

It is wonderful what may be done with chopsticks. Even the little baby can use them. Fish is most dexterously carved and served by the two sticks; and soup can be eaten with them — provided it is not too thin. A new guest always has a new pair of sticks, usually in the form of one piece of fresh, clean wood partly split, so that he can finish the process himself, and by making two sticks of one prove that it has not been used.

Our impressions of a Japanese house would be that it is for summer weather a pleasant dwelling-place, but that in the cold winter it would not suit Americans. North of Osaka one needs fire six months in the year; but the Japanese have no safe or convenient method of warming their houses, using only the *hibachi*, or fire-bowl. Yet though we might think it uncomfortable, it is less so to a Japanese. As the cold weather increases, the natives put on additional layers of clothing, like skins to an onion, until they have as many as four, six, or even eight thicknesses of clothing. With their padded long clothes confining the heat of their bodies, as they sit in their kneeling fashion on the thick mats, they need warmth only on their hands, which the handful of coal in the brazier easily yields.

CHAPTER III.

THE BEGINNING OF ART.

NOW that we have had our view and expressed our opinion about a house in Fukui, let us look upon the family during an afternoon and evening in midsummer. We should not have to watch the fat and red-cheeked maid long before we should see that she was well-wedded to superstitions. See her, before broiling fish for dinner, holding up the gridiron over her head and twirling it three times around so as to charm it, and thus prevent the fish from sticking to the iron bars. She would be nearly scared out of her wits if she accidentally stepped over an egg-shell, for then she would go crazy, as she thinks. Do you ever catch her, even at house-cleaning time, sweeping out a room with another woman? Never! There must be either three or one, else one will see a ghost at night. When salt is brought, she throws a pinch in the fire to prevent quarreling in the family. When Mr. Rai, her master, started for his journey south, he hoped for fair weather; and to bring it she went back to the customs of her childhood's days, and, cutting out paper figures of a priest, hung them by a thread on the kitchen door. Every day she drops a bean in the well to save her master from having sore feet. Taka,

whom in English we should call Hawk or Falcon, believes firmly in all the signs and omens in heaven, earth, and the waters, and when her left ear itches she is sure good news is to come soon.

Only to-day the shadow of a flying bird moved swiftly across the papered lattice, and at once Taka said to herself, "A visitor is coming; some friend perhaps." Indeed, if we stay too long, and are in danger of wearing out our welcome by tarrying, Taka will turn the broom upside down, spread over it a damp towel, and by fanning it vigorously compel our departure. If this "sign" does not succeed, she will burn a *moxa*, such as doctors burn on a patient's back to cure rheumatism, on our clog or sandals left at the door. Under her arm, near her heart, she wears, by a cord round her neck, "a little thing that looks like a penwiper." It is an amulet, bought at the temple, for which she has paid the priest well.

The evening meal over and the two little folks and grandmother in bed, Mrs. Rai and the two older children sit together, talking about the absent husband and father. Happily, this is one of the sunny homes in Japan in which there is one man to one woman, and one wife to one husband. Mr. Rai is true to his wife and content with her, eschewing polygamy and everything like it. Too many households in the Island Empire are not homes, but rather herds of man, women, and children, in which other women besides the wife share the affections of the head of the family. Under various euphemisms these women who are not wives have both a social

and legal status, and they and their children live at more or less peace with the lawful wife and offspring.

The young folks were talking about what their father might bring them on his return, which would be when the first frosts came and the wild geese flew back from Yezo.

"Just think of it, mother!" said Taro, "he will see the European people at Nagasaki, and the big black ships, and the curious things they make in Holland and other Western countries. How I should like to cross the ocean and travel, and see all the wonderful things!"

"What! my brave boy, leave us all for many years? Besides, I am afraid you would not get enough to eat, for how could you live on their food?"

There was fun in the mother's eye as she asked the question.

"O mother! you know I do not any longer believe what our man-servant Uhéi used to tell me, that the Holland men eat worms, toads, and snakes. I used to think so, but father has taught me better. They eat meat and bread and vegetables and fruit."

"But, oh! how they drink!" suggested the mother.

"Yes; Doctor Sano once showed me a big earthenware cup they call a mug, and another high glass which they call by the funny name 'tumbler,' and I thought right away of the Shoji, the scarlet-headed demons who live near the seashore and swill liquor out of pails and dippers."

"Doctor Sano and your father both think that though the Hollanders have curious dress and customs they are very learned, and that the Europeans are even more civilized than the Japanese; but don't ever say this before people, for it would offend them or rouse talk and suspicion against us."

"How curious that they make cups and dishes out of glass! for Doctor Sano, who has been in the house of the chief master of the Dutchmen at Nagasaki, says the dining-room glistened like the sun shining on hoar-frost. He thought at first it was all lumps and sheets of carved ice."

"How do they make glass and crystal, mother?" asked Kiné.

"Rock-crystal grows in the earth; the gods have so ordered it; but how they make glass I do not know. The Hollanders make pottery and porcelain also, but all I have seen of Doctor Sano's and at our daimiō's palace is far less pretty than what our potters and decorators can do in Hizen and Kyōto. Indeed, even our local potters, though Echizen is not famous for porcelain, excel them, I think, though it is true I have seen but few European pieces."

"How did our people first make pottery?"

"Oh, have you never heard the story of the origin of pottery in Japan?"

"No, mother; please tell me."

Thereupon Mrs. Rai proceeded to relate how the glorious ceramic art was born in Japan. Whereas in Greece the word "keramic" comes from *keras*, a horn, which was the earliest drinking-vessel, so that

the origin of keramics is connected with the need of utensils for the table, in Japan the legend connects the dawn of the potter's art with the instinct of mercy, and with one of the greatest philanthropic reforms in early history. In telling most of Japanese stories, the beginning words are like our "Once upon a time," that is, "Mukashi, mukashi," that is, "Long, long ago."

"Though our potters," began Mrs. Rai, "are now very skillful, yet there was once a time in Japan when translucent porcelain was unheard of, and even the coarsest pottery was unknown. How that art began whose bloom we now see, the sacred book called The Nihongi, or The Records of Ancient Things, tells us.

"Long, long ago there was a cruel custom in vogue in the Mikado's empire. When a great noble or member of the imperial house died, a number of his servants committed *jun-shi* (dying with their master). The dead noble was first laid in the ground and then deep holes were dug in a circle round the grave. One by one his servants were put in these holes, buried up to their heads, and the earth filled in and tramped hard around him. Their hands and feet were bound so that they could not move. They were then left to starve. In a few months nothing remained but a ring of bleaching skulls, whose eye-sockets had long been emptied by ravenous birds.

"About the year 600 of the Japanese Empire, a relative of the Mikado named Yamato-hiko died. According to ancient custom the young prince was arrayed in his rich robes of ceremony, decked with

the *maga-tama* jewels, and his bow and arrows were laid at his side. The servants of his household were then buried with him.

"The terrors of cold, hunger, and starvation, ravenous wild beasts and birds, were so horrifying that from the circle of victims that forest rang with heart-rending sounds. Yet it was an old custom, and having the religious significance of furnishing an escort and company for the prince to the spirit-land, no ordinary person dared to hint at a change.

"Now the Mikado who reigned at this period was a man of very kind heart, and had not realized fully the cruelty of the custom of jun-shi, or dying with the master. But one day while passing through the forest he heard the groans of men in agony, and going forward saw the wan faces of the dead prince's retainers appearing just above the damp earth. They lived for several days in dreadful misery. Then all was quiet, the piteous moans ceased to reach the palace, and nothing but a row of heads with rigid faces and staring eyes remained to tell the tale.

"The good Mikado was so grieved that he scarcely slept, and on discussing the matter with his chief counselors, they all agreed that to sacrifice to the spirit of a dead man the living whom he had loved in life was a bad custom and ought to be changed. It was suggested that the spirit might be appeased if images of his people, horses, etc., were made and put into the tomb instead of living beings. This suggestion was not well received at first, but the reformers

determined to carry their point and abolish the cruel custom. The man who led the reformers was one Nomi no Sukuné, who was a man of tremendous strength and renowned as the first wrestler in Japan.

"A fitting opportunity soon offered. The wife of the Mikado fell sick and died. Among the courtiers there were some who believed in following the time-honored custom. Then there was weeping in the palace among the maids-of-honor and the pages who waited on the imperial lady, and their parents were heart-broken at the thought of losing their children by a living death.

"The Mikado held a council of his advisers and Nomi no Sukuné bravely spoke up and urged that clay, molded and made hard by fire, should be put in place of the maidens and pages, who else would be buried alive.

"The Mikado graciously heard the suggestion, and to the great joy of the weeping maids and the delight of the reformers, ordered Sukuné to bring the men skilled in mixing and tempering clay from Idzumo, where pottery was then made. Forthwith he sent for and brought a company of one hundred workmen in clay. Arriving near the sacred ground they selected the proper beds of clay, which they ground fine, beat, and washed. They then began to make models of the maidens and young men who would otherwise be the victims, and set them in the sun to dry and harden. Images of horses were also made, as these animals were sacred to the *kami*, or spirits. Other objects were molded which the sacred books

do not specify, but they were probably such as the empress was fond of and which she kept near her person, such as mirrors, necklaces and jewels of carnelian, cups and dishes, etc.

"These being done and ranged in rows, the curiosity of the courtiers was satisfied in examining them. Then the potters built furnaces of stones and clay. They waited till they were somewhat dry, and then kindled fire with a bow and drill. By rapidly twirling the drill in a groove made in a board of dry wood filled with fine powder of *hinoki*, or fire-wood tree, the fine dust gradually grew hot, and finally began to smoke. By-and-by a spark appeared. They then fired the wood in the kiln, filling in the chinks made by shrinkage with fresh clay. Then the little models of men and horses were put in the furnaces and baked hard. They came out a reddish black or dark brown, according to the kind of clay and the heat used. Great was the interest they excited, especially among the maidens whose graves they were to occupy. The terra-cotta figures being all ready, they were carried to the imperial tomb and disposed in pits round about, only the heads being above ground. Solemn ceremonies and prayers to the gods were offered at the same time.

"So well satisfied was the Mikado with the substitutes, that he issued a decree declaring that henceforth clay images should be used in every case instead of human beings. Upon Sukuné he bestowed the title of Hashi, "the clay teacher" or "molder;" and thus the first artist of Japan received imperial honors and a patent of nobility.

"Gradually the custom of 'dying with the master' faded out of our country, even in the provinces remote from the capital. In time even the burial of images ceased, and people went out to look at the old circles of earthen heads as a curiosity. Finally the moss and undergrowth and drifting dust of centuries covered up the images, leaving them many feet underground. Occasionally the spade of some enthusiastic relic-hunter, or one digging for new foundations, reveals a chapter of life in ancient Japan, such as I have narrated to you. Out of the merciful enterprise of Sukuné sprang the splendors of our potters' and decorators' art.

"In Hizen and Satsuma our workers in clay are now able to produce almost any shape, quality, or color, and your father seems never tired of boasting what Japanese potters can do. Even Doctor Sano says our people are far ahead of the Europeans in this art."

"Why does n't father set out all his pretty porcelain bowls and dishes and jugs and tea-pots where we can see them, as you say the Holland men do?" asked Kiné.

"Because, child, that is not our custom; and besides, on account of fire, nearly all our valuable things are kept in the fire-proof store-house, and in our rooms we have only a few precious articles at a time. That is the custom all over Japan, I believe."

Then Taro told how an ancient grave had been accidentally dug open at a place near Fukui a few days before, and how in the large stone coffin, amid

the dust and bones of some ancient nobleman, several dozen of maga-tama jewels were found. These were carved and polished carnelian, jade, and onyx stones, with holes drilled in them and strung together as necklaces and ornaments — the jewelry of the ancient people of rank. In modern days, strange as it may seem, Japanese ladies wear no jewelry on their person, though hair ornaments are exceedingly gay and girdles surpass description.

It was now time to get under the mosquito nets, for outdoors they heard the jingle of the iron rings on the staff of the night watchman on his first round, and his cry, "*Hi no yo!*" or "Look out for fire!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE DREAM-WORLD.

HOW does the world look to a Japanese child? Who live in it? Who inhabit the strange corners, the woods, hills, valleys, roofs, high places, the air and the night, and dwell in the hazy distance? Who and what influence him in the visible and the invisible universe?

In a word, what is the Japanese child taught and told to believe? How is he charmed or frightened? What are his own fancies? How does he dream?

In the Rai family the father made it a point to teach his children to know the difference between fact and fancy, between what was known and proved, and what was dreamed or imagined. The stories he told to his children were from history, or, if funny and only amusing, were of a good, healthy sort. Even Mrs. Rai was careful as to what entered the children's minds; but neither she nor her husband could always control what Uhéi, and Taka the cook, and O-gin (Miss Silver) the nursemaid, told the children. Neither were grandma and cousins and uncles and aunts so strict or careful as the parents. Besides, Echizen was an old land, full of relics underneath, and wonders above ground, and was rich in history, tradition, legend, and story. Air

and earth were populous with creatures that no man ever saw, but which in dreams thrive and increase. Whenever the one true God is absent, many false imitations spring up. Take away the idea that unifies creation, and the fragments multiply.

Let us walk out into the country and hear the farmer-folk tell some of the local wonders. On every hill we see some temple to the Buddha; some shrine of Inari, the rice-god, whose servant is the fox; some roofed structure under which are rows of stone statues of Kuanon, the goddess of mercy; of Jizo, the children's protector; of Kompira, the revenger of wrong; of Daikoku or Ebisu, the gods of daily food, and a crowd of other local deities of all sorts and grades. Some of the shrines are pretty; many have fresh flowers before them; at others are grated boxes for the collection of coins. Here is a thick jungle, a canebrake of gods. They thrive like weeds, and connected with nearly every one is a story, a legend, a fairy tale. Let us hear a few of the folk-tales that are devoutly believed.

Here is a marshy pond near a temple, and every year a light arises from it and passes into the temple. Long, long ago it was said a childless wife was driven crazy by her husband's unkindness. When Tenshin, a Buddhist saint, passed by she begged him to heal and save her. He bade her to believe what he told her, and she did so and died happily, and the annual light rising out of the marsh is a token of her gratitude.

In another hamlet we see a rich mass of lotus

flowers covering a field over an acre in size, and at the entrance is the carved image of a fox. In this hamlet two men lived; one was a wicked mail-carrier. He was accidentally killed in a trap, and his dead body turned into a fox. The good man was a farmer who went up the mountain of Hakuzan thirty-three times on a pious pilgrimage to honor the god of the mountain. One night at the mountain-top he dreamed that the god of the mountain came to him, and promising to make him very rich, put a key in his hand as a token. Awakening and finding the key, the farmer prayed to the god again: "I do not wish wealth, but rather a happy life in the next world. Prepare me for it." The mountain god answered: "Your prayer is good. I shall give you your desire, and as a sign I will plant lotus in your rice-field." Returning to his home, the farmer found the lotus flowers already in blossom in his field. So his field was ever afterwards left uncultivated, and is now full of the lotus plants, though no other field near by has them. Lotus root is good to eat, and is a common article of food sold in the markets, but no one digs up the fat old roots in this field.

Here in a village temple is an image of Amida Buddha, carved by a famous artist. Two wonders are told about it. One day a certain father commanded his son Mijo to become a priest, but the young man refused. The father then ordered his chief retainer to kill Mijo, but out of love for the lad and pity for his mother the retainer assisted Mijo to escape, and then killed his own son instead.

Mijo's mother thought her son dead, and wept so bitterly that she became blind; but on being led to the temple, the image of Amida Buddha emitted rays of light which flew into the mother's face, and she received her sight again. This image is still preserved and works wonders. On one occasion the idol lost a right-hand finger, and no one could repair it, as the new finger, when made and glued or tied on, always fell off. One day an itinerant nun came along, who cured diseases by rubbing the sore place with the finger of some image and repeating prayers to the Buddha. The priest of the temple got this finger from the nun and held it on the stump of the mutilated hand of the idol, when lo! it stuck fast and remained permanently. This was one of Taka's favorite stories.

Even the ash-man who tended the cremation-furnace had his wonderful narratives. There was once, he said, a brave officer who went out hawking in the train of the prince, whose falcon swooped on the wild geese and killed them by striking them with beak and talons. This knight was always full of pity for the dead birds. When in war time the castle had to surrender to the enemy, and duty and loyalty demanded that he should commit *hara-kiri*, he did not shrink from the pain; but after death a hard, unburnt mass was found amid the ashes of his body, shaped like a bird with a wound in its head.

Inside of a shrine, opposite the Pure Water Gate in Fukui is a finely chiseled monument of a cat, concerning which was a legend. O-gin, that is, Miss

Silver, the nursemaid, was firmly convinced that her favorite story about this stone cat, which her grandmother had often told her, was true. Here it is: —

One day the wife of Mr. O. became two persons exactly alike, so that the husband was puzzled to know which was his real wife and which the counterpart. Their faces, dresses, general appearance, and voice were exactly the same, and each declared she was his dear wife unchanged. To find out the truth he arranged one night to give a feast before the moon had risen. It was hot weather, and the insects were very troublesome. Without pretending to notice anything, he watched carefully the two females, and saw that the ears of one of them moved like a cat's. Then he got his bow and arrow and shot the woman dead, and her body at once turned into a huge cat. The old habit of whisking away the flies with her ears had betrayed her even in the human form which she had taken.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Rai one day, when Kiné repeated this story to her father. "The facts are that Mr. O.'s wife had a pet cat that followed her around everywhere and so much that it vexed her, and one day she flew in a passion because she saw something in the cat's mouth which soiled the mats. She took a sword and cut off the cat's head, dropping it in a hole in the garden. The servants looked at the cat's head and found that it held in its mouth the head of a large snake of a poisonous kind, and it was thought that the cat had been troubled for the danger of its mistress and had finally saved her

from harm. Struck with pity for the faithful animal, the woman mourned sincerely for her pet, and ordering a stone image of it to be carved, had it set up in the shrine."

These few out of thousands of such folk-tales will give one an idea of the luxuriant growth of fancy in a land shut up from the world, and where the idea of a supreme Creator or of one true God was unknown, and in which all sorts of petty gods sprang up like fungus out of men's imagination. Then, in addition, were the rich historical tales, the really beautiful traditions and legends well based in truth, the poetical ideas and conceits which associate themselves with nature. Finally there was a wonderful menagerie of mythical animals unknown to geology or natural history: dragons, phœnixes, the gentle *kirin*, the red-faced and long black-nosed goblins, called *tengu*, that lived in the mountains, and the *kappa*, a creature half-monkey, half-tortoise, that lived in the river and fed on fat boy babies. If a boy were drowned while bathing, they would say the kappa dragged him down.

All this background of ideas made the fairy-world and dreamland of a child in Japan very different from that of one born under the church-spires of Christendom. The thoughts, images, and ideas instilled into the mind from parents, nurses, teachers, and playfellows make the material of dreams. When night comes, the child with closed eyes beholds many things which are never seen in reality. In Mr. Rai's household grandma and nurse amused the

children at bedtime by telling about certain people and creatures that are visible in waking hours as pictures or as toys. Mr. Rai did not object to this way of amusing the children, thinking fairy tales much less harmful than fiction which is received for truth, or than truth which is wrongly understood, though he had long ceased to tell such tales himself. Let us look at the little boy Kozo in the land of dreams on the evening, say, of August 22, 1852, the seventh day of the seventh month. It is the night of the festival of the Weaver star, or that called by us Vega.

There he is, all tired out after a day among the lotus gardens and fish-ponds, with his pet monkey, and his bamboo poles tied full of bright streamers. These strips of gayly colored paper are written all over with messages to "the farmer-boy" and "the spinning-girl," who live on either side of the avenue of stars which we call "the Milky Way," and the Japanese "the River of Heaven."

With eyelids too heavy to keep open, little Kozo lay down on his silk bed, and his little shaven head had no sooner touched the red crêpe pillow than he was asleep. Mamma did not need to coax his eyes shut that night with the usual fairy tale of "Peach Prince," or "The Wonderful Tea-kettle," or "The Ashes that made Cherry-trees bloom," or "The Monkey and the Crab." Instead of these stories, he saw in his dreams a whole book of wonders.

To tell the truth, the little fellow's hearty supper of rice-pastry and sweets was too much for him.

After the first long nap, he had kicked off the silk quilts, curled up his fat little legs, and, with arms out of bed on the matting, was dreaming away at a rate that uncoiled nearly the whole "thread of his soul." For the Japanese imagine that when a person dreams the body remains where it appears to be, but the soul goes off to play or to work. It is held to the body, however, by a long, slender thread. For this reason Japanese do not like to waken any one suddenly, lest, if they are dreaming, their souls cannot get back to the body in time, in which case the sleeper will die or wake up an idiot. What a fancy!

Kozo first dreamed that his father had come home from Yedo and brought him a box of toys. Opening it, he found a tortoise with legs and tail moved by a string, a singing-top with cord, and a toy helmet with real horns, ear-flaps, and neck-cover. Then there was a mallet to shake out money with, and a folding fan with a picture of the sun in the middle. This fan was to remind him of the famous archer, Munétaki, who could hit the rivet of a fan with an arrow at a distance of fifty yards.

Kozo put out his hand to pull the tortoise's tail, but it turned to life and crawled away. In running after it to catch it, he found another heap of toys, which made him forget about the tortoise.

This was a complete set of things to play *saru-matsu*, or monkey-capers, with. First, there was the flat fan painted with the design of bamboos waving in the moonlight. This was to make paper butterflies fly up and down and alight and rise like real

insects. Then there was a wooden bird on wheels. While he was looking at these, the monkey-man and his monkey appeared and gave a show. The monkey put on the curious cap, or miter, and, with the string of rattles, and the masks representing the imp, and the laughing spirit, mimicked the pompous lords of the court, while the man blew on the flute, tapped on the hand-drum, or beat the *taiko*, or big drum. Kozo laughed so loud at these funny tricks that he nearly woke up, and this dream ended.

Afterwards it seemed that Hotéi, the fat, round, Japanese Santa Claus, as we might call him, appeared. His huge wallet, slung over his back, was full of good things, for it bulged out far behind him. As usual, the old fellow was unshaved, but his cheeks were full of dimples. Kozo, like all good Japanese children, was very glad to see him. He fell down at once on the floor on his hands and knees, and bowed his head as vigorously on the matting as though he were tacking a carpet with his forehead.

"*Ohio! Hotéi San* (Good-morning, Mr. Hotéi). What have you in your wallet?"

"More good things than you can dream of in a week," said Hotéi as he sat down, while his fat body shook like a mountain of jelly and his cheeks rippled all over with dimples.

He took his time in getting comfortably settled, notwithstanding the child's eager curiosity. Then he said: —

"Now if you will be a good boy all next year, obey your teachers and learn fast, I 'll open my bag and show you Wonder-world. Do you promise?"

"Yes, yes! I will. Open the bag;" and Kozo clapped his hands.

"Don't be in a hurry!" cried the old fellow. "It 's nothing to eat, only to see. Look!"

Hotéi swelled up his chest, and, puffing out his cheeks, seemed to gather all the air possible into his lungs; then, slowly breathing it out, the air seemed to congeal and form a great white sheet or screen.

"Now look!" said Hotéi, as he loosened the draw-strings of his bag. "My breath is like a clam's, and you will see wonders."

Out jumped the darling model of all Japanese boys, the rosy-faced Yoshitsuné, fan and sword in hand. To the right, under a projecting bowlder and sitting among the rocks, was a queer old man with a tiny cap on his noddle, a long white beard flowing from his chin, and a nose sticking straight out from his face and as long as a small pump-handle. In his right hand he waved a fan of hawk's feathers.

"Who 's that?" asked Kozo.

"Oh, that 's the father of the tengus, the mountain spirits, teaching magic and air-climbing to Yoshitsuné," said Hotéi.

"Please tell me all about him," pleaded Kozo.

"No; your grandmother or cousin Honda Jiro must do that. It 's a good long story," said Hotéi, "and I have more to show you."

Next stepped out a lad in full gold brocade dress and armor, with a long sword in his belt. At his side was his pet monkey looking up in his face. He had in his left hand a fan with the sign of a peach

on it, and in his right hand a dumpling for feeding his pet pheasant and dog, as he marched with his little army to Giant's Island to capture the ogre's stores of gold and jewels.

"Oh, I know him!" cried Kozo, clapping his hands. "That is Momotaro, the peach-prince."

Next came out a creature that nearly frightened Kozo. Raiko, a brave knight of the Mikado, was standing near the outer gate of the palace keeping watch against the imps of the air. When nearly asleep with weariness, a horned demon with fearful tusks climbed down the gate-post and caught hold of the sentinel. He was about to whisk off to the clouds with his prey, when Raiko swept a circle with his sword and cut off the demon's arm, which fell through the air to the ground.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Kozo, nearly loud enough to wake up; while the frog, the snail, and the serpent in the story of "Young Thunder and the Magic Frog" appeared on the scene.

Then the rain began to fall while the sun was shining, a sure sign that the foxes were getting married. Sure enough, the long wedding procession of young and old Reynards moved across the screen in the shower, while the three little elves that dance in the rice-fields came out to look at the sight and amuse the wedding guests. On the farmer's rope-lines and rattles, stretched over the rice-fields to keep off the crows, the trio began a hop that lasted till the company filed past and the rain was over.

Then the long-legged man with little arms laughed,

and looked across the screen to ask the long-armed fellow with short legs whether he wanted to ride pick-a-pack. He agreed, but was so lazy and so long in getting over his yawns and stretching, that before he was ready the screen was full of other figures from Hotéi's bag.

There in the middle was Yoshitsuné again, now grown to be a man. He sat at the foot of a cherry-tree in blossom, his fan in his hand and his sword with its tiger-skin scabbard in his lap. Down at his feet was his burly friend Benkéi, an ex-monk and a jack of seven trades. He carried on his back a spade, an axe, a club, a saw, a mallet, a rake, and a sickle. He had the pole of a notice-board in his hand, which he intended, after making an inscription, to stick into the ground. He wrote on it, "No person shall trespass on this mountain. For every blossom picked a finger will be cut off."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Kozo. "He can't keep people from picking blossoms, can he? Arashi Yama is always free."

"Well, one must not be too greedy of anything, even of flowers," laughed Hotéi. "If he does, he'll be punished. Look!"

Four sparrows, dressed like girls, sat before as many little tables filled with refreshments, around an old lady holding a box. Hearing a knock on the door, the birds chirruped a welcome to the gentleman who was kind to the birds. They feasted and entertained him for three days, and then gave him the choice of two baskets. He modestly took the

smaller and plainer one, and on opening it in his own house, found it full of money and good things. His jealous and greedy neighbor, visiting the sparrows, chose the bigger and handsomer basket and eagerly hurried home with it; on lifting the cover he found it full of trash and reptiles.

The next picture showed the brave Raiko who cut off the imp's arm at the gate. He is always vigilant. He has been playing checkers with a fellow-officer of the palace. The web of fate is woven behind him, but though his companion has fallen asleep, the giant with the iron-club, who stands in the meshes like a great spider, cannot catch Raiko napping, or weave the web of fate around him to destroy him.

The old "nurse of the mountains," and Kintaro, the boy who always remained a baby and never grew any older, now appeared. This ruddy, wild boy, having no children in the woods to play with, made companions of the beasts and played with the bears. One day with his axe when the old pair were absent he cut down a tree having a nest of a tengu in its branches. The young tengus, half-bird, half-boy, were taught to wrestle, and Kintaro looked on, clapping his hands as one or the other won the victory. Like Japanese wrestlers, they would crawl on hands and knees until close up, when one would pounce on the other. As Kozo looked, he saw the tengu having the longer mane, spring up, expecting to clinch with the other; but instead, the one underneath shot away, and the leaping tengu tumbled down hard, and so near to Kozo that he started and woke up.

And there, over him, was Miss Silver, the nursery-maid, who had come to dress him for breakfast.

"*Ai-ta! ai-ta!*" cried Kozo, as if in pain, and almost ready to break out in sobs, "Hotéi's wallet was not half-empty, and he promised to show me all he had. That tengu waked me up. I thought he was going to fall on me."

"Excuse me; I am sorry I stumbled and woke you up," said Miss Silver; "but don't be sorry; Hotéi will come again."

So in expectation of another visit, and a fresh glimpse into wonderland, Kozo sat down to his chopsticks, his rice, and his sugar-beans, and told his mother his splendid dream and funny waking. He declared he would tell the whole story of his long dream to his father on his return from Higo, and ask him to tell him all about Raiko and Benkéi and Yoshitsuné.

CHAPTER V.

TWO BABY BOYS.

IT was a bright sunshiny morning in November, A.D. 1852, when the great white sail of a Japanese junk swelled before the freshening wind in the Bay of Tsuruga. The city of the same name has one of the few harbors, and indeed the best one, on the west coast of Japan, and to it the ship was bound. A long voyage, as a Japanese born in the first half of the nineteenth century counted it, had been made. The run of ten days from the port of Oshima in Higo, though the weather was only occasionally squally, had severely tried the nerves of the gentleman who now stood on deck watching the splendid scenery.

"My lord must be glad to see home land, once more," said the captain, bowing low. "I congratulate you that Tsuruga is at last in sight."

"Yes," said the man of two swords, who had already donned his silk coat and trowsers, whitest socks and sandals, and carried in his girdle the pair of jewel-hilted weapons that marked his rank, as if all danger from salt water were past, and speaking loud enough for the sailors at the huge tiller, behind which was a little shrine, to hear him: "thanks to your skill and the favor of the god Kompira, we are

about to land. I was told that "a sea-voyage is an inch of hell;" but I am willing to call it the length of a rice-grain only."

They all laughed heartily.

"Will master remain in the port-city long, or go right on to Fukui?" asked Uhéi the body-servant, a fine young man with a scar on his forehead.

"The whole day is before us, and after breakfast at the inn I shall walk as far as Takéfu, spend the night there, and ride to Fukui in the morning."

"I thought master would stop at Tsuruga to learn the news," said the young man Uhéi, with a slight touch of bravely concealed regret. There was a rosy face in the city on which he loved to look. The owner of that face, he hoped, would some day boil rice for him in a house of his own.

"No! I have enough to do to gather news officially when in Fukui; besides, I am too anxious for tidings from my family."

"May it be all you wish, master; I know how you long for another son."

We may at once introduce the gentleman and state his name and rank. He was Rai Goro, a retainer of the lord of the province of Echizen. He lived within the castle circuit of the city of Fukui. His office was in the prince's household. His business was to confer in person, or by letter with similar officers in other provinces and in Yedo, and to learn all the official news. Each day he presented himself in the morning before the daimiō, or lord, and informed him what he had learned.

This he did in precise and elegant sentences, carefully studied. Another officer of lower rank, a page, in fact, reported the weather in well-chosen language, and from such a post he had graduated. Sir Goro was now an officer of the upper grade of the fifth rank, his salary being two thousand bags of rice annually. Being a trusted officer of his prince, he had been sent to the province of Higo to arrange for the betrothal and subsequent marriage of a son of his lord to the beautiful Kiku-himé, daughter of the southern prince, and reckoned as one of the fairest ladies in the land. Having been ten days on the "great blue plain of the sea," his first voyage beyond tide-water, uninformed as to public affairs, he was anxious to reach home for reasons soon to be made evident.

Accordingly no further stop was made in Tsuruga than sufficed for breakfast and a call from the mayor of the city. Then with a slight change of costume as befitted pedestrians, they moved through the city streets until they struck the road to Fukui and stood under the mammoth granite portal of a Shintō temple. Both travelers stopped, bowed their heads reverently, clapped their hands three times, touching them to their foreheads, worshiped, and then set out afresh.

"Uhéi," said the master, pulling out his tiny tobacco-pipe and case, "you know what gods are worshiped at the shrine, and what Tsuruga is famous for, hey?"

"Why, yes," answered the servant, who was busy

with flint and steel, having already placed a pinch of tinder in his hollow wooden bag-button; "one is Hachiman, the great Buddha of the Eight Flags, and,"— mentioning a lot of long-named Buddhist divinities, — "and Tsuruga is the place where the first people from Corea, who had horns on their heads, landed in great Japan. Is n't that the reason why the bay was called in old times the Bay of the Bright Horns?" asked Uhéi, holding the glowing pellet of tinder for his master to kindle the ball of shreds of tobacco rolled up in his silver-bowled pipe.

"I see you have learned your lessons from the priests well. The gentlemen and Shintō people, of course, do not call them by their Buddhist names, but use their oldest and real names; but who told you about the foreigners, the Coreans, having horns on their heads?"

"Why, grandmother told me a long, long time ago that when the first ambassadors came from the Land of Morning Calm to our coast to bring tribute to the Son of Heaven in Kyōto, they had each a horn sticking out of his forehead."

"What! like a rhinoceros?" laughed the master.

Uhéi looked up with an offended air.

"Oh! no; it was a shining white horn. Had n't all the foreign people of old time horns?"

"Well, perhaps so; but we have foreign people now in our holy country, but they have no horns. Did you ever see one of the Holland men?'

"No, master," said Uhéi, who had lighted his own pipe, and was now with hand in pouch rolling off a

fresh ball of shreds; "but I have heard that they have noses as big as a wallet, and their hair is as red as vermilion."

"Ah!" laughed the master. "And what else have you heard?"

"Why," said Uhéi, knocking out the fireball from his pipe into his wooden button-cup, "that they swill liquor out of a dipper, eat toads, and swallow worms, and dress in the most outlandish fashion."

"So! And what have you heard about their religion?"

"That they are all Kirishtans (Christians), and worship Yasu (Jesus), the barbarian criminal god. Is it not so?"

The master smiled, and trudged on. They were passing through beautiful scenery. The summer's rice had just been reaped, and the water-covered fields, dotted all over with tufts of stubble, lay like mottled mirrors. Here and there the snowy heron, poised on one leg, dreaming, whitened the landscape, like a tiny cloud suspended in the air. Occasionally a flock of cranes, almost large enough to take the place of the storks (which are rarely seen in Japan), wheeled across the valley. Monkeys chattered in the branches of the trees, and now and then the grunting of wild hogs told that these animals were plentiful.

"Good game here in winter, I should think, Uhéi."

"*Hai, danna* (master); I 'm told that one hunter speared over a hundred wild hogs last winter, and killed many deer."

Is the snow deep in winter?"

"Often as deep as a bamboo pole of two men's height. Travelers are hurt by the avalanches."

"People in this part of Echizen seem to be fond of monkeys," remarked the master, as they passed a village meat-shop in which monkeys were dressed and undressed, with skin and hair on, hung up for sale, while inside people were eating stewed portions of the animal.

"Yes," laughed Uhéi; "it serves the brutes right. They are great pests to the farmers and destroy valuable crops."

Thus, alternately chatting and moving on in silence, they walked on. By full noon they reached a high hill, which they climbed after a long tug. On the top, famous for its view, were several tea-houses where they were to take lunch. The place was called by a most curious name, "Hot-water Tail," though some said the word meant orange-field. No sooner were the two travelers in the little hamlet, than out rushed to each porch a bevy of waitresses. They were fair and rosy-cheeked girls, whose bright black eyes snapped fun, as each and all cried out in chorus: —

"This way!" "Come here!" "Give us your custom!" "Favor us with your orders!" "Welcome! noble gentlemen," etc. etc.

For two or three minutes it was like the chattering of a flock of sparrows in a field, but when the two travelers entered an inn on the left, there was silence and good-humored retreat. Hot water was at once

brought by the maids, the travelers' feet washed and dried, fresh sandals furnished, and beside a fire of glowing charcoal the master sat looking out on Mount Soma until a lunch of rice, beans, boiled fish, and candied orange-slice was served.

Two hours were spent in eating, rest, and enjoyment of the scenery. Before they left their bill of items was presented on a tray by a young girl on hands and knees, who bowed and left the room. The gentleman, taking some slips of cardboard money from his wallet, wrapped the currency in a piece of white mulberry paper, and, tying it with a red and white cord of the same material, placed it on the tray with a small coin or two for the maid. Then, after numerous bows and good wishes, and exhortations from the host and hostess and maids to "Go slowly," "Do not tire yourself," etc., the master and servant set their faces towards Fukui.

The path down the steep slope was narrow and rocky. They had gone some miles when suddenly a rushing sound was heard from behind them, and there shot by them a foot-runner. He was naked, except that his loins were covered by a flat wide belt of muslin. A gay blue head-kerchief was knotted round his smoothly dressed hair, so that even his top-knot, pomatumed to the stiffness of a ramrod, lay flat on his scalp. His feet were shod with tough rice-straw sandals, and over his shoulders and held in his right hand was a cleft bamboo holding a government-dispatch. The man fairly whizzed past them, and in admiration of his clean build, supple

form, and swiftness, they continued to look at him. The run made his moist skin glisten as he disappeared in the distance.

They were soon within sight of a village when suddenly they felt dizzy; the trees shook violently, and their tops swayed wildly to and fro as if in a breeze, though not a breath of air was stirring.

"*Ji-shin!* (earthquake)" shouted the master.

It was indeed a lively shake of old mother earth. Even loose pebbles on the hillsides rolled down, and a shower of leaves in the motionless air slowly whirred to the earth as if a gust had arisen. Standing still for fifteen or twenty seconds, as the vibrations still continued, Uhéi said: —

"The big earth-fish is angry to-day," as he looked in the direction of the post-runner, his own face wearing a look of concern. Well might he be scared! When a boy, awakened at night and rushing out of the groaning house to seek the shelter of a clump of bamboo bushes, a broken tile, falling from the rattling roof, cut open his forehead and left its reminder in a life-mark, which somewhat detracted from his good looks. Like most of the country folk and common people in Japan, he believed in the existence of the great earthquake-fish, hundreds of miles long, that lay underground with the head under Kyōto and its tail way up in the north. By the flapping of its tail or the writhing of its body, these earth tremblings were caused. Uhéi was of a very religious turn of mind, and his rosary came out promptly as he uttered a prayer to the god Kashima,

who alone could bind down and hold still this colossal subterranean cat-fish. Only by the stone which is the rock-rivet of the whole earth, could the big fish be held down and kept quiet.

In a very few minutes they reached the village of Sabanami. Here the people, usually careless and unconcerned, were out in the streets chatting and excited.

Ordinary earthquakes in Japan are as frequent as the hours, severe ones as numerous as the moons, the dreadful ones as common as equinoxes. All animal life seemed now rejoiced that the shock was over. Chickens were cackling and the cocks were crowing with joy. Dogs were frisking and the cats looked happy. Small boys with sticks were chasing and cornering the rats, so populous in every roof and thatch, and usually the first living things to leap out, so that in a violent earthquake a Japanese house might remind a Western traveler of a Gothic cathedral with the unclean spirits leaping forth. The laziness of the cats allowed this increase of rodent population, which in time of danger furnishes the decoration of living gargoyles to the shaking houses.

In front of the druggist's shop, with its sign of a white medicine-bag suspended, a crowd had gathered round the door. Some one had been hurt. Uhći, by inquiry, learned that the mail-carrier, when at a full run, just at the entrance of the village, with one leg in the air, had been knocked off his balance and falling against the masonry of the *bo-hana*, or entrance, had been found insensible. The village

nanushi, or mayor, had taken charge of his letter-stick and packet of dispatches, and had the wounded man taken to the inn. By having his feet warmed at the fire, and his head cooled by bandages of thick porous paper wet with *saké*, or rice-wine, he was slowly recovering consciousness. The master Rai, as an officer of the lord of Echizen, bade the people make way, and sent Uhéi to announce to the mayor his presence, while he entered the inn. The man of office appearing promptly, fell on hands and knees, noisily sucked in his breath, and with tremendous politeness began profuse salutations and apologies for not meeting his honor at the village entrance. He wound up by pressing his eminence to enter his hut and "rest on the miserable floor."

The master with a few words expressed his thanks, and stating that he was traveling privately, put the mayor at his ease at once. Both entered the rooms where the village physician had, by his unremitting efforts, restored the mail-runner to his wits and tongue. The man at once began to bemoan his ill-luck.

"Alas, alas! my employer promised me double wages and a keg of saké if I should make the run from Tsuruga to Takéfu in an hour less than my usual time, which is better than any runner at the relay. Now, instead of winning, I shall be laid up for a week. Oh! my head!" Again he fell back on the padded quilt insensible.

"Let me see the dispatch," said the master.

The packet, wrapped in glazed paper made water-

proof by sesamum-oil, was taken out of the split in the bamboo shoulder-pole. The master at once recognized the seal and the directions. They were to "Rai Goro, officer of communications of the lord of the province of Echizen;" in other words, to himself. Retiring to a private room he read the chief document. The words were few, but his eyes at once swam with the moisture of joy. The news from Kyōto, which he was bidden to announce to his prince, was this: by the favor of the gods a son had been born to the Mikado in Kyōto, November 3.

It would not do to have any one else announce such a piece of news to his master, the lord of Echizen. Though his leave of absence did not expire for fourteen days yet, and no business was expected of him until that time, yet he resolved at once on traveling even at night in order to reach Fukui as quickly as possible.

Word was at once sent to the relay-office and in a few minutes four stout porters appeared with a *kago*, or basket-litter, while a foot-runner was sent ahead to the next relay to order men in readiness. Hence another runner was to be despatched to Takéfu to have a saddle-horse ready for a night ride to Fukui.

Uhéi, to his almost unspeakable delight, was to deliver the master's receipt at Tsuruga, and to see that the wounded letter-carrier got safely back. Uhéi was allowed one whole week for his visit and return to Fukui, while a *koban* (gold-piece) made the wounded man's eyes beam with new light. Visions of marriage, with a year's house-rent paid in advance, were healingly mixed with present pain.

The four kago-bearers and the two reserves were soon swinging along the road, and at a village named, "Here we rest," without change of vehicle, fresh men jogged on to Takéfu, where a fleet horse, loaned by the local lord of Echizen, stood saddled and bridled. After swallowing a little tea and rice, the eleven miles' ride was begun. Through villages, and past rice-fields and wayside shrines, the officer rode briskly until the great "ninety-nine foot" bridge over the Ashiwa river was reached and the city gates entered. The boom of the ponderous bell in the Temple of the Eastern Light rolled out, filling the air with mellow vibrations, announcing the Hour of the Tiger (3 A.M.), as Rai Goro presented his credentials, and being recognized was allowed to pass the city gates. He would have time to go home, don official dress, and ask for a special interview with his lord at the Hour of the Serpent, or 10 A.M. A messenger from the gate was dispatched to the Castle night-watch to that effect. Riding homewards he was surprised to see lights shining through the paper lattice of his own home.

Dismounting at his own gate, he learned, even before the alert watchman had led away his horse, a piece of hoped-for good news. A son had been born to him that evening, shortly after lantern-time, and several of his female relatives had already come to offer congratulations to the mother and to advise concerning the name of the boy, who was, as third son, to be one of the heirs to the fortunes of the Rai family, founded by one of the captains of Hidéyasu, first lord of Echizen.

"Happy we!" ejaculated the officer; "a true blood-line unto the ninth generation! My son is born in the same moon's quarter with the heir to the throne of Everlasting Great Japan. How must my honored ancestors rejoice!"

It was indeed a happy day for the wife of Rai Goro. Two daughters and two sons had already made their home happy. In Japan unless a wife bears a son the honor received from her husband is not usually great; but Mrs. Rai was triply honored. There was joy in one household of the millions in the empire, and in the capital rejoicing because of the birth of one destined to become the one hundred and twenty-third emperor in the line of Everlasting Great Japan.

CHAPTER VI.

A BOY BABY'S LIFE.

LET us look at the way the world appears to the little boy who at Fukui, the City of the Happy Well, was born on the same day and hour as was the baby of Kyōto, who was destined to become the one hundred and twenty-third Mikado of Great Japan. The Japanese baby is neither carried in arms nor rocked in a cradle. On the seventh day of its life the little *akambo*, or "pink baby," as an infant of days is called, is properly dressed in its own clothes and holds its first full reception. It is presented to the relatives and friends who come in to offer congratulations and presents to child and parents. They are very careful in dressing the little fellow as he comes out of his bath. If "pink" is a boy, they insert the left arm first in the sleeve; if a girl, the right hand goes first. On the twentieth day the akambo has become a *ko*. They then shave the baby's head so that his little round noddle is as bald as a cannon-ball. The old ladies who rule the nursery say that this will keep out fever.

Had we been there to see how mother and nurse got ready for the new little stranger, we should have missed the stores of linen, the tiny garments of snowy muslin, the pretty ruffles or gowns, such as

our mothers prepare for their babies. No pincushion was there all stuck full of rows of pins; there are no pins in Japan. No Japanese baby ever cried because a pin was sticking into its flesh. Linen is not woven or worn in Japan. But nice clothes were ready for the coming stranger: garments of silk and of cotton, all made in the funniest way; soft and loose wrapper-like clothes, such as all Japanese children wear, were all ready and waiting. They had neither button, buckle, strap, nor pin; yet they were as pretty and cunning as you can imagine.

And don't the Japanese mothers, and nurses, and brothers, and sisters, think their babies the prettiest darlings in the world? Don't they think their dresses just the nicest and most proper too? Indeed they do! They say as often as our parents say: "Why this is a remarkable child!" "Our baby is the prettiest baby I ever saw!" or, "He is an unusually smart baby." Certainly all of Mr. Rai's relations said these things about "the Morning Sun boy."

Now these Japanese mamma, papa, brothers, and sisters did n't look, as we should, to see or guess the color of the baby brother's eyes and hair, for Japanese babies have hair and eyes always of one color. We always ask about our baby acquaintances: "What is the color of the eyes and hair? Are they brown, blue, black, or gray? Is his hair red, black, golden, or white?" But no one asks these questions in Dai Nippon. Japanese babies have black hair

and black eyes, so that all Japanese parents know beforehand the color of the baby's eyes. They have nothing in this respect to wonder at or guess about.

Not until thirty days for a boy, and thirty-three days for a girl, do they give a name to the baby. "What shall we call our son?" asked the father of the conclave of relatives assembled. Politely and modestly, beginning at the oldest, names were proposed and discussed, and finally one was selected worthy of the time. It was Asahi, or the Morning Sun; for to the father the coming of a son at this era of his country's history was as the beginning of a long, bright day; so that, with his family cognomen, the boy baby's full name was Rai Asahi. The Japanese put the family name first, and then the personal, or as we say, the "Christian," or christened name, afterward, thus reversing our method.

In the naming of children the way in Japan is, in another point, different from that in the western lands. We usually name after a father, mother, uncle, aunt, or near relation, or after a friend or great public man — ruler, resident minister, or governor. Not so in Japan. No one thinks of such a thing as having a full namesake, or joining the name of a man of rank, position, or fame to that of baby. To so use the name of emperor or nobleman is not allowed, and of friends it is not the custom. Besides, a person changes his personal name often. He has one name as a child, which he changes at manhood; even this he drops to assume another on

entering public life, receiving promotion, or on account of some great event or change. Mr. Rai, having ideas of his own, wanted his son to have one name all his life, so he gave him not a baby's name, but one that would suit him always. Besides, the common people, the nobles, the gentry, the doctors, scholars, and priests, mechanics, farmers, etc., each have a class name. This makes it usually quite easy to tell who and what a man is by the form of his name. See a name on a card and you can read his ancestry, social origin, or business occupation. A page from the teacher's registry in a school for the sons of nobles will read very differently from that on a tax-list of farmers or a company roll of a mechanics' guild or merchants' corporation.

Often a father will call his son by names which mean "firstborn," "second darling," "child number three," "fourth arrival," "fifth treasure," etc. Most commonly in the families of the gentry, the son takes one half of his father's name and joins it to some name after this root-word. In one famous family, the Minamoto, or Genji, known to every Japanese, there were Yoshi-tomo, Yori-tomo, Sanétomo, and many other terms in which Yoshi or Tomo was the root-word.

Usually after the baby's name is decided upon, the party consisting of father, uncle, or some other relative, accompanied by grandparents, aunts, cousins, and little folks, proceed to the family temple. In this case some of the little folks carried various

playthings, especially toy dogs made of pasteboard which the old nurse said would guard "Master Baby" from all harm; on the shoulders of nearly every one will be found some article of baby's wardrobe.

At the temple, the priest reads from the sacred books, or Buddhist scriptures, and asks the name of the child. He then writes with a pen that is a brush, and with ink that is made of soot, glue, and water, and on paper which is made of mulberry bark, a prayer or some Buddhist text. The writing is carefully put into a little, curiously shaped bag, which some aunt or cousin has made and embroidered, and this is hung on the little fellow's belt. Many of the common people, according to their sect, believe this will be a charm against small-pox, sickness, thieves, or fire. Often at the same time they buy at the temple an inscribed tablet or white shingle, and nail it over the door to keep off lightning and the thunder-imps which are supposed to live in the clouds.

Asahi's father allowed these things to be done, to please the old aunts and grandmothers, but he was more particular to get the boy his *kitté*.

"A kitté! What 's that?" you ask. "A kitten?" No; for in Japanese a kitten is a *ko-néko*. A kitté is a ticket, a passport, and in the Japan of our day a postage-stamp or bank-note.

Going down into that part of the city where in one street all the brass-workers had their shops and foundries, Mr. Rai stopped at one, whose sign hang-

ing over the door looked like an enormous dark-colored tray or waiter, with three long slits which let daylight through it, while it seemed inlaid with gilt birds and flowers. In reality it stood for the guard of a sword-hilt and was the business sign of the proprietor. Here lived and worked the famous metal-worker Hachibéi, whose ancestors for twelve generations had made sword-hilts and ornaments. In the war days long past, Fukui had great renown for its skillful sword-smiths, spear and arrow makers, and armorers. The master-workman, who sat behind his bench, on seeing Mr. Rai approaching pulled off his huge horn-bowed spectacles, and hastening to step off the platform to the ground, thrust his feet in sandals. Then bowing so deeply that his head was on a level with his hips, and his top-knot pointed to the centre of the earth, he sucked in his breath most politely, murmuring, —

"Good-day, my honored lord! Your beggarly servant hopes that your exalted disposition is serene."

"Yes; good-day," answered Mr. Rai.

"Upon the fact of your having a son born in your household, let me congratulate you."

"Thank you."

"Will you honor my dirty hut with your brightening presence? Come up. Please do."

Mr. Rai stepped out of his clogs and sat upon the mats, while Hachibéi clapped hands. "*Hei-i-i!*" sounded into the distance and in a few moments his daughter, named Peach-bloom, herself a sprightly

flower of twelve years, appeared with tea and refreshments. These she set near the guest. Then bowing gracefully on hands and knees, and laying her forehead for a moment on her hands spread prone on the matting, she sat up again. She poured out a tiny cup full of the delicate green brewing, and, setting it in a silver socket, handed to her father's customer the fragrant tea.

After a sip of tea Mr. Rai mentioned his business.

He did not want a name-ticket for his son made of a common sheet of brass as big as a child's palm, but one of the black bronze made of copper and gold. It was to be inscribed on the inside with the boy's name, thus: —

RAI ASAHI,
SON OF RAI GORO,
HOARY-BEARD STREET,
CASTLE ENCLOSURE,
FUKUI.

"And what on the back?" asked the metal-worker, expecting that Mr. Rai would have one of the animals of the zodiac engraved on it. "Why so?" do you ask? Because the Japanese zodiac is represented by a menagerie. Here are the twelve animals in the ring: rat, dog, hog, serpent, goat, ox, monkey, hare, cock, horse, tiger, and dragon. Strange to say, the hours are named after these, and the dial or face of a Japanese clock is a picture-book, suggesting a catalogue of Noah's ark. The farmer-folk imagine that these creatures have in-

fluence over the life of a child, just as folks in our country long ago believed the planets affected our liver, bowels, lungs, and heart, as one sees in advertising almanacs made by the patent-medicine makers. A Japanese child born at the Hour of the Ox, or at 1 A.M., would be influenced in some way on this account. Properly, as some folks thought, Mr. Rai's son, being born at the Hour of the Dog, ought to have the figure of a dog engraved on his kitté, or bag-plate.

But Mr. Rai ordered, and wrote himself, these words: —

"Born on the nineteenth day, ninth month, fifth year of Ka-yéi; Holland style, November 3, A.D. 1853."

Rai Goro, as we have seen, was a student of the Dutch language, and a scholar in the one tongue of Europe studied by earnest natives of Japan.

The object of the kitté was to show who the child was in case he should be lost from home.

Now that the boy baby is fully dressed, let us look at him and his surroundings, and behold him when a year old. Unable yet to talk, and with only six teeth, he was a fat, round, rollicking, lively crawler, no longer a pink baby, or a ko, but a *kodama*, a big baby. His little head was partly shorn with curious little moons at the sides, a sun on the back-top, and a tiny crescent on his front scalp. His feet were cased in two thick felt-soled mittens. A curious little partition ran between the big toe, or the "foot-thumb," as they called it, and the white socks were

tied up with strings round the ankles. Baby's body was swaddled with coats, from neck to feet, made of the smoothest and loveliest red, blue, and yellow silk, soft and padded. Not a button was to be seen, but the clothes were kept shut and in place, from pretty velvet collar to thick, fat, padded bottom, by means of a wide girdle or belt tied in a big bow of velvet and holding at the right hip his amulet-bag. When going outdoors, he had on a little cloth cap. He was a ruddy, round, laughing baby, and as healthy, happy, and jolly as a baby could be.

Well, baby grew up. He still wore boys' clothes, without buttons, straps, or pins. Would n't all our babies crow if they never had any pins sticking into them? Baby fed on milk, and that not "condensed" either. Cows never help Japanese mothers to feed the baby. Japanese people never drank cow's milk till foreign people taught them. Baby never played on the floor nor crawled about. No! Japanese nurses never let the baby crawl on the floor. He does n't get any chance to eat what he sees or to run the risk of swallowing pins and buttons and all sorts of things. How do you think baby Asahi was carried? In his nurse's arms? No. On his mother's back? No. In a box or bag, like an Indian papoose? Do they hang the baby on a tree or put it in the cradle? No. They do not have any cradles in Japan. In 1853 there was not one in the country used by Japanese mammas. Some of the country people put their babies in a round basket when they go out to work; but baby

Asahi was carried by his nurse pick-a-pack. All day long, except when asleep or feeding, baby was carried behind nurse's collar, or put into a kind of huge pocket or bag on the maid's back. All children in Japan are carried in this way. Often baby is strapped to the mother's or nurse's back by a string or belt. When a poor mother has several children, she ties the youngest on the back of one of the older children. These often have babies nearly as large as themselves to carry. Set in between coat and back of nurse or bigger child, the baby's head sticks out at the top like a jack-in-the-box, or a Christmas doll peeping out of a stocking filled by Santa Claus. The Japanese call our cradles "rocking-baskets," or "machines to make the baby sleep."

In a crowd of street children many seem to be two-headed. Baby's hands and legs hang down. Baby often falls asleep while being carried pick-a-pack. Baby's head sometimes rolls about, but baby's neck never breaks. Baby does n't often cry. Very rarely do you hear a Japanese baby crying. By-and-by baby learns to talk. Father and mother are his first words — "chichi," "haha." Then he calls his aunt "o-ba-san." He points to rice and says "mama;" to the cat "néko;" to the dog, "inu;" to the fish, "uwo;" to the bird, "tori;" and so on, till he learns the whole language.

When a baby comes into the world in a rich man's house, we say he is "born with a silver spoon in his mouth;" but as spoons were hardly known in the land of chopsticks, what can we say of Asahi?

Was he born under a lucky star? I suppose so. This we know: he was born within the castle limits. On the top of the castle-towers of the citadel, at the corners, one sees a pair of rampant grampuses or horse-dolphins with tails high in air and standing on their lower lips. To be born within sight of the *shachihoko*, or dolphin-tails, is an honor to a Japanese baby. He is much like our babies, in whose mouths we imagine silver spoons. When the small boys in Fukui tried to stand on their heads, or turn somersaults, they called the game playing shachihoko, or the grampus-game.

In the chief city of Owari, the scales of this castle-fish were made of solid gold, and one of the stories which the boys in the Rai family often heard was how a famous robber, named Ishikawa Goyémon, tried to steal them. Set on the top of the lofty castle towers, which were guarded continually by vigilant sentinels, how could the bold robber succeed? Should he swim through the water of the moat, and climb the face of the wall? Even then, how could he get up to the pinnacle of the towers? Should he try to bribe the faithful servants of the lord of Owari to help him? No. This he could not do.

He made a kite twenty-feet square, of many thicknesses of tough paper, with strong bobtails of rope, and on a dark and windy night got two accomplices with a windlass and rope, paid out from a hand-cart moored to a post, to raise the kite and pay out the rope. Putting his burglar's tools in his belt, and his

feet in loops in the bobs, the strong wind lifted him and the kite up over the moat and near the tower's top. Skillfully working the hand-cart so that the kite would gradually come near the golden grampus, without swinging the man too violently against the roof or sides, the robbers succeeded. The burglar, anchoring his kite fast to the flukes of the fish, was soon at work trying to wrench off the golden plates.

This he found no easy task. The goldsmiths had riveted the plates so securely that it was difficult to pry off the soft, tough metal. He did not dare to use chisel and hammer, for that would make a clinking noise and arouse the guards. After hours of work, he had torn off only two plates — hardly fifty dollars' worth of gold for all his trouble.

Meanwhile it was getting near daylight; the cold wind nearly froze his blood, and almost blew him off the gable, and the next to the worst now happened. The kite broke its fastenings, and went off dancing in the air far away. As it was disappearing, the robber could see a white sheet of paper moving up the string which he took to be a signal from his accomplices below, on the other side of the moat.

This was indeed the fact: the men at the hand-cart had seen the gleam of a lantern in one of the lower stories of the tower, under the golden grampus, and, had sent him a signal to retreat and give up the job. The guards had been awakened, and their suspicions roused. In short, the robbers were detected. The man who had climbed into the air on a kite was condemned to die by being thrown into a caldron of

boiling oil. His assistants were less severely punished. A law was passed prohibiting the kites from being larger than a certain modest size, and the large and splendid ones, for which Owari was once famous, disappeared.

"And is this the reason, grandma, why the biggest kind of a kite, like that of cousin Honda Jiro, is called an Owari kite?" asked Kozo.

"Yes; and the high, deep bath-tubs, the water of which is heated by a copper boiler set inside the tub itself, with a chimney at the side, is called after the robber's name, *Goyémon-furo*, because he was boiled in such a caldron."

"Well, sometimes Uhéi, our servant man, heats our bath water so hot, that I think he wants to boil us alive," laughed Kozo.

The bath-tub is one of the best used articles in a Japanese household, for while every one gets under hot water at least once between rising from and retiring to bed, many of the people take a hot bath four or five times a day. They had no word in the language for soap, but with plenty of hot water Japan has always been a clean country, and the people have been fond of cleanliness. It is a part of religion, and is especially inculcated in the Shintō faith.

"It is largely on account of what we are taught by the example of our ancestors," Mr. Rai used often to say: "for cleanliness is a virtue which the gods love."

CHAPTER VII.

MR. RAI TALKS POLITICS WITH HIS SON.

MR. RAI GORO was accustomed to make two journeys during the year to Yedo, and occasionally to other places, and on his return to tell his family what he had seen. He usually brought each of the children a present of toys and to the others some of the fine products of towns famous for their special arts or manufactures. His coming and going was a family event of the first importance, and was always looked forward to with the liveliest interest.

Japan was then divided into hundreds of petty principalities or districts held by clans and ruled by daimiōs. The custom prevailed of all the daimiōs, both of higher and of lesser grade, living in Yedo at least six months in the year, and of always having their families there. Whether they liked it or not they had to obey the orders of the Tycoon, make the journey to the great camp-city, and spend half the year or every alternate year there. The day of the departure and arrival of the lord of Echizen was one of great display and popular interest. Thousands of the people, arrayed in their finest clothes, came out and lined the principal streets to speed the going or welcome the coming of their ruler and the hundreds of his retainers. Every maiden on that

day put on her best sash, hairpins, and new sandals, and the starching, ironing, and general bustle that went on in the houses for days beforehand kept the women folks almost as busy as at New Year's, radish-pickling time, or on tomb-cleaning day. One of the favorite games with the Rai children when kept in the house on rainy days was that called "going to Yedo."

So, around the *ko-tatsu*, which is the fire-place or square hole sunk in the middle of the room, below the level of the floor, the family gathered one evening late in November and Mr. Rai told of his journey southward to Kyōto, and along the beautiful inland sea to Shimonoséki, where the great main island of Japan is separated from the other by a narrow strait less than a mile wide, and where a great naval battle was fought eight centuries ago.

"What does the name Shimonoséki mean, father?" asked Kozo.

"It means the lower barrier gate, for here all travelers must show their passports. Taking boat into Kiushiu, which means the Island of the Nine Provinces, we reached Higo safely."

"Why did you have to travel so far?" asked Taro.

"For two reasons: to arrange for a wife for our lord's son, and, in his name, to invite Professor Koba, the great scholar and learned lecturer on Confucius, to come to Fukui and live. Happily we have been successful. The betrothal is made, and if all is well there will be a grand wedding in the castle before many years pass. As for Professor

Koba, he will accompany the daimiō of Higo as far as the barrier near Lake Biwa, and then come to Fukui."

"I am very glad, honored husband," said Mrs. Rai. "My father and Professor Koba were well acquainted, and I hope our Fukui people will give both him and the young princess a warm welcome. It seems only yesterday that I saw her in Yedo. She is the daughter of the lord of Kumamoto, who has that lordly castle, the grandest I have seen in my limited travels."

"Honored mother, is the lord of Higo obliged to go to Yedo every year just as our daimiō is?" asked Taro of his mother, but looking also at his father.

"That question," said Mr. Rai, "will lead to many others, and as I have a good opportunity to give you that talk on politics which I promised you, let the little folks go to bed."

The mother and maid at this point led away the younger children, one of whom, Kozo, in spite of his one question, was sound asleep. When father and eldest son were alone, Mr. Rai continued:—

"Yes, indeed; all the daimiōs must divide their time between Yedo and their own provinces. Those who live far away to the south, in Satsuma, or to the north, in Yezo, because this is so great a distance, need not come to the camp-city so often as others. Every time the procession of a daimiō passes a barrier gate the number of men is counted and even the women must prove themselves such, so that the exact force of each train of men is recorded; for the Yedo government knows all about every one."

"Why must they come to Yedo, instead of Kyōto? Is not Kyōto the *kio*, or capital? We boys were talking about this matter in school to-day, but our teacher would n't satisfy us."

"Yes, Kyōto is the capital."

"And is not the Mikado the only emperor and the chief ruler of all Japan?"

"Yes."

"Then why do not the daimiōs visit and live in Kyōto?"

"Because the general in Yedo has the power to command and enforce his commands."

"Has he more power than the Mikado?"

"Well, yes. The Mikado has the law on his side and the honor and love of the people, but none dare disobey a word from Yedo."

"Must men obey the general in Yedo more than the emperor in Kyōto?'

"Hardly; but you are asking hard questions, my boy. What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking of a story I heard to-day, of a boy who was sent on an errand when it looked as if it were going to rain. His father told him to wear clogs, but his mother bade him put on sandals. Between the two he did n't know what to do; so he put a clog on one foot and a sandal on the other, and hobbled along the best he could. What would our prince do if the emperor ordered him to Kyōto while the general in Yedo commanded him to come eastward?"

"This is a puzzle, my son. The question has not

arisen in my life-time, though it yet may. Of course, our obedience is to the Mikado as the Son of Heaven first. He is our supreme lord, but the general gives us orders and we obey them, without questioning. Still, as the country has been so long at peace and this double system has worked so well, no one has asked these questions which you want answered, though very wise men are now pondering the problem. Yet you may live to see the puzzle made plain. That is why I named our new boy baby Asahi, for he will have daylight on this matter. Already active-minded men and students of history are finding fault and criticizing this state of affairs."

"Is not the general at Yedo a *tai-kun*, or great prince, like a son of the Mikado?"

"Well, yes, and no. His proper title is the term of Chinese origin, *sho-gun*, or army-commander, which is only the revival in another form of the ancient title of the Mikado which was *o-gimi*; but, when orders are given to the Coreans, Ainos, or the outside barbarians, he is then Tycoon, or great prince."

"If the Americans come to our country to trade, will he treat them as barbarians and write himself Tycoon?"

"I think he probably will, my son, and that will make trouble and may even bring on civil war."

"Why must our country have two cities like capitals, and two rulers both so powerful? China has only one capital and one ruler."

"Well, Japan has never had foreigners living per-

manently on her soil, nor has she been invaded from Europe or Asia. You will understand the reason of it better by-and-by, but I may say that our political affairs have always taken the form of a dualism or double government. In the early ages the power was divided between the Mikado and the nobles, or princes, who held land and ruled the aborigines in various parts of the empire. Then for hundreds of years the two great families, the Héi and Gen, divided the country between their red and white banners. After that, for now nearly seven hundred years, the military and the civil government, or as we say, the camp at Yedo and the throne at Kyōto, have held the balance of power. Our system is like a pair of Dutch scales."

"Or a well-loaded pack-horse?"

"Yes, exactly. Now, if the foreigners from Europe and America come, that balance will be disturbed."

"Why, father, I saw a man carrying home a keg of fish-sauce to-day on his shoulder-pole. He put the brand-new keg in the rope-net on one side, and then, to make the weight even on the other net he laid in it a big stone. He had to increase the burden in order to equalize the weight. Now I want to ask two more questions."

"Ask them."

"Thank you. First, then, is our country burdened and weakened by having the power equalized, by having the weight of government in two places, and these hundreds of miles apart?"

"I have long believed that, my son."

"Well, second, in our dual system, which is the good sauce and which is the make-weight, the worthless stone?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Rai. "Why, my boy, you are a political philosopher. I must not answer that question, but time will show, and you or Asahi will see, though I may not. Be very careful how you discuss this subject with the lads at school."

"Certainly, my honored father; you have always taught me that every one should love the Mikado and fear the Sho-gun, look with honor to Kyōto and tremble before Yedo."

"Yes, that is right; and besides, we have many things to be grateful for to the great Tokugawa family in Yedo that for two hundred and fifty years has kept the country in perfect peace. Nearly all the art, learning, and wealth have come to us in their time. Many illustrious men have filled the office of sho-gun, or general, both at Yedo and at Kamakurea; and before them the great military families of the Gen and Héi subdued the northern savages and made the civilization of the whole empire possible. The Tokugawas who now rule us are the descendants of the Genji. Above all others, give honor to the Mikado, but never forget his faithful servants."

"Was ever our land of Echizen wild and uncivilized?"

"Yes; but of the three Echi — Echizen, Etchiu, and Echigo, which lie along the west coast of our

great island between the central mountains and the sea, and between Kyōto and the wild north — Echizen was civilized first. I propose to tell you the story of how the arms of the Mikado were in the early ages extended over all Hondo, as we call the main island of Japan. I shall partly read from our great historian Rai Sanyo, who has written the best history of our country, and partly explain by talking. The story will also show the origin of many of our customs, the favorite subjects of our artists and romancers, and also tell how the Throne and the Camp came to be separated."

"And may I ask questions as we go along?" inquired Taro.

"Certainly, my son. I want you to learn all you can, so I shall begin with the story of Yoshi-iyé, who may be called the founder of the Gen family, or Genji; though the first men to whom the name of Minamoto was given were grandsons of the Mikado Séiwa, just as the first man named Taira was a great-grandson of the Mikado Kuammu. The Chinese sounds of Minamoto and Taira are Gen and Héi."

"Oh, yes; we boys divide into two parts, those in our street and those in the next, when we play games, and call ourselves Genji and Héiké. When we are rivals at school, and when at kite-time we play at cutting kite-strings, and the polo-players with red and white hats, and, indeed, whoever are opposed to each other, call themselves Genji and Héiké. Will you tell us about them and the meaning of their names?"

"Yes; but it is difficult to know just how the most ancient noble families received their names, though these were originally bestowed by the Mikado. One of the court families has a name meaning 'Orange,' another 'Wistaria-meadow;' but of Minamoto or Gen, and the Taira or Héi, the families which had their origin eight centuries ago, the meaning is lost. I shall now tell you the story of the campaigns of Yoshi-iyé, which means 'He who raises up our house,' and you will soon see how he got his name.

"Anciently the empire of Dai Nippon was confined to a comparatively small portion in the central part of the main island, or Hondo. The land north and east of Kyōto was comparatively unknown or unexplored, and filled with tribes of savages who gave uncertain obedience to the Mikado, and frequently broke out in rebellion. To subdue them and extend his rule, the Mikado sent out brave generals from Kyōto who won great renown in conquering these tracts of northern country, and paving the way for the civil governors and the centralized system of government. These generals were almost entirely chosen from the great military families of the Gen and Héi, while the Fuji-wara and other families were noted for their civil talents. The Héi generals made conquest chiefly in the south, and the Gen in the east and north.

"One of the first Gen soldiers who led a victorious expedition into the region north of Yedo, which was then a wild moor or prairie region, was Yoriyoshi. On his return to the capital, having won

great fame, the Mikado conferred higher rank upon him, and the praises of the hero were sounded on every side. A nobleman of the Héi family gave him his daughter in marriage. This lady was very beautiful and highly accomplished in court life, and after his long wars and many years spent 'under the dews and stars, with iron and sharpness in his hand,' the fierce warrior settled down to the joys of a roof, of mats, of music, of love, and of home.

"Yoriyoshi longed for a son to bear half his own name, linked with that of the family, which none dare use in an uncalled-for manner.

"One night, as he lay asleep, he dreamed that Hachiman, the god of war, whose original shrine was at a place called Eight Flags, or Banners, near Kyōto, a later one being at Tsuruga, appeared to him in great splendor with eight banners waving round him. The august being approached the warrior and presented him with a sword.

"This was a dream of most lucky omen. When he awoke he told his wife, and, full of joy, meditated deeply on the vision. Some time after that a son was born, and there was great rejoicing in Yoriyoshi's house. The female neighbors, friends, and ladies of rank came in to congratulate the mother, while old comrades and the nobles rejoiced with the father. They also sent presents of food, sweetmeats, fans, and other things wrapped in the red and white cord. Yoriyoshi said, This boy will *yoshi* [raise up or make to flourish] our *iyé* [house or family]. So he took the word *yoshi* from his own name and

joined it to *iyé*, and the child was taken to the temple and there named Yoshi-iyé.

"As the boy grew up, it was seen that his nature was full of energy and perseverance. Nothing could turn him back from his set purpose except the orders of his parents or superiors, whom he always obeyed without asking '*Nazé* (why)?' He continually practiced with the bow, spear, and sword. In time his archery became the theme of praise throughout the army. He rode by his father in all his military expeditions, and never feared the whizzing of arrows or the cries of the enemy.

"Until the age of fifteen it is the custom of Japanese lads to wear the hair in boyish style, that is with a forelock. Arriving at mature years (fifteen) the youth has his forehead shaved with much ceremony in the presence of relatives. Then putting on the manly dress of tunic and loose trowsers, he receives the congratulations of his friends and is henceforth known and treated as a man. If his father dies, and he is the eldest son, he becomes the head of the family. On the occasion, which is called *gem-buku*, Yoshi-iyé was not shaved and robed indoors as usual, but went out to the shrine of Hachiman, the god of the eight banners, and there submitted to the ceremony. He also put on his *éboshi*, or high, black paper cap of rank, in front of the shrine. For this he was named Hachiman-taro, or 'the war-god's firstborn son.' Thence after he went to war in the north, and whenever in battle the enemy saw a valiant soldier slaughtering his tens

upon tens, they cried out one to another, 'It is Hachiman-taro!' and retreated.

"His favorite tactics were called the 'long-snake order,' because he massed his troops in easily handled lines, like the folds of a snake.

"Yoshi-iyé was always ready to learn, and though always victorious was never proud of his military skill. On one occasion, while visiting the palace of a nobleman in Kyōto, he gave an account of his battles in the north. There was a professor of military science in another room, who, listening through the paper partition, said to a friend of Yoshi-iyé: —

"'Your master is a fine fellow, but he does n't understand military tactics. What a pity!'

"This friend went and told Yoshi-iyé, thinking he would be very angry. But Yoshi-iyé quickly said, 'Perhaps it is so.' As the professor was coming out of the house, Yoshi-iyé went up and thanked him for what he had said. He then asked permission to become his pupil. The professor agreed, and Yoshi-iyé went to study with him. Thus the wise and brave soldier, not ashamed to be learning even after many brilliant victories, became a student once more. Instead of lazily carousing in the capital, he was diligent with books and pen, as with arrows in the battle or mantlets in the siege.

"In the year A.D. 1087 a rebellion broke out, and Yoshi-iyé headed several tens of thousands of horsemen and marched once more to the land of the bear and the wolf — the wild north country of Déwa. Two mighty rebel chiefs had united their forces and

attacked one of the loyal garrisons inside a stockade. Yoshi-iyé approached the besiegers' host, warily guarding against surprise, though his officers thought there was no danger, they being yet several leagues distant from the stockade. Yoshi-iyé rode ahead, keeping a sharp lookout for signs of the foe. Suddenly his men saw him reign up his charger and point to a flock of wild geese flying about in disorder in the sky, and not in their regular soldier-like line. (See frontispiece.)

"'Look!' cried Yoshi-iyé, 'there are ambuscaders near by. Throw out skirmishers of spearmen on either flank and let them beat the underbrush. Let the best archers go to the front and follow the spearmen.'

"The orders were quickly obeyed. Shortly after the scouts found the rebels lurking in ambush; Yoshi-iyé's men quickly surrounded and after a short fight captured them. It was 'as easy as splitting a bamboo.'

"Then Yoshi-iyé addressed his troops and said: —

"'Military science teaches me that when birds are frightened and confused there is an enemy near. If I had not studied, I should have been in danger.'

"He then surrounded the stockade and bade the conch-shell blowers sound the charge. It was a very strong post, and though Yoshi-iyé himself led the van the gates could not be forced. Just at this time Yoshimitsu, or Yoshi the third, his brother, having resigned his position in Kyōto in order to join his brave brother, reached the camp. Yoshi-iyé

put him at the head of a division and again made an attack, but the stockade could not be taken. When they determined to starve out the enemy, Yoshi-iyé divided his men into two bands, the many faint-hearted and the few stout-hearted. Every time he saw a man show a special act of valor he promoted him into the stout-hearted band.

"As the siege wore on, Yoshi-iyé gave orders to cease fighting in order to starve out the rebels. He surrounded the front of his camp fronting the enemy with mantlets of heavy slabs of wood six feet high and three feet wide, slanting toward the stockade, and held up by a hinged support within. Appointing vigilant guards at the gates, he allowed his soldiers to lie down behind their mantlets and have a good time eating, drinking, sleeping, and playing checkers.

"This annoyed the rebels very much, and one day their general sent word to Yoshi-iyé: 'My army grumbles much at having nothing to do; let us get up a wrestling-match. I have a lusty champion named Kamétsunu. Do you send a strong man to wrestle with him. So Yoshi-iyé picked out a soldier whom his comrades called the *oni*, or 'demon-warrior.' The champions met, and, after a short bout, the demon-warrior threw and killed his foe.

"The weather now grew very cold, a deep snow fell, and horses and men suffered greatly. The soldiers were afraid of being frozen, and some clamored to be led home; but Yoshi-iyé never quailed, and resolved to persevere until the stockade fell.

"The rebels tried all sorts of plans to increase their provisions or to get Yoshi-iyé away. Once, when they sent several scores of their weakest men into Yoshi-iyé's camp to surrender themselves, Hidétaka, one of his captains, said, 'It is only to make their food last longer. Better cut off their heads.' The prisoners were made to kneel down in a row and their heads were cut off.

"The rebels now begged to be allowed to surrender, and asked that Yoshimitsu should come to them to make conditions. Yoshi-iyé sent Hidétaka, who entered the rebel lines. They surrounded him with their swords drawn out. But Hidétaka was not in the least frightened. Then they tried to bribe him, and offered a great share of booty.

"'I 'll not trouble you to bribe me: we may make booty of your goods at any moment;' and stroking his sword he went out.

"The weather became still colder, thick ice formed, and fuel was scarce. One night Yoshi-iyé issued orders to his army, 'Burn your camp to keep warm. The rebels' stockade will fall to-night. We 'll not need the camp again.'

"At the dawn of day the stronghold was forced and set on fire. The rebel chiefs folded their hands and surrendered. Their den was swept out and handed over to the civil authorities; the treasonable rebels all became the subjects of the Mikado, and the great province Déwa was added to the peaceful realm of the sovereign of Great Japan.

"With all his victories Yoshi-iyé was very modest.

After weaving hardness (armor) to his body, and taking sharpness (sword) in his hands, 'having been exposed to all weathers a thousand miles from Kyōto,' and having encountered ten thousand mortal perils, he returned to Kyōto to dwell in peace and at home.

"At this time the ex-emperor was tormented with horrible nightmares, and thinking that the weapons of so invincible a warrior would drive them away, he asked Yoshi-iyé for one. The hero gave him a black-lacquered war-bow. The emperor placed it above his pillow in his sleeping chamber. After that he had no more trouble and his sleep was as calm as a child's. Wishing to reward his servant, the emperor called Yoshi-iyé into his presence and inquired of him: —

"'Is not this the very bow which you carried in your campaigns in the north?'

"Yoshi-iyé bowed his head and meekly said, 'Your servant does not remember.'

"Then the emperor felt his breath nearly taken away, and he sighed deeply in admiration of such modesty.

"Thus lived Yoshi-iyé, first in battle, modest in victory, quick to learn, and slow to boast, the admiration of all military men, and the bravest of the brave warriors who fought under the white banners. When the eastern savages arose in swarms and plundered the people, he put down the rebels, restored the Mikado's power, until, to the end of the island, all submitted to the imperial glory. Like his father

Yoriyohi, he carried to its perfection the virtue of reverent performance of duty during a long period. He died at the ripe age of eighty-six, leaving behind him six sons who all bore his own and his father's half-name.

"That will do for one evening, my son," said Mr. Rai. "To-morrow night I shall tell of Yoritomo, who founded the city of Kamakura."

"Thank you, my honored father; tell me this, please: were these eastern savages people who lived around the regions of Yedo?"

"Yes; all eastern Japan, even where our richest city now stands, was then wild, uncivilized, and full of savages."

"Were they Ainos or Japanese?"

"They were a mixed race, but certainly not exactly like the hairy and straight-eyed savages now found only in Yezo, nor yet like the polished people in Kyōto. The mass of the Japanese were then much below the level of civilization in our day."

"And is the Tokugawa family of Yedo descended from the Genji?"

"They are, my son, and are very proud of it."

"Thank you, honored father; good-night."

"Good-night."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW JAPAN'S DOUBLE GOVERNMENT BEGAN.

THE longest nights of the year were now coming on, and as there was a good while to be occupied between supper and bedtime, the children longed for more stories. They were beginning, even the younger one, to notice the difference between those told by their father and those which they heard from nurse, maid, and grandmother. On the whole, they liked better the fairy stories and funny things which the women told them, but the historical anecdotes or the instructive legends, of which their father knew so many, were very pleasant to hear.

Mr. Rai had a habit of first making the children obedient and then rewarding obedience with a story. Though very indulgent, he was also very firm. He commanded and made no explanation, expecting and receiving instant obedience. Then, if it were best, he showed the reason for what he had commanded, and usually told a story to enforce it. He especially wanted all his children, girls as well as boys, to have a good education, to be good writers, able to pen an elegant and legible letter, to know their own country's history, and to be able to read the best books. He cared far less for Chinese learning than

most of the gentry, and gave himself to the study of Japanese literature, then so much neglected.

The day following his story of Yoshi-iyé, the two children, Kozo and Umé, who attended the school of the writing-master who lived inside the castle, came home almost crying because their lessons had been so hard. They knew the forty-eight letters, called the Kana, so well that they already called these "baby-writing," but even the beginning of Chinese characters seemed dreadfully hard to master. They were not far into the "Thousand Character Classic," but had already become a little weary over it.

"Persevere, my little jewels," said the father. "We reach the mountain-top only by single steps; and remember the song which the grinder of the crystal ball sang — 'Until polished the gem has no splendor.'"

This cheered up Umé, for she remembered how her cousin Honda Jiro had found a big lump of rough quartz crystal. He had offered to give it to her, but it looked so dull and whitish that she did n't want it, until her father whispered to her to receive it and thank him for it. Taking it to the lapidary, who spent some weeks in chipping, grinding, and polishing it, Mr. Rai gave it back to her on her birthday. Then it was a glorious sphere of flawless crystal as pure as a dewdrop on a lotus. Ever since the ball had stood in the parlor in front of the *kakémono*, or wall-picture, held in a bronze dragon claw, and no king was more proud of his crown than was Umé of her jewel.

That night Mr. Rai allowed all the children to stay up while he told the story of "The Court Noble and the Rain Frog."

"In the grand and ancient days when the Mikado's court was at Nara, there lived a noble named Ono no Tofu who was very proud of his rank and robes and high cap. At this time learning was held in high honor by the emperor and his people, and a man, however rich and high in office, could not enjoy the honors which a scholar, however humble, might win.

"So great was the ardor of the nobility for learning that the proverb was then made which is still so often quoted, 'One day at school is worth a thousand gold coins.' The necessity of perseverance in study and the dangers of idleness were exposed by another proverb, 'Learning is like a wagon going up hill.' These sentiments were often inscribed in great black letters made with wide brush-pens and hung up on tablets in the palaces and schools.

"Now this Ono no Tofu, when a boy, had neglected to learn, and when grown up had not the patience to attempt an education. He could write very little. He could not read the books of the sages. While the composition of poetry was one of the accomplishments of every nobleman and court lady, Ono no Tofu could not write a single line nor get the meter of it correctly, even if he had been able to compose a verse. For this reason Ono was often snubbed by the literary men, who slyly laughed at him behind his back, in their baggy sleeves, and

THE COURT NOBLE PEERING AFTER THE FROG. — See page 103.

called him 'Lord Fool.' Worse than all, he was never invited to their 'poetry parties,' where witty lords and pretty ladies met to write, exchange poems, and to enjoy the favor of the Mikado.

"One day Ono adjusted his high cap on his head, seized his oiled-paper umbrella, and went out to take his usual walk. It was a damp morning and he was very moody over the slights he so often received. He carried his umbrella closed in his hand, and the ground being muddy, he had on his high clogs instead of his lacquered slippers, which only the *kugé*, or court nobles, were allowed to wear. These lifted him high above the ground, making him look taller and even more proud.

"In crossing a little rustic bridge, his attention was attracted by a long, pendent branch of willow which hung over the dry part of the bed of a brook. It was swaying backwards and forwards. As there was not a breath of air stirring, Ono was curious to know the reason for this. He peered down through the branches, and there on the sand sat a tiny green rain frog [tree frog]. The tip of the willow branch was just above his reach, and was so slippery that every time the frog went to leap on it he lost his hold and slid back to the ground, while the tip of the willow branch swayed to and fro. Over and over again the little creature tried to catch it in his webby hands, but each time failed. It almost tickled the little reptile's nose in the most tantalizing manner so near was it. Sometimes he would grab the tip, but, unable to hold it, would again slip

to the ground panting for breath. Ono was now greatly interested. He stood and watched patiently till, after a long while, the little creature made a big leap, seized the willow branch with both front and hind legs, and was soon climbing up to the trunk almost as fast as a monkey climbs a persimmon-tree.

"The nobleman took the lesson to heart. 'Surely,' thought he, as he walked slowly home, 'if this tiny frog can thus persevere to catch a willow branch, I ought to be patient enough to acquire learning.' He immediately began to study, and hired a teacher. So earnestly did he apply himself that in a few years he was known as an elegant scholar and writer. He won great fame before he died, and specimens of his penmanship and literary composition are still preserved at Nara and shown to visitors, who admire them greatly."

"Thank you, honored father; that is a good perseverance story," said Kiné. "I like yours best because the frog remains a frog and does n't change into something else. In the fairy tales, the fox turns into a lady and the lady into a fox, the badger turns a somersault and becomes a daimiō, and the cat is transformed into an old woman. All kinds of strange things happen which we never see in the real animals. That 's why I like real stories and history."

"But, honored father," said Umé, "has n't the story of the Genji something about ladies in it, or at least something that tells about birds and flowers

or scenery? I don't like a story that has all war and soldiers and fighting in it."

"You are right in your desire, my daughter; and as in the story of to-night there are two famous women, you can stay up and hear it, if you wish."

"Oh, thank you, greatly," said Umé, bowing her forehead to the matting.

Then Mr. Rai began his story of

YORITOMO, THE FIRST TYCOON.

"Buddhism has been the cause of many of our national calamities," said Mr. Rai, as a sort of preface. "In the most ancient times our Mikados were actually rulers, and there was no omission of duties between Throne and Camp. The one capital was Nara, or, later, Kyōto. The Buddhist priests perverted our emperors from the simple Shintō faith and persuaded them to leave active government to the nobles. In many instances the emperors shaved off their hair and retired to monasteries. They thus left the throne to mere babies or children, and the work of governing the empire to the able but unscrupulous men like Kiyomori, the head of the Héi, or Taira, family. The emperor did this to please the priests, and because they thought they could win blessedness hereafter by neglecting their duties on earth. That is the reason why I hate the Buddhist priests and all their ways.

"Our glorious 'Empire of the Rising Sun' was extended to its present frontier chiefly by the prowess of the generals of the Gen and Héi clans, in a series

of conquests beginning nearly a thousand years ago. After campaigns on the borders were over, the heads of the two clans living in Kyōto became jealous of each other. At last a great feud broke out, and a bloody contest began at the base of the imperial chariot, that was before the palace gates. Ten separate battles were fought in one day in front of the palace from sunrise until noon. Then, after the Gen ranks had become greatly thinned, their swords broken, their quivers empty, and men and horses wounded, their leader sounded the conch to retreat.

"Let me pass over the actual details of blood and slaughter and personal onsets on which our historians delight to dwell, and tell you of Yoshitomo, the grandson of Yoshi-iyé, who led the Gen band on that day. He retreated eastward, and one day while in the bath was assassinated by three ruffians hired by Kiyomori, the victorious head of the Héiké, who now sent out orders all over the empire to seize every man of Genji and put them to death.

"Yoritomo, the son of Yoshitomo, who afterwards became the first Tycoon of Japan, was then only thirteen years old; but though so young, he was of a hardy and enduring nature and had great control of himself, so that he showed neither joy nor anger in his countenance. He was beloved and respected by all.

"He was an officer of the palace guards and carried the famous sword of the family called 'Beard-cutter.' This blade was so named because, after cutting off a kneeling man's head it clipped the

beard before the head fell to the earth. With this weapon Yoritomo went into battle on the day of the great conflict between the Gen and Héi. In the flight eastward the boy Yoritomo, being utterly worn out with fatigue, fell asleep on his horse, and in the haste was left behind. It was towards the end of the year, very cold, and snow was falling; so when Yoritomo woke up he found he had lost his way. A messenger found him, however, and the party then took a side road to avoid a barrier guarded by Héi troops. The snow was so deep that the horses could not advance. So the warriors stripped off their armor and went on foot. In the blinding storm Yoritomo again missed his father, and, losing his way, wandered about all night.

"In the morning a fisherman met the tired boy, and, seeing he was no ordinary person, gave him some rice and a warm bed. Then he dressed him up as a girl to avoid recognition, and took him to the house of the elder of the village, who was a friend of the Minamoto. Leaving his sword with the old man, Yoritomo started eastward again, but was captured by some Taira men who were lying in watch on the road.

"The Taira commander, according to orders, brought the boy to Kyōto to be executed; but secretly he wished to spare his life. So going to Kiyomori's step-mother, who had become a nun from grief because she had lost a dear young son named Uma, he told her that Yoritomo looked like the Prince Uma. The pitiful woman's heart was touched

as she thought of her own dead child. So she interceded for Yoritomo's life, which was spared. The death sentence was remanded, but the decree of exile was passed that Yoritomo should be sent to a lonely island off the coast of Idzu, and far from all his friends.

"In bidding him good-by, his friends advised him to give up all hope of the future by shaving his head like a priest and becoming a monk. But one of his father's retainers secretly bent over and whispered in his ear, 'My young prince had better keep his hair and wait for the future.'

"Yoritomo nodded his head and set off with his guards. The farmers along the road were full of curiosity to see the young prisoner, and as they saw his noble countenance, one whispered to another: —

"'This is like setting a tiger loose in the fields. We shall hear from him again.'

"Yoritomo grew up to manhood, and married Masago, a beautiful maiden of the house of Hojo. At the age of thirty-three he escaped from his place of banishment and raised the Gen standard once more. Some said that 'for an exile to take up arms was like a mouse plotting against a cat.'

"Having made hundreds of white banners, he called on his father's and grandfather's old retainers to follow him to war. His first battle was in the Hakoné mountains, when with three hundred men he fought against three thousand. Though the Genji lost the day, Yoritomo kept in the rear

at the post of danger, bow in hand; and every time he twanged the string an enemy fell, until a comrade turned his horse's head. Then Yoritomo and six followers escaped up a side path and dispersed, taking oath to meet again.

"A knight named Kumagayé stayed with him, and pointing out a hollow tree put Yoritomo in it, while he fled a little farther on. Yoritomo crawled into one end of the log, the other being covered with spider's webs, and there held his breath. In a few minutes one of the enemy's scouts came along in eager search. Seeing the log, the soldier poked his bow several times inside and actually touched Yoritomo's sleeve. At this moment two wood-pigeons flew out clapping their wings loudly, and a heavy shower of rain began to fall. Thinking from the spider's web and the birds that no one could possibly be inside, and not caring to risk a drenching, the Taira men gave up the hunt.

"In gratitude to his faithful retainer, Yoritomo afterward conferred upon Kumagayé the heraldic reward of a curtain marked with a mistletoe, which grows on old and dead trees, and two wood-pigeons flapping their wings. This became Kumagayé's crest and he inscribed it upon his banners.

"Yoritomo, after waiting a while, crawled out and hid with a Buddhist priest in a monastery near the lakeside. From this place he escaped to Awa, and raised troops again. As he marched through the country, bands of Genji retainers joined his forces, as the mountain rills swell the stream; and the

white banners again filled the sky. He made his stronghold at Kamakura and founded a city there. After waiting some months he marched his hosts to the west bank of the Fuji River, at the foot of the mighty mountain of that name. The Héiké were encamped on the opposite side, and their ten thousand red flags and streamers filled the air and fluttered defiance; but at heart they feared the warriors under the white banners.

"A traveler of the east passed through the Héiké camp. One of the commanders asked him, 'What is the number of Yoritomo's troops?' and the traveler answered, 'All the plants and trees in the eastern provinces bend before the wind. There are no mountains or rivers but are his troops.'

"The Héiké commander then called an archer named Saito to him and said,—

"'You are familiar with affairs in the east. Calculate how many of Yoritomo's troops can bend the bow like yourself.'

"And Saito answered, 'There are not less than twenty men in each division who pull a bow for five and use arrows fifteen hand-breadths long, with which they can pierce seven suits of armor, one laid on the other. Each man keeps five or six horses, and they gallop over hill and dale as if on level ground. If in fight they lose even a relative, they advance over his dead body. Men like your servant are to be measured by the bushel, and are as plentiful as dust. As for our troops, they are undersized, decrepit, and weak. The least thing makes them

wish to leave the army on the pretense that they must go to bury a relation, or cure wounds which they have received from themselves. Their equipped horses are, without exception, useless jades. How can we possibly pit ourselves against these (Gen) fellows?' So the Héiké men lost heart and were full of fear.

"Not far from the Héiké camp, in the swamps, were millions of water-fowl. One night a small party of Genji scouts crossed the river and beat among the reeds, scaring up the birds, which rose into the air uttering the most awful noises. The Héiké men, waking suddenly, thought it was a night attack of the Genji host, and they all fled without a battle. After this the Genji men laughed at the Héiké, and said they 'could be beaten by water-hens.'

"Here also at the camp at Fuji River Yoshitsuné joined his brother at the head of twenty horsemen. Both shed tears at meeting after so many dangers. Yoshinaka, uncle of Yoritomo, was put in command of the Genji army, and so rapid and brilliant was his success that he entered Kyōto at the head of sixty thousand men. All the people rejoiced to see the white banners again, and called Yoshinaka by the name of 'the Asahi Shō-gun,' or 'the Morning Sun General.' Then followed many months of constant war. The Héiké were driven to the south and to the sea, and at the great naval battle near Shimonoséki, A.D. 1184, were destroyed almost to a man; and the mighty Héiké clan was annihilated.

"As Yoritomo now seemed to be the strongest

and ablest man in the empire, the Mikado appointed him chief constable of the empire. By degrees, however, Yoritomo possessed himself not only of the military but of the civil control: for he not only put down the robbers and kept the peace, but put his relatives and favorites in office, and even got possession of the treasury by winning over the Kyōto officers to Kamakura. In eight or ten years he was the virtual ruler of Japan. He made a visit to the Mikado, and also to the large temples of Buddha at Kyōto and Nara. On his return to the east he enlarged the temple of Hachiman, or the Buddha of the Eight Banners, and erected a colossal gilt statue in carved wood of Great Buddha. This statue was afterwards cast in bronze, and still stands in the same place where for six centuries it has been admired and visited. The bronze image of Dai Butsŭ was not reared by Yoritomo, or in his time, but chiefly through the efforts of a woman named Itano, who collected the money for its casting and erection in a temple. It is over fifty feet high, and many hundred tons of copper were melted to cast it.

"Yoritomo erected important water-works, and gave great feasts in his palaces. Wishing to keep his warriors hardy and active, he held hunting parties on Mount Fuji twice a year, where many deer, wild boar, and much smaller game were captured.

"It was at one of these hunts that Nitto no Shiro won his fame as a hunter. A huge wild boar had taken refuge in a cave. The only approach to the lair was up the steep side of a mountain. The

hunters declared that the brute could not be captured, but Nitto, lighting a torch of twigs, climbed the precipice, rushed in the cave, and without fearing claws, tusks, or teeth caught the boar by the neck and dispatched the brute with his dirk.

"It was in the year 1192, as Europeans reckon, that Yoritomo was created 'The Barbarian-Subjugating Great General.' This is the point at which we date the dual system of government in Japan; for Yoritomo was then a Tycoon, and Kamakura was almost as grand a city as Kyōto.

"Yoritomo was cruel and ungrateful in his disposition. He had his brothers put to death when he had got out of them all he wanted. He died at the age of fifty-three, and was buried at Kamakura in the year 1198, according to the European style.

"Now, my daughter, you have heard of Itano and what a woman could do to get the image of Dai Butsŭ built. I shall close this evening's story by telling of Tomoyé. In those days many women were taught fencing and the arts of war, for they often had to live on the frontier while their fathers, sons, and brothers were fighting the savages. Most of these savages had hairy faces, and both beards and heads were not shaved like the Japanese."

"Is that the reason why the Hollanders and other European people are called hairy foreigners?" asked Kiné. "Uhéi always speaks of them so. Are Europeans savages?"

"No, my daughter; but sometime I shall tell you more about them, for the Americans, who are like them, are coming to visit our country.

"Yoshinaka had a favorite vassal named Kanéhira, whose sister Tomoyé had been trained to wield the sword and spear and to fight in battle like a man. Though lovely in manners and very beautiful, she had the strength of a man. So she put on armor and girded on her two swords. She wore the noble's cap, and painted the two sable spots on her forehead indicating rank. She fought in the thick of the fight with her brother, and cut off several heads. Being hard pressed, the little band had to retreat. Kanéhira begged his lord to save himself by retreating to a hill not far from his home. The master Yoshinaka plunged into a rice-field, but falling into a quagmire, his animal sunk to the saddle in the soft mud and water. Turning around to look at Kanéhira, Yoshinaka was shot in the eye and killed by an arrow. Kanéhira, hearing the shout raised by the Taira archer at the success of his shaft, felt that he could not survive his master, and cried, 'My business is done.' So putting his sword in his mouth, he fell skillfully off his horse and died.

"Then three stout fellows rushed to seize Tomoyé alive. Waiting until they had got away from their comrades, she plucked up by the roots a young pine-tree from the sandy soil and used it as a club. She knocked over one man, killed another, and stunned a third. Then clapping stirrups to her horse, she galloped beyond fear of pursuit and reached the mountains. There she took off her armor, threw away her cap, washed the sable spots from her forehead, and disguised as a pilgrim reached Yoshinaka's distant home. His relatives assembled around her

while she told the story of his death. Then declaring that she had renounced the world, she shaved off her beautiful, long hair, and though only twenty-eight years old, lovely and accomplished, she became a nun and dwelt in seclusion in Echigo until the day of her death.

"This will do for to-night, children. You see how the eastern city and head-quarters of government, as a rival to Kyōto, with a Tycoon to over-awe the Mikado, originated," said Mr. Rai. "We owe a great debt of gratitude to the historical writer Rai Sanyo for making these things so plain to us. He has really formed the political opinions of our time, and if we ever get back a united nation with no one to come between the emperor and his people, much glory will be due this scholar. Meanwhile we are proud that the names of so many illustrious women adorn our national history."

"May I ask, honored father, why people call an ugly kind of crab the Héiké?" inquired Kozo, whereupon all laughed heartily.

"Oh, my son, that is another foolish Buddhist notion. The countryfolk and fishermen believe that the souls of the slaughtered Héiké are migrating through the bodies of these hideous prickly creatures."

"Only one question, honored father," said Taro. "Did Yoritomo gain all his success by himself? Did not his brother help him?"

"Ah, yes; his brother Yoshitsuné was even greater, as I think, than he; and to-morrow evening I shall tell you about him."

CHAPTER IX.

THE WAR OF THE RED AND WHITE BANNERS.

"WHAT was the real cause of the long civil wars that raged between the Genji and Héiké, so long ago?" asked Taro of his father, as they gathered round the *andon*, or paper-shaded lamp, after supper.

"Next to the influence of the Buddhist priests in inducing the Mikados to become monks, leaving their throne to be filled with children, with the luxury and effeminacy, coupled with the rapacity and ambition of the nobles, each family tried to get all the offices, ranks, honors, and salaries for its own kindred, whether the men appointed were fit for the duty required or not. Base flattery, dishonesty, and lying were common. The nobles did not profess to take away the right of the people to offer petitions to the emperor, but in reality they opened all addressed to him and presented or rejected them as they pleased, so that the sovereign was really separated from his people. In this way it came to pass that, in time of misrule, the people had no redress, and turned for help to the nearest military leader who could protect them. Thus the foundations for the feudal system were laid. In Kyōto, as each noble family became stronger than

the others it put down and drove out all rivals. The victors always called themselves 'loyal,' and branded their enemies as 'traitors.' First the Héiké ousted the Fujiwara and then tried to destroy all the Genji, but the latter, becoming victors after defeat, annihilated the Héiké, as we shall now see. The great trouble was that in every case the successful family treated the country and the people, and even the emperor, as if these were private property to be used for selfish purposes.

"Rai Sanyo, my favorite author, lays down the right principle when he says: 'Ranks and titles are public instruments and ought not to be used for private ends. A subject who uses ranks and titles for his private ends is a traitor to his prince, and a prince who uses ranks and titles for his private ends is a traitor to the sovereigns, his predecessors.'"

"But, honored father, does not the Tokugawa family use ranks and titles for private ends?"

"Hush, my son; we must not say anything in criticism of our present rulers. There are some good men in prison now for doing that very thing. Let me go on with the story of Yoshitsuné.

"When Tokiwa, the beautiful woman who had borne Yoshitomo three sons, heard of his assassination, she took her children and fled, hoping to find a place of shelter. Being in midwinter the snow lay thick on the ground, and as it fell it heaped up heavily on her wide hat and in the folds of her robes. With one child clutching her dress, one walking bravely ahead grasping his sword, and a

baby, Yoshitsuné, at her breast, she faced the storm and cold until she reached shelter in a village of Yamato. But even there the Héiké tracked her out, and she and her children were carried to the capital. Kiyomori had already seized her mother and brought her to Kyōto, expecting to use her influence to win over the daughter. Yielding to the threats, persuasions, and teasing of her mother, and for the sake of her children, she entered the harem of Kiyomori, the regent of the empire. For their mother's sake he pardoned the three children. One became a priest in a monastery, one a page to the Mikado's son; but the baby, when weaned, was removed to the monastery on Mount Kurama, six miles north of Kyōto. The monks were ordered to educate the boy, and it was expected that he would in time become a priest."

"Is this the same Tokiwa after whom one of our castle gates is named?" asked Taro.

"The same, my son."

"And is the evergreen-tree named after her?"

"I rather think that she was named after the tree, which existed first and long before she did," said Mr. Rai, smiling, "even as this river out here existed before the city at its side. The name means 'the unchangeable stone,' that is, always the same, and when we wish to speak of what is eternal, we use a word in which this word occurs. Certainly her name is immortal.

"This boy child was Yoshitsuné, the future hero. Being yet a mere child, he did not know who his

ancestors were, nor did he suspect that he was of the mighty line of the Genji. He was a very short and chubby boy, with ruddy cheeks and protruding teeth. His nature was fiery and impetuous. He was so strong, active, restless, and fond of play that he gave great annoyance to the priests in the monastery.

"For these old gentlemen liked to be always quiet, which this 'young ox,' as they called him, never was. His teacher wanted to shave his head so as to have him smooth-pated like the monks, but he refused, and said his two elder brothers were to be priests, and he was ashamed of it. So he kept on his fine silk clothing, such as boys of noble blood wear, and wore his hair dressed in the butterfly or ringed style, at which the *bonzes* were greatly shocked.

"One day, when eleven years old, the boy got hold of a book of the Genji pedigree, and found out all about his ancestors. This made him more discontented than before. Keeping quiet over the matter, however, he resolved never to be a priest, but to become a warrior and redeem the Genji fortunes. After this he became very studious at his books by day and at night practiced fencing.

"One day an iron-merchant from the east visited the monastery, and the 'young ox' persuaded the man to take him to the east. He said the priests would be only glad to get rid of him. This proved true. The 'young ox' left, and the priests never troubled their heads further about him. On the

road eastward, being now fifteen years old, he put on the cap of manhood and took the name of Yoshitsuné. After some weeks he reached Shimosa. The boy soon showed the stuff he was made of by capturing a robber empty-handed. Afterwards with his sword he drove off a whole gang of burglars, killing four on the spot. Afterwards he went north and entered the service of Hidéhira, a wealthy prince, who had in his train many men of renown and faithful warriors who owned horses. This is the same nobleman who presented the bell to the temple at Héisenji, which is a few miles north of Fukui, and which still rings out the hours.

"When Yoshitsuné went to war or took horseback exercise he put on his full suit of armor and equipments. His black lacquered bow, made of oak and bamboo, was strung with silk. His trusty blade was hilted with white shark-skin, and sheathed in a scabbard of ash-wood covered with tiger-skin, which was the mark of a commander in the Japanese army. His helmet was of iron, with the sign of a dragon and two frontlets of brass like horns, called sky-scrapers. At his back was his quiver, well stored with heavy steel-headed and hawk's-feathered arrows. His *sashimono*, or white banneret, was marked with three black bars and the Genji crest of three gentian blossoms on three bamboo leaves. The sashimono was fastened to a rod and stuck in a wooden socket strapped to his back. His face was completely covered by a visor of lacquered iron, the chin and nose piece having a long white tuft of hair

for a beard, the cheeks puffed out, and the mouth-piece left open. This made a terrific visage. The nose-piece could also be removed so as to make hasty eating or drinking possible. His armor was of links and plates of lacquered and gold-incrusted iron, laced together with raw silk.

"In his gauntlets Yoshitsuné held a lacquered wand holding a bunch of strips of paper. This was a commander's badge of rank, and the paper was gilt, silvered, or plain, according to rank. With it he gave orders, waving it to the right or left, up or down, obliquely, etc., for advance, retreat, charge, or flank movement, as the case required. His feet were shod with bear-skin, and his knees, thighs, arms, and body were all cased in deer leather, paper lacquered until tough as tin, and chain-mail of iron held together by cords and lacings. When on a journey the armor was packed in a box which served him for a seat when in camp. Japanese armor rarely rusts, on account of the lacquer. Yoshitsuné remained four or five years with Lord Hidéhira and continued his military education until, hearing of his brother Yoritomo's march, he set out with a score of horsemen at his back to join his brother's camp at Fuji River.

"When Yoritomo wished to destroy the Héiké in the southern campaign he made trial of his younger brothers to find which of them was fit for the business; so he heated a copper water-jar very hot, and calling his brothers one by one into a wash-room, he made them hold it for him.

"Each one, as he took hold of the hot vessel, dropped it in a fright, and went off howling and blowing his fingers; but when Yoshitsuné grasped it, holding it with both hands, he never changed heart or color, but held it until his brother had finished washing.

"Yoritomo knew then that his brother Yoshitsuné had the courage and patience to carry the campaign to the end."

"I wonder if my boy could stand such a test," said Mr. Rai, looking archly at his son Taro.

"I think he could, husband," said Mrs. Rai proudly.

"Ah? Good," said Mr. Rai; "give me your special reason for thinking so."

"This," answered the proud mother. "Last month while you were away, Mr. Honda Jiro took Taro off to Ono during a hunting trip, and there trapped a badger. Mr. Honda trusted Taro to open the trap, telling him to dispatch the brute without club or sword. Though the badger kicked, scratched, and bit, twisting itself around in a terrible manner, our boy held on, not afraid of tooth or claw, until he settled the animal's fate with only his hands and foot. Mr. Honda himself told me of it. I think killing a live badger equal to holding a jug of hot water. There now!" said Mrs. Rai.

Taro blushed, for he himself had as yet told no one of it; and Mr. Rai, with a pleased face, continued: —

"So Yoshitsuné was put in command and marched

to Kyōto, and thence southward to the castle into which the Héiké had taken refuge. The weakest part of the castle was backed by a high mountain, having such precipitous sides that it was thought impossible for any human beings or horses to descend it. Only the wild boar and deer made it their path. On all the other sides, except one narrow approach, was the sea. So the Héiké fancied themselves secure.

"Yoshitsuné, with his hundred picked horsemen, went around and ascended to the top of the hill overlooking the steep precipice. Then he set a horse loose and drove it down into the dense woods. For a few minutes nothing was seen or heard but the crashing of sticks and the scraping of tree-branches, and then the horse was seen trotting unharmed on the level ground below.

"Then, turning to his men, Yoshitsuné said, 'Follow me;' and clapping his stirrups and whipping his horse he dashed forward and down the face of the cliff. Forward then followed the whole band, and, after breathless plunges and some hard brushing against boughs and tumbling over stones and underbrush, the whole band with white pennons streaming stood in battle array before the weak wall of the castle to the terror of the Héiké garrison.

"Victory and the red flag and many prisoners remained under the white banner. The palaces of the Héiké were one after another set on fire. The Héiké were driven to the end of the main island and took to their ships. The Genji prepared a fleet

of seven hundred war-junks to pursue them and fight on the water. On the front of their great square sails were painted in figures, many feet wide, the crest of each captain and clan in the Genji following — such as the three dragon scales, the fire-tailed tortoise, the five-clawed dragon, the crossed hawk-feathers, the gentian flowers and bamboo leaves, and many others. All these were joined against the butterfly crest and the red banner.

"A storm having arisen, both fleets waited for calm weather before fighting. In the Héiké host were many nobles, ladies, and children who had fled with their brothers, husbands, and fathers from the comfortable palaces of Kyōto, and were now huddled together in the ships. Yet their spirit was unbroken, for had they not with them the young Mikado, Antoku, who, though a boy only seven years, was the Son of Heaven? And did they not have as their talisman the crimson fan on which dwelt the spirit of the Emperor Takakura, who was now one of the gods?

"Their hope and talisman was this fan. Several years before, Takakura, the eighty-first Mikado of the heavenly line, had visited one of the holy shrines in the empire and there solemnly dedicated to the heavenly gods thirty crimson fans, on each of which was emblazoned the circle of the sun, the emblem of the goddess of the Holy Empire. When the Héiké forces, carrying with them Antoku, successor of the Emperor Takakura, fled defeated from Kyōto, they visited this sacred shrine

to worship and implore the help of the gods. The priest in charge gave one of these fans to the young emperor, saying, 'Bear this fan into battle as thy shield and defense. The sun hereon is the spirit of the late emperor. If your enemies shoot at it, their arrows will recoil and strike their own bodies.'

"The Héiké, therefore, confident in the powers of the sacred talisman, had kept up heart and hope. Now on the eve of the battle they resolved to try the virtue of the fan to draw from it the omen of success or defeat, and thus learn the will of the gods.

"One morning, just as the sun was rising and the Genji advance posts were being ranged along the strand, the imperial barge of the Héiké moved out over the waters towards the Genji camp. A small boat put off from the barge, in which stood a beautiful lady arrayed in crimson court robes. Yoshitsuné watched her with intense eagerness, not knowing what her movements might mean. The scullers bent to their sculls, and the prow was kept shoreward, until within fifty yards of the beach, when all stood up. A turn of the stern scull put the boat broadside to the beach. There it lay quietly rocking on the tiny waves.

"At this moment a man in the boat raised a long bamboo pole split at the top in which was a rich gilt fan with the sun-circle in the center. The lady unfolded her own *ogi* (a court lady's fan of thin strips of white unpainted wood, laced together with

a silk ribbon) and waving it defiantly to the Genji, mockingly dared them to shoot.

"'It 's a challenge to us to show that the men of the red banner mean to fight. They mock us with a woman, and dare us to try our skill at a fan target,' said the Genji soldiers.

"'Ho, archers, take your long bows and shoot!' cried Yoshitsuné. But not a man moved. All feared the disgrace of failure.

"Then the commander spoke to Munétaki, the most famous archer of the eight provinces of the east.

"'I charge you to maintain the fame of the white banner before the Héiké,' added the commander.

"'Your servant will make the attempt, and if he fail, will commit hara-kiri,' calmly replied Munétaki.

"Then the archer, mounting his war-horse, with but a single shaft, and his long bow in hand, rode out over the shallows into the water as far as he dared go. The boat rocked on the waters so unsteadily that failure seemed certain, but, praying to Hachiman for help, and fitting the shaft to his bow, he waited a few seconds until the fan-target seemed for a moment steady in the air. Then, aiming at the brass rivet in the end of the fan, he released the string.

"From the spectators on the bows of the Héiké boat and from the Genji watchers on the shore alike rose a mighty shout of astonishment, for the fan was first knocked skyward and then fell into the sea. All praised the skill of the eastern archer, but

one Genji man denied that the fan had been hit at all; 'for,' said he, warming up with sudden zeal for the gods, 'the gods snatched away the fan, for it is profanation to shoot at the sun, the image of the gods and the symbol of the emperor's soul.'

"'Quite possible,' said the modest archer, 'but I did not aim at the sun-circle; I tried to hit the rivet.'

"At this even the friends of Munétaki and those who had most praised him were very sad, and their countenances fell.

"'What a pity,' said some, 'that a brave soldier should thus tell a lie, and spoil his good fame by an empty boast of doing what is impossible!'

"'He lies! he lies!' said the jealous man.

"The archer only said, 'Wait.'

"The shout of admiration from the Héiké fleet was succeeded by a calm of dismay, and in a few minutes after a barge flying the red flag approached the shore containing a flag of truce. With it were brought the arrow shot by Munétaki and the fan shot at. It was nicked and cut at the place of the rivet, but the sun-circle was unharmed. So the archer's honor and skill were alike safe from jealous tongues. To this day the daimiō and descendants of Munétaki, lords of the castle of Akita, are proud of their crest of a golden fan with a crimson sun in the center.

"The Héiké read in this omen the anger of the gods and the portent of defeat; but they resolved to fight to the bitter end. Truce having failed, the

battle began. With oar and sail the fleets gathered to the work of war. The seven hundred war-junks of the Genji fleet came gayly on, seeming to rise like white mountains to the sky. The archers ranged along the deck opened on the enemy at long range. The scullers, singing wild war-songs in chorus with measured rise and fall of sculls, drove their long, sharp-bowed boats into and through the broadsides of their opponents, sinking them by the score; or, sweeping up alongside, the decks were boarded. Then the swords crossed. Hand-to-hand fights with the spear swept the decks, while even the scullers joined in the battle with sculls. The Genji men, with huge iron forks like meat-hooks, having long handles, raked the sea as a farmer harrows his field, and drew in their struggling or drowning enemies, and put them to death, saving only the nobles as prisoners. In the thick of the fight, the mother of Kiyomori, with the young Mikado, Antoku, leaped into the sea, and both were drowned.

"On that bloody day the fleet and host of the Taira were sunk or destroyed. The red flag, the butterfly crest, and the great family passed out of existence. Shortly after Yoshitsuné and his army entered Kyōto in triumph with their prisoners and spoils, and in the 'Blossom Capital' rested after the toils of war."

"Why, my daughter, what are you crying for?" asked Mr. Rai of Kiné, whose face was wet as she eagerly listened.

"To think of a Son of Heaven being drowned! I felt sad to think of the ladies of the court dying in

this way; but to hear of one of our emperors drowned is too hard to bear."

"Be comforted, my child; his name is inscribed not only on the monument erected on one of the rocky islands near the place of his drowning, but shines forever on the imperishable roll of rulers of Everlasting Great Japan."

"Were the Taira, or Héiké, utterly wiped out? Did none of them escape?" asked Taro.

"A bare handful reached Kiushiu and fled to the highlands of Goka in Higo. Here a company of about five hundred of their descendants still live as hunters. Their stronghold is surrounded by deep valleys and marshes, and they allow no strangers among them. They imagine all other Japanese people to be their enemies, and only send out men occasionally to sell their furs and buy rice. Rai Sanyo says, 'Their crimes were atoned for by their services, and Heaven would not cut off their posterity.' Whenever a noble house falls we must remember their virtues as well as their failings."

CHAPTER X.

FUN, FACT, AND FANCY ABOUT YOSHITSUNÉ.

WINTER had now fully set in, and all the mountains in view were coated with snow. Hakusan, or White Mountain, which glistened in the north, was like a dazzling mass of undyed silk. The wild fowl from Yezo, in their annual southern flight to warmer valleys, had settled in flocks in the stubble-fields. On the abundant vegetation, and on the many dropped grains of rice, which had escaped reaper and gleaner, they feasted and fattened. At first, after their long flight, the wild geese, living incarnations of grace of motion, sailed restlessly in the sunny air or careered in swift flight across the moon's disk, until their plumage flashed gold or silver, according to the light that ruled the heavens. After a few weeks in the rich fields they were as fat as the tame denizens of the barnyard in western lands. Then their motions were noticeably less swift and graceful, and in going over the highlands their flight was much closer to the ground.

Taking advantage of this fact, the young gentlemen of the city, paying to the local government a small tax for occupying chosen sites on the hills, went out to ensnare the birds. Going out before sunrise, arrayed in waterproof grass-cloaks called "rain-

coats," to keep them warm and dry as well as to look like the grass itself, and with wide, flat hats to shed the dew, they waited patiently, each in his coigne of vantage.

When the birds rose upward and flew past their hiding-places, the fowlers threw before them into the air a large triangular net set in a frame which was fixed at the end of a long pole. A skillful hunter rarely failed to net one and sometimes two or three ducks; but it was rare to get more than one goose at a time. Not often, however, did a man on a well-chosen bluff near the rice-fields fail to bring home a bird. Tied to the pole-net each lier-in-wait had a cord many yards in length to make sure of his quarry not escaping.

One morning Mr. Rai's nephew, Honda Jiro, presented himself at breakfast time, and, laying down a fat goose, begged Mr. Rai to accept it.

"I 'll do it with greediness, Mr. Honda; that is, I 'll take your goose and invite you to eat it with us at dinner this evening. You see, I want you and the goose both. I request you to take my place as story-teller, and then I 'll promise to show you something from Yedo."

"Oh, yes! do, Mr. Honda; say you 'll come and tell us the story of Benkéi and Yoshitsuné. Father said you could do it so well."

"Yes, do, my good nephew," said Mr. Rai; "and you may mix in some of the stories of the tengus, which they tell to account for the boy's wonderful wisdom. I have traveled with them in the rice-lands

of history; now you can lead them over the moorland of fable and fairy tale."

Thereupon Honda agreed, and after the dinner began as follows: —

"Mount Kurama, on which was situated the monastery in which Yoshitsuné lived, was the haunt of the king of the tengus, who, with his long-nosed and feathered imps and fairies of the mountains, held his court among the caverns and precipices. The tengu king was of mighty stature, with hair and long beard as white as snow and a nose fully one foot long. His crown was a little round cap, no bigger than a teacup, and held on the top of his head by a cord under his chin. His countenance in anger was terrible to behold. His scepter was a fan made of a great many hawk's feathers. His clogs were very high, so that he stood one foot off the ground. These clogs had but one support instead of two, as mortals have. In sitting he did not kneel and rest on his shins as men do, but sat with one leg crossed on the other."

"Just as you see it in the pictures and on the cups and fans!" cried Kiné.

"Yes," said Honda. "Many children are usually in mortal terror of the tengus; but they never hurt good boys and girls, you know. They are very wise, and are willing to communicate their secrets of knowledge. They understand all that men know and much more, and all that birds or beasts say or do. They understand how they do it and can teach mortals to imitate them.

"In rambling about the mountains, Yoshitsuné made the acquaintance of the young tengus, so that the little goblins became quite fond of him, and told their king of the brave boy. The king commanded them to bring the child to him, promising to teach him military knowledge and necromancy. So one moonlight night he was escorted into the presence of the king of the tengus and all his court. They stood as usual on their one-propped clogs while their master sat. Yoshitsuné was awed but not afraid, and sat down before the king to take his first lesson. Every night after that he came at the usual hour to the cedar-tree, under which the king of the goblins had his seat, and, spreading out his roll, received instructions until midnight. This great tree is still standing in the forest. It is six feet thick and is surrounded by a hedge, and is known as 'the great cedar.'

"He also took lessons in wrestling with the little tengus. At first the boy was thrown every time, but finally none of the young goblins could knock him off his feet. Instead, they lost many a feather from their wings, and had their noses often badly bumped on the ground, for Yoshitsuné threw them easily. At last they would not wrestle with him, and flew away when he challenged them. After several years' practice with the tengus, Yoshitsuné could fence, wrestle, and leap up in the air, and fly for a short distance as though he had wings like one of these mountain imps.

"You will see why the story-tellers have invented

these legends about the tengus, when you hear how Yoshitsuné conquered Benkéi, about whom I shall now tell you," explained Mr. Honda.

"Close to the shores of Lake Biwa, and near the sacred city of Kyōto, are the two monasteries of Hiyéisan and Müdéra. From ancient times these have been full of monks, or bonzes, and the hum of their busy voices at study over the sacred books, or the sound of their prayers, is heard at every hour of the day. All the bonzes shave their heads, dress in plain crêpe robes, and live, so it is said, only on water and vegetables.

"About seven hundred years ago there was a bonze at Hiyéisan named Benkéi. He was a countryman of gigantic strength and loved athletic exercises and feats of prowess far more than to study Sanskrit letters or to read the sacred texts.

"In those days the bonzes, during the time of civil war, often became soldiers. They put on armor and fought in battle. Indeed, they were sometimes robbers, and gave much trouble to the government.

"Benkéi laughed at the idea of any soldier or strong man being able to overcome him. He boasted that he could fight any man that came along. So he went out every night with his big blade-spear in hand and took his post on the bridge of Sanjo, over which all had to pass to enter Kyōto. Out of bravado he wore no helmet, but only his priest cowl. He allowed all quiet citizens and country people to pass, but whenever he saw an armed man he called on him to fight. If he declined, Benkéi let him

pass on, considering him a coward; if he accepted the challenge, Benkéi fought him, overcoming all comers. The lusty bonze gave out that he should stand on Sanjo bridge till he had whipped ten thousand men.

"Yoshitsuné, when yet a mere boy, hearing of this famous bully, resolved to have a tilt with him, and lower his pride by conquering strength with skill. Waiting for a moonlight night, he approached the bridge, when Benkéi, stepping before him, blocked up the way with his spear and dared him to fight. Yoshitsuné drew his sword and showed fight. Then Benkéi made a lunge with his spear, expecting to knock down or pierce his antagonist, whom he laughed at as a little boy.

"But Yoshitsuné, using the power of magic taught him by the tengus, flew up in the air and leaped on the copper cap of the bridge-post, hopping around as lively as a cricket. Benkéi, with his clumsy strength, followed him about, but could not touch him. Yoshitsuné flashed his blade over Benkéi's head, and though he might have killed the bully, yet he spared his life. Then Benkéi, seeing this, that in spite of his gigantic strength he had been overcome, bowed his head, laid down his spear, and declared himself Yoshitsuné's servant for life.

"So Benkéi became the retainer of Yoshitsuné and helped his master in various ways. Benkéi was skillful at many trades. When on a journey he carried at his back a bag containing a mallet, a reaping-hook, a rake, an iron club, a saw, pincers, and other tools,

which were useful in overcoming many obstacles. Henceforth Benkéi was secretary, priest, messenger, and armor-bearer to Yoshitsuné, and took part in many of his master's exploits. His full name was Musashi Bo Benkéi. Musashi is the province in which Yedo is situated, so that Benkéi was evidently an eastern man.

"Once he and Yoshitsuné went upon Arashi mountain, which is noted for its luxuriant blooming cherry-trees. One of these was so famous for large blooms, the size of roses, that it was fenced about with stone railing. In front of this Yoshitsuné, in full armor, sat on a camp-chair and fanned himself while Benkéi wrote out a proclamation on a board declaring that no one should pluck a single cherry-blossom on Arashi yama. 'For every blossom plucked one finger will be cut off the hand of the trespasser.' This caused much laughter among the picnic parties and the people of Kyōto, but they respected the prohibition.

"Some months after the Héiké enemies had been slain and their fleet sunk at Shimonséki, Yoshitsuné and Benkéi were crossing the sea over the spot where the battle took place. The sun had set and it was a dark night; a great commotion of the sea arose, though no clouds were in the sky. The winds blew fiercely, the waves roared and mounted high in air, and some of the ropes were snapped asunder. The sail was torn loose from the mast, and the ship pitched and heaved frightfully. The foam splashed over the deck till all were wet to the skin.

"'It 's the ghosts of the Héiké that are causing this trouble,' whispered the frightened sailors one to the other.

"'Aye,' said the captain, as the black tassel on the prow tossed wildly in the air like the mane of a horse, 'behold them! there they are.'

"Yoshitsuné, ever brave, and fearing not even the spirits of his dead enemies, rushed forward with drawn sword to meet the pallid ghosts that crowded on the curling wave-tops, unmindful of tossing spray. In the van stood the leader Tomomori, with the butterfly crest of the Hiéké on his cap and on the breast of his robes. Behind him crowded the shadowy forms of his followers, with wind-scattered hair and pale faces like corpses. All the shades had their spears or drawn swords in their hands.

"Vainly did Yoshitsuné brandish his sword and bid the ghostly throng advance and fight or else go down and disappear. But there they stood breathing out defiance, while Yoshitsuné found his own blood curdling and his arm a-wearying.

"'Sheathe your sword,' said Benkéi; 'I will lay the shades.'

"Then mounting to the prow until he was within a spear's length of the ghosts, he clasped his rosary of beads in his hands, bowed his head, and waved his string of lotus seeds, uttering his prayers. Down, down out of sight sank the spectral host, gradually fading into thin air. In a minute's space nothing was seen but the plashing waves. The sea became calm and soon they reached the land in safety.

"Thus Benkéi, who had gained renown as a warrior in war, now won the reverence of all as a saintly bonze; for one of the most important works of a bonze is to quiet the restless spirits of departed men. If the Buddhist priests should lose their business of ghost-laying half their revenue would be gone."

"Of course, young folks, you do not believe in ghosts as the common people do," said Mr. Honda, as he saw Kiné look a little pale.

"Girls do, but not we boys," cried Taro. "Father tells us that such things belong with the fairy folks that no one ever sees except in dreams."

"I do not believe what Uhéi and Taka the maid believe," said Kiné, "but I should not like to play the game of soul-examination which you boys played last month, when after each of the ghost stories had been told and each of the ten candles was blown out, it fell on you to take the stump off the candle and lay it on the middle tomb in the cemetery."

"Did you really do it, Taro?" asked Honda.

"Yes, I did; but I know one boy who got credit for being brave who laughed at me for my trouble. He said he had hired beforehand the ash-man at the cremation-house, in case the lot fell on him to carry the candle, and set it on the tomb where the other boys found it next morning."

"Uhéi says that the ghosts of the Héiké still rise out of the southwestern sea and ask the sailors in boats to lend them a dipper," said Kiné.

"What do ghosts want with a dipper?" asked Taro.

"I do not know; but Uhéi says if the sailors give them any kind of a vessel with a bottom in it, they will dip up the sea-water into the boat so quickly as soon to fill and sink it. So the sailors always hand them a dipper with the bottom knocked out. The poor ghosts do not know the difference and thus work all night for nothing."

"How stupid a ghost must be!" said Taro. "No wonder the Buddhist priests can lay them so easily. Father says some of the bonzes earn half their money by laying ghosts."

"Well, the ghost episode is past, anyhow," said Honda, "and now the most interesting part of the story is to come.

"Then came the trial of the faithful retainer; for Yoshitsuné fell into disgrace and was outlawed by his brother Yoritomo. Again and again did Benkéi give proof of his valor and many-sided wit, by which he saved his master's life.

"When Yoshitsuné fled with his followers from Kyōto to the north, they took the route through Echizen and Kaga. They put on the disguise of wandering priests or mendicant friars, called Yamabushi. Each one wore on his head a little skull-cap, and strapped on his back a portable shrine full of gilded idols of Buddha. To protect themselves against rain, snow, and the sun, they had woven wide hats called 'roofs,' slung over their shoulders. The vagrant priests earned their living by begging from door to door, but were allowed to travel freely all over the country. Before they started, and while on their way,

Benkéi trained them to recite the chants and prayers like true priests. So they practiced till they were perfect.

"Lord Yoritomo, thinking that Yoshitsuné would assume this disguise, had sent word to all the military posts. At all the important roads and mountain-passes in the empire there were barrier-gates and guard-houses. The sentinels had orders to arrest and examine all wandering friars.

"Benkéi and his company passed through Omi and Echizen, and the tree under which Yoshitsuné stopped and hung up his book-box or portable shrine, while he rested, is still pointed out in our province. At Héisenji, the temple north of our city, the chief abbot asked for music, and while Benkéi played the *koto* (harp) Yoshitsuné accompanied him on the flute. Reaching the barrier at Ataga, in Kaga, the captain of the guard promptly refused to let them pass, on the ground that they were rebels in disguise.

"'Nay, my lord; we are priests from Nara, and are on our way to collect subscriptions to rebuild the great temple destroyed by fire.'

"'If you really are priests and not impostors,' said the guard officer, 'let me hear you chant the ritual of your sect.'

"'Aye, your honor, we will,' said Benkéi, who commanded his band to sit down on the ground. Then they recited from memory, chanting a long passage from the sacred books.

"With this part the officer was satisfied; but

being still suspicious, he put a great many questions to them, most of which were answered satisfactorily. When any of his band was in danger of being confused or detected, Benkéi made answer for them, or adroitly parried the queries. Finally, tired of cross-questioning, the officer applied the severest test of their true character.

"'If, as you say, you are collecting money, then, of course, you have an eloquent address to read to the people.'

"This the officer said with a stern look, thinking that Benkéi was now surely his victim, if an impostor.

"Now, as a matter of fact, Benkéi had nothing of the sort about him; but ever ready with his tongue, he put his hand in his bosom, drew out his wallet, and opened a sheet of blank paper. Then standing up with pompous dignity, and pretending to read from it in a loud and clerical voice, there flowed from his glib tongue an eloquent appeal, telling how the holy temple had been burned and still lay in ashes. Unless money were liberally forthcoming the sacred edifice could not be rebuilt; for the honor of their sect and the safety of their souls the faithful believers ought to respond freely with money to rebuild it; and finally, every aid should be afforded the mendicant friars while on their errand of benevolence, etc.

"So eloquent was the address and so learned the language, that the guards were utterly overcome. The soldiers, who had stood behind the barrier or

had blocked the way with spears resting on their butts, arrows in the string, or with hands clapped to their swords, one after another kneeling down on the ground, bowed their heads with sighs of admiration for his reverence, the eloquent priest. Even the captain, Hogashi, lowered his head to the floor.

"The result was that Benkéi took up a collection on the spot, into which even the captain dropped a silver coin, and then, with his fan, he waved the order to let the company pass. But once free from the spell of Benkié's tongue, one of the soldiers who knew Yoshitsuné by sight, as the band filed by, recognized his former master in the garb of a priest's servant, and cried out: —

"'There he is! — Yoshitsuné — I know him!'

"This Yoshitsuné denied in rude country speech, and Benkéi, always ready, laughed at the idea of his servant being the great commander. Then giving Yoshitsuné a kick, he knocked him down and thrashed him soundly with his cane for answering the guard rudely with clownish talk.

"'Excuse my servant, your honor, he is but a clodhopper from the country,' said Benkéi, bowing and passing on.

"The officer enjoyed the fun, and his suspicions were allayed, and they were soon far beyond the barrier, on their way to the north.

"How Benkéi died is not certain, but it is sure that his last breath was loyal to his master, Yoshitsuné."

"What became of Yoshitsuné?" asked Taro.

"Some think he did not commit hara-kiri, as is commonly reported, but escaped to the mainland of Asia and became the great conqueror, Genghis Khan."

Mr. Rai now appeared in a very happy mood and said: —

"Now, my children, let me surprise you all. I have been telling these Héiké and Genji stories for many reasons, one of which you will now perceive. Mr. Honda and I have painted for you pictures in words. You shall now see how an artist tells the same stories in ink, gold, and color. Uhéi, draw apart the partitions."

The sliding doors between the sitting-room and parlor were shunted aside, and there in the light of several burning candles stood two splendid gold-paper screens fresh from Yedo. They had been painted by one of the very best artists of the Tosa school of historical painters, in brilliant colors, fine drawing, and with great masses of gold that hid excessive detail and made the parts visible more suggestive. Although lacking technical perspective, the skillful use of cloud and haze, as well as of the gold bordering, gave the scenes practically the effect of perspective in air and water, scenery and distance. There was first, Yoshi-iyé on horseback, reining up before the frightened wild fowl; next, the battle of the two clans, Gen and Héi before the palace gates in Kyōto; third, the wood-pigeons flying out of the hollow log, into the rain, as the soldier poked it with his bow; fourth, Tomoyé

defending herself on horseback with a young pine-tree; fifth, Masago fleeing with the three children of Yoshitomo; sixth, Yoshitsuné sitting at the feet of the king of the tengus; seventh, Yoshitsuné vanquishing Benkéi at the bridge; eighth, the Héiké army frightened at the noise of the wild fowl at the Fuji River; ninth, Yoshitsuné charging with his cavalry down hill; tenth, Benkéi laying the ghosts in the sea; eleventh, Benkéi beating Yoshitsuné before the Taira officer; and twelfth, Yoritomo at Kamakura setting free from gilt cages a thousand white cranes in honor of the empire, or "all under heaven," being at peace.

Perfectly delighted with the paintings and the screens, the family, Mr. Honda, and two or three friends of Mr. Rai who had dropped in sat up till near midnight enjoying and talking over the artist's work.

"It is as wonderful as a series of paintings as are the chapters of Rai Sanyo's book as literature," said one of the visitors.

CHAPTER XI.

MEN, MONKEYS, HORSES, AND BOYS.

MR. HONDA JIRO'S father, like Mr. Rai, was an officer in the service of the lord of Echizen. His office was that of equerry, or superintendent of the horses belonging to the daimiō and his retainers, whom together we may call the clan. Under Mr. Honda were the six or eight riding-masters who taught the young gentlemen the art of riding, which was rather different from ours. The samurai rider, when attired, had on a helmet or hat of lacquered pasteboard bound over his chin, and long knit gloves on his hands. He mounted his horse and sat with his knees almost on a level with his thigh. The stirrups were very high, as if the rider were afraid of falling. Seizing the woven silk reins he jerked up the horse's nostrils high in the air and grasped the reins by a loop close to the horse's head, within eight inches of the bit. When he wished to start the horse he flapped against his side with the ponderous stirrups. Trotting was almost unknown. A sudden start and run at full speed, until the horses were almost exhausted, were favorite amusements.

In Yedo and other large cities there were numerous riding-courses where the animals were kept for hire, either in the course or for outside distances, and

where riding-masters gave lessons to those wishing to learn. Only the samurai or gentry were allowed to ride on saddled horses. A man of the lower classes, merchant, laborer, or artisan, if on a pack-saddle or riding bareback, must dismount on seeing a gentleman approach. While there was a large number of pack-horses employed as burden-carriers, a horse harnessed to a wagon or carriage was a thing unknown. The use of the horse as a beast of draught was yet in the future, bullocks and human beings still having the monopoly of draught-labor.

One could have often seen women harnessed to small carts. The sight of mothers with babies slung on their backs, pulling loaded wagons, was very common in provinces near Echizen. This unnecessary and degrading form of human drudgery had not yet become the work of the horse and the locomotive; but education and the elevating ideas of the dignity of humanity afterward became more general under the teaching of such men as Mr. Koba, and when the ancient and ever-pressing necessity of the country — good roads — was provided for. This matter of good roads was one of the many great enterprises which feudalism discouraged, for there was little sentiment of national unity in the empire before the epochal year of 1868.

Let us walk round Fukui, of feudal days, and first go to see the horses.

Immediately in front of the gate and bridge leading from the citadel of the castle, on the far side of the broad avenue skirting the moat, were the stable,

the riding-school, and the race-course or polo-ground. Close to them were the lovely grounds and substantial buildings of the monastery of the Shin sect of Buddhists. Every one of the Japanese clans or feudal bodies, numbering three hundred or more, into which the Japanese nation was divided, possessed one of these stables for the gentry, the horses numbering from ten to five hundred, according to the wealth of the clan. In Fukui the number was fifty. These clan stables were the relics of the old Genji and Héiké days when each nobleman had his following of knights who owned their own horses. In the long peace the knights, or samurai, owned horses in common.

The stable was a wooden structure four hundred feet long and about twenty feet wide. The windows facing the street were of paper, about eight feet from the ground. On entering the main gate we stepped into an open, shady space, skirted with tall trees. To the left was the range of stables; to the right, one long building consisting of neatly matted rooms, with sliding paper-covered windows looking out on the riding-ground, on which polo was played and races held. Mr. Honda's office was in a building by itself. These matted rooms in the gallery-like edifice overlooking the course were for the accommodation of spectators on extra occasions. The riding-course was about six hundred feet long and forty feet wide, covered with sand, shaded by fine old trees.

We should have found many things to amuse us

in the stable and riding-school under Mr. Honda's oversight in 1853. Perhaps our eyes and the eyes of the Japanese are very different, and which of us see things the wrong way is not fully settled. The stable is another illustration of things turned upside down or wrong part before. In walking past the stalls one sees in an American stable the flanks and tails of the animals, that stand with heads fronting the street. In the Fukui stable, as you walked by the stalls, the horses stood with their heads towards you, and their tails were at the closed end of the stall. The stalls were boarded up to the height of the animal's head; but the most curious thing was the way that the horses were tied. The halters were different from ours. When they led a horse they tied a rope around the lower jaw between the incisor and grinder teeth. In the stable the bit was kept in the mouth, and the horse was tied up by a rope from each side of its jaw, as when we secure a horse to curry him. The brute was thus kept all day with his head as high as Job's war-horse, and his nostrils were on the level of the eye, as if sniffing the battle afar off. Such a dramatic attitude, long continued, must make his neck ache, until long use inured him to it. It would have seemed to us a standing wonder that the Japanese genus *Equus* had not long since developed into the *Camelopardalis girafa;* but Japanese horses have been thus tied for centuries, and no instance of such transformation has taken place, nor is the giraffe found in Japan.

Some of the horse-lore would have amused and

instructed us. Big teeth denoted poor, small teeth good, eyesight. Rice-straw as a steady diet produced spavin, mulberry leaves cured blindness, certain spots on the knees betokened a good "night eye," or power to see well in the dark. Horses were not curried, but combed, washed in warm water, and carefully wiped. It was the custom to bind the forelock so as to make it stand erect in tufts like pompons, and to encase the tail in a silk bag. The art of equine hair-dressing was professed by specialists. To make the tail droop gracefully, the sinew beneath the root must be cut. As there are few flies in Japan a fly-brush was not necessary.

It is said by those who have ridden fine animals in other countries that the Japanese horse "is without a single virtue;" and though this is, as the Japanese say, "blowing a conch," that is, telling a snorting exaggeration, yet little can be said in his praise except that he is tough, patient, enduring, sure-footed, and can live cheaply on poor fare.

A great many even of the saddle-horses in Echizen were badly broken in, and all the natural troubles of an unskilled rider were much increased by a multitude of uncanny and undesirable tricks which the creature began to play as soon as he discovered the character of his human burden and the quality of his arm. When Mr. Honda first taught his son Jiro to ride he used gentle horses, but as he advanced in skill he put hard-mouthed animals under him. For bold riders vicious horses were purposely chosen and ridden by ambitious

fellows. A vicious horse soon made himself oblivious of the bridle and began to describe a series of eccentric circles — a process which usually resulted in an empty saddle. The saddle-horses were shod with thin iron shoes, the pack-animals with sandals of plaited straw which usually lasted a day or even less on a rough road. The highways or bridle-paths were usually found strewed with cast-off sandals of men and horses.

The common method of breaking in a colt was to tie the animal into a harness with two long ropes, to each of which five or six men took hold, and allow him to run in an open field. They jerked him about as they wished, tumbling him over or bringing him to a sudden halt, sometimes so quickly as to cause an involuntary somersault. Two or three such exercises usually sufficed, unless the subject were unusually spirited.

The best horses came from Nambu, in the north of the main island, on the plains of which province strong-limbed animals in large herds ran wild, and where special attention was paid to rearing them. They were rather gentle in disposition. The coat-of-arms, or crest, of the daimiō of Soma was a horse tied between two posts — one of the very few animals in Japanese heraldry. In Satsuma, the extreme south, the ponies were stunted in growth and covered with woolly hair. They were full of fire, spiteful and snappish. In Tosa the horses were so small, hardy, and stunted that they resembled the Shetland breed. The smallness of the Tosa horses

was made up for by the length of the tail-feathers of the roosters, which were often six and eight feet long. Horses were not put to use as draught animals. Wheeled vehicles for conveyance of men were not in use, and carts or wagons for burdens were drawn by oxen or men — even the Mikado's "Phœnix car" was drawn by bullocks. The mule, called the "rabbit-horse," was not indigenous, and very rare.

The same diet on which the "Captain Jinks" of popular song fed his horse was that of the Japanese nag. He took his food from a box or bucket set in front of him on the floor, filled with corn, beans, or peas. Hay, straw, grass, and mixed fodder composed his summer diet. In the center of the floor, beneath the body of the animal, was a clay-lined pit, covered with a wooden grating. Not an ounce of any description of manure was lost in Japan. The stalls were very clean. The horses were black, white, or brown. Their names were a study, such as, "Black Dragon," "Typhoon," "Willow Swamp," "Green Mountain," "Devil Head," "Thunder Cloud," "Arrow," "Ink-stone," "Devil's Eye," "Earthquake," and "Iron Jaw."

There was an equine as well as a human aristocracy in Japan. The albino horses were considered sacred and reserved for temples. Near many of the great Shintō shrines and often in the Buddhist temples might be seen one or two which were daintily fed, covered, and carefully waited upon by a pretty maiden set apart for the work. They were

often decorated with the notched strips of white paper which are the symbols of the Shintō religion. Then came the fine breed of choice form, good wind, bottom, and speed, for the use of chief men of the clan, and which in the daimiō's processions were caparisoned and led in mere pomp. Under this elect grade was the ordinary saddle-horse, and after this the pack-horse, a most ungainly, unkempt brute, fed on the cheapest food.

To take care of these horses a considerable number of men and several monkeys were necessary; for without a red-faced ape no Japanese stable of high pretensions was thought to be completely furnished. Let us look on the men first and then at the monkeys.

The class of men living almost inseparably with the pack-horses and always associated in idea with them formed almost a caste, and had guilds or unions of their own. The leader of the pack-horse was called a "horse-side." The gentlemen's hostler was called a *betto*, or "mouth-holder."

Whenever an officer or gentleman rode out the betto ran along in front of the horse to be ready in case of need and to hold the animal when his master dismounted. The betto's office, like that of most trades in Japan, was hereditary, and the betto was bred to it from infancy. They were lithe, light men who could run as fast as a horse and often keep on their feet for forty miles. Besides being footmen, they were grooms, and occupied platforms in the stable and took their food there. They were

of very low social rank and were given to gambling. They had a guild with rigid rules and a chief whose word is law. Even gentlemen of rank and influence found to their cost that they were powerless against this guild if its members should combine to drive away, or "run off," any obnoxious betto brought from another neighborhood. The betto did not usually trouble himself with clothing, and instead of girding up his loins for a race, he divested himself of all clothing and ran with only a breech-cloth and a pair of socks. On short runs they wore a blue cloak on which was marked their master's coat-of-arms. Most of them were tattooed on back and shoulders.

The jockey was not an unknown character. This gentleman possessed the secret of the Fountain of Youth. He could transform a superannuated beast into a fiery charger that would keep supple and sprightly until after sale. Filing the teeth, feeding with arsenic, clipping, paring, and all the arts by which age is concealed and youth simulated were practiced by the native jockey, who was also a veterinary doctor and consulting trainer. He could astound even old bettos with the prodigious amount of horse-lore carried in his noddle.

One of the best characters in Fukui was the monkey dancer. It was believed that a monkey in a stable warded off infectious diseases. One of these four-handed animals was a permanent boarder with the four-legged guests in the stall. At New Year's the proprietor went from stable to stable, his monkey

performing tricks and he receiving a fee. The second and third days were devoted to the entertainment of the daimiō's horses, a performance being given before each stall, to the equal delight of grooms and horses.

As nearly all heathen gods are only men who have been deified after death, so each class, trade, guild, and locality has its special patron deity. The hostler of Japan worshiped a great tamer of horses who lived long ago. This Rarey of history was Tsunéiyé, who served the Genji and lived in Yoritomo's time (A.D. 1136–99). He was made lord of the stables of Kamakura. He could tame horses that no other man durst approach. He could infuse into stupid animals a fiery disposition. It is said that he fed them with a white substance at midnight. No one could discover the secret of this drug; and as he was drowned in the sea, he died without divulging it.

This stable in Fukui, kept at the public expense, was, as we have said, only a shadowy relic of the old days when every knight or gentleman was expected to keep and maintain a horse in order to take the field for war, whenever his lord called him out on a campaign, in return for the land allotted him. That is what feudalism means. The land is all divided up into thousands of tracts, which are held in exchange for military service. Instead of a national army of volunteers for a single war or a standing army of regulars who are paid wages out of the public treasury, the samurai, or gentry, formed the military class and were given land, or the revenue from land.

They were paid a salary in *koku*, or bags of rice, and in return were free from all taxes or tolls such as the merchants, farmers, and lower class had to pay.

The general rule about the use of the daimiō's horses was that all the samurai and their sons whose income amounted to about one thousand bushels of rice a year, among whom were Honda and Rai, could ride on the horses or take riding exercises twice a month.

In addition to horsemanship the young men learned fencing, wrestling, and military drill. Reading and writing were taught at two separate schools, reading being learned in the morning and writing in the afternoon; yet in the whole school of five hundred lads there was not one son of a merchant, farmer, or mechanic. It was considered a disgraceful thing for a samurai to study arithmetic, and in the old-time school this branch of knowledge was not allowed to be taught. Useful knowledge, except as it related to war or the military life, was not considered worthy of a samurai's attention. Some even thought it disgraceful to know how to count money. Trade was regarded as a mean thing, and the term merchant was regarded as synonymous with liar or miser. A marriage between a samurai and a merchant's daughter was almost unheard of, though it sometimes did take place. In some instances also a trader or brewer was able to purchase the right of wearing swords, and even of entering the samurai class. The proprietor of a saké-brewery was often the best dressed and most important personage in

the village. Men who bought the right of wearing swords were called "money-lifted samurai."

Young fellows who wore two swords were more fond of fencing, horsemanship, and wrestling than of books. Their whole talk and reading was about the fighting heroes of old days, and their swords they looked on as their very souls. Many of them would probably have starved before doing manual labor. One of their favorite proverbs was "Though an eagle be starving, it will not eat grain." They formed parties and cliques among themselves, and were often rough to each other, especially when they played the Genji and Héiké fight. In walking through the country, if a farmer or lower-class man were riding on his pack-horse and did not instantly dismount when he saw a samurai coming, or if he jostled a gentleman or was rude to him, the man of swords was very apt to draw blade and murder him. The sight of dead men lying in their own blood on the roadside was no rare thing. There was usually a good deal of jealousy between the ignorant fencing experts who could hardly write a letter correctly and those who were close students of books, and the societies or fraternities of the one sort usually excluded men of the other kind. Even men who trained their sons to a knowledge of arithmetic, or calculation on the abacus, did it with the idea of getting them lucrative offices, such as those of treasurer and tax-collector.

No slates, pencils, blackboards, or chalk were used in school, but instead the abacus, or box of balls sliding on rods, was employed. On this counting-

machine subtraction, multiplication, division, fractions, decimals, extraction of square and cube root, and many other arithmetical problems can be done much more rapidly than by our common methods.

In old time, when Mr. Honda was a boy, the only books and literature studied were Chinese, which is to Japanese very much as Latin is to English. Through the influence of Mr. Rai, Doctor Sano, and men of like mind Japanese was introduced and seriously studied for the first time about the year that Rai Taro first entered school. A few were beginning to master Dutch, and these found it such hard work that, though they persevered, they were called by the fencing boys of old-fashioned methods "pale-face-and-big-top-knot fellows." The ultra conservatives also despised the students of arithmetic, which had been introduced into the course of studies after a struggle, considering that men who had handled money, whether samurai or traders, must necessarily be thieves. In this they were not so far wrong, for in the day of spies and bribery and oppression of one class by another, two and two did not commonly make four. Among the shopkeepers too the idea seemed to be to get rich by defrauding customers, and then to lock up the money in a strong-box or to bury it in the ground. Between the idle privileged classes and the toiler without right or proper protection against the strong or insolent there was little love lost.

Before the age of thirteen the son of a samurai was necessarily a vassal or retainer of the lord in

whose fief, or district governed by a daimiō, he was born. Only on one of three great occasions could lads whose fathers received a salary of only five hundred bushels of rice be presented to the daimiō. These were at the ceremony of taking the oath of allegiance when thirteen years old, after marriage, and on succeeding to the father's income. On the important occasion of becoming a vassal the young man presented his lord with an arrow, in token of loyalty, or with two hundred copper coins, for the war-fund to be used in time of hostilities. In some of the citadels of the feudal castles, the trap-door of the entrance to them being under the bed of the lord, there were subterranean chambers of granite and iron in which the offerings of retainers thus made were stored until the accumulation ran into mighty sums of gold and silver.

We might tell more of the lights and shadows of life in one of the petty principalities in the days when Japan was cut up into fractions, but we must hasten with our story. Of Echizen it is truth and not fiction to say that the people in it were as happy as in any other province of Japan. The samurai and the people both loved their lord, Matsudaira, who was both enlightened and benevolent. It was with a view to the bettering of his people that he had encouraged such men as Doctor Sano and had invited to his dominions such scholars as Professor Koba. The land was well tilled and the farmers toiled in sunny content. Many new hillsides were terraced with rice-fields and waste lands brought

under cultivation. When the rice harvest was good the taxes were easily paid by the farmers, and when crops failed and food was short the local government opened its store-house of rice and fed the people free, for which all were grateful.

It was a time of general prosperity, yet, strange to say, people began to remember and talk about the old saying handed down by tradition, "When the spade has reached the top of the hills, war will break out."

CHAPTER XII.

SCENES AT A HERO'S SHRINE.

ABOUT a mile out from the city of Fukui, on the road to the north, stands a neat memorial shrine to the memory of Nitta Yoshisada, a lineal descendant of the great Yoshi-iyé, the founder of the Genji family. Around the shrine, which is built of granite and roofed with copper, were pine-trees. The approach from the road was a neat stone path bordered on either side with those peculiar dark-blue pebbles which are brought from the sea-side of the province of Kii and being laid on sand prevent the growth of weeds and straggling grass. Fronting the sacred fane, in which was a tablet or inscribed square stone column, was the usual grooved granite block containing water for fresh flowers, and drilled at each end to hold a bamboo tube containing bouquets. Here on certain days came certain of the samurai to make their floral offerings in honor of the brave hero whose blood centuries ago dyed the earth of the battle-field.

For over five hundred years the memory of Nitta had been honored by scholars throughout Japan, and the story of his life was familiar to all the children of Fukui. There were at the time of our story special reasons for the increased visitation and

public honors given to Nitta's tomb. Let us see what these were and why the name of this particular character in history should rise to a new glory and this tomb enjoy perpetual decoration day.

The successors of Yoritomo, the Hojo rulers who ruled at Kamakura from A.D. 1219 to 1333, were not content with division of the government, nor with excess of rapacity, cruelty, or corruption. They went so far as to fight against the Mikado and to send him into exile. Then the white banner was raised, and brave leaders, Ashikaga, Kojima, Kusunoki, and others, at the head of thousands of enthusiastic volunteers, marched to destroy the usurpers and to place once more the emperor on his rightful throne. The most prominent of these captains who loved the white banner in revolt against the Hojo were Ashikaga Takauji and Nitta Yoshisada, whose common ancestor was Yoshi-iyé, the Minamoto chieftain. Nitta took and burned Kamakura in 1333 A.D., and when civil war broke out adhered unflinchingly to the Mikado's cause, and not only at Hiogo but in Echizen fought bravely against mighty odds until his death in an ambuscade near Fukui in 1338. But thirty-eight years old, he was the mirror of chivalry and loyalty. His fidelity to the emperor, amid all threats, bribes, and defeat, made him a bright star in that galaxy of typical loyal men whom the samurai almost worshiped as models. A remarkable historical fact kept in mind by Nitta's admirers was that for a few years, between A.D. 1333 and 1336, and chiefly through Nitta's victory, there

was no dual system of government, the Mikado ruling the whole empire from Kyōto, as in the ancient time.

Honda Jiro's ambition was to emulate and imitate Nitta. Excelling as a swordsman in fencing, in spear exercise, horsemanship, and the military virtues and training, he had also studied Rai Sanyo's history of Japan, and the effect was to make him hate the Yedo rulers, in whom he saw only the successors of the Hojo and the usurpers of Kamakura. He longed to see the Tokugawa family humiliated and reduced to their proper level as but one among the many other vassals of the emperor. He was fanatically patriotic, and his energies found vent in hatred of the Tycoon and in passionate love to the Mikado. For this reason he had of late come almost daily to Nitta's shrine. In winter he brushed away the snow to lay before the tablet camellias, in the spring-time plum-blossoms and wistarias, in summer the peach and cherry blooms, in autumn the chrysanthemums, and at all times evergreenery and wild flowers.

With his floral offering Honda put up prayers to the gods to make him pure in heart, loyal and devoted to the emperor, and unflinching in his purpose when opportunity came.

For three years the young man had been with varying regularity an habitual visitor to Nitta's shrine, but a hint of news from his uncle, Rai Goro, given since the latter's return from Higo, had made him a daily comer. Further, it had diverted his prayers

into a new channel through a special mediator. Still again, it had even the effect of precipitating a crisis in a matter of the heart, in which a certain maiden was deeply interested, as we shall see.

The item of news which Mr. Rai had heard from the Dutch was that the Americans were coming with soldiers and men-of-war to Japan to compel the making of a treaty. Instantly to Honda's eyes rose the horrible picture of the "hairy barbarians" defiling the sacred soil of the Holy Country and possibly insulting the Mikado, the descendant of the gods who created Japan and of the goddess who daily blazed in the sky and whose rays filled the earth. A polished and courtly gentleman as Honda was, cultured in the fine art of being a samurai, his ignorance of foreign people and of their literature, manners, religion, as well as of modern business or of political economy, was as dense as that of "the well-frog that knows not the great ocean." A gentleman and a fanatic were combined in him. In practical acquaintance with the world outside of Dai Nippon the Japanese of his day were as little children.

On the night of the same day that Mr. Rai informed him that the American squadron had sailed, he hastened to the shrine. He recalled from history that on the eve of his capture of Kamakura, when he flung his sword into the sea as a tribute to the god, Nitta had sought the aid of Kompira, the sailors' patron deity, the god of the sea and of vengeance. On this night, instead of the prayer, "O Thou who art enthroned in the highest heaven," or

those addressed to the hosts of gods, Honda offered to the deity whose hideous image seems a very nightmare of scowling horror this petition : —

" Mighty ruler of the great ocean, who governest the ebbing and flowing tide, drive back these barbarous aliens from my native land, or drown them by raising a great storm and foundering their ships. Give the fishes a feast upon their carcases. Let not one of them return to tell the story."

Then to the hosts of gods in the Shinto pantheon he made petition as follows : —

" Breath of the gods, sweep away all defilement from our holy country, the land of the heavenly spirits."

This petition, invoking destruction upon the Americans, repeated again and again, was added to his litany to Ama-Térasu, the sun-goddess, to Hachiman, the god of war, and to the gods who were the ancestors of the Mikado.

One evening early in July, A. D. 1853, he had offered his *jimpo* (divine breath) prayer, as he called it. He thought he was alone, but on turning round to go home, he saw the figure of a young woman of about eighteen at the end of the walk where it joined the high road.

" Good-evening, Mr. Honda. It is many days since my eyes have hung upon your honored face."

" Good-evening, Miss Hoshi (Star). How is your temper this evening? "

" My temper — let me be frank to say it — is like that of a wrestler flower (violet), for I seek an explanation. I have heard you praying for the wind to

blow and for some one's destruction; pray tell me, is it mine?"

"What a question! No, certainly not. I was not thinking of you."

"Alas! That I fear you have not done for a long time. Have you forsaken me utterly? Who is your new love?"

"Miss Hoshi, rest your mind. There is no other woman that has captured my affections; and yet my mind has changed not only towards you, but even in relation to my prince, and even as regards my family and kinsmen. I am at this moment so little in the mood to be opposed, that should they attempt to hinder my purpose I shall cast off my allegiance to our lord and leave the country."

"What can be the matter, Mr. Honda? It is so long since you have honored me with your confidences, or even spoken a kind word to me, that I had almost imagined you possessed of a fox. Once we were like two violets which the wind has driven and joined together in a single flower, but now some hand has torn us apart. Is it anything I have done to bring you to your present state of mind?"

"Miss Hoshi, maid and friend, let me say now and forever that all the regard I professed for you since I first saw you on that bright day two years ago, when the famous master from Yedo gave his exhibition of flower-fires at the river-meadow, was in all truth and faithfulness. I have often said I loved you, and I spoke the truth of a samurai; but now"—

"You cast me off because I am a merchant's daughter, as I have said you would. I never believed — since my father is a street man and yours is a castle-dweller — that you would make me your wife. Now I suppose that your father is to betroth you to a lady of samurai rank: I have so heard."

"You have heard falsely, then. Let me go on to say that, though I am a samurai and you a merchant's daughter, my affection was real, and I hoped in time to overcome my honored father's prejudice, and to have our betrothal arranged and marriage consummated regularly, in form according with the strictest rules of etiquette. Yet now I have left off all association with you, secret or open, because I am a changed man."

"But what is it that has changed you — who is she?"

"Miss Hoshi, it is the gods, not a woman, that have changed me. I can not explain all, but our Mikado, the Son of Heaven, owns me now. The foreigner is coming to drain our country of its gold and silver, its rice and tea and silk, to impoverish it by trade, perhaps to conquer it as India was conquered, but in any event to insult our country, and I have laid aside every other thought except to drive him off. I can not now think of love or marriage, and as no formal word of betrothal has ever passed between us, you can not in fairness reproach me with unfaithfulness."

"But listen, Mr. Honda, one moment."

"I can not; you must excuse me, for here comes a party of people, some of whom I know by their

voices. Until the Son of Heaven is honored, or I try the fortune of the sword with the foreigner, I talk love with no woman. A samurai when he sees his duty plainly knows no man, woman, or devil. *Sayonara* (farewell)."

So saying, he turned his back upon her and upon the party approaching in the direction of the shrine, and hurried off.

His night was spent in hard study, hers in tears and bitter thoughts.

Honda Jiro had the reputation among his friends and comrades of being an austere youth, fond alike of severe study and of athletic exercises, but not given to the light and easy life which so many of the samurai led. The love of pleasure for its own sake was hardly a feeling known to him. He was independent in his notions, and, despite his high ideals as a samurai, had more sympathy for the common people than most of his fellows. He had often been known to shield farmers' boys and "street men" from swaggering bullies who wore two swords and called themselves samurai. In one or two instances he had saved the lives of *eta* by threatening to draw sword and take their part against ruffians in silk clothes who would have cut down the outcasts like dogs. For him the social gulf which divided the gentry and the lower classes had often been bridged by kindly intercourse between his father and the grain-merchants. Honda himself went further than his father, and often made playmates of the children of a rich rice-merchant named Asai. Growing up together with her,

he was especially fond of Hoshi, Mr. Asai's daughter. In accordance with the social proprieties of the country the boys and girls were kept apart in play or company after the age of eight years.

Then Mr. Asai moved his family to his other house in Osaka, where he had a branch of his rice warehouse. Here his daughter Hoshi was educated. Though tenderly reared, she was also trained in useful accomplishments. She even occasionally watched at her father's store and returned the flag-signals from the roof of the large house in which the rice-merchants had their guild or exchange, and from which the rise and fall of prices were telegraphed by a sort of signal service of flags.

When, eight years after, Mr. Asai returned to Fukui with his daughter Hoshi, she was a beautiful maiden of graceful figure and winsome manner. Rather taller than the average of her countrywomen of the same age, neither too slender nor too fully rounded, and with that exquisite taste in dress for which the daughters of Japan are noted, she might have graced a prince's castle. As a matter of fact, more than one of the wealthy men of rank had opened negotiations with her father, hoping that the fair face might beautify their harem. Mr. Asai had, however, determined that his daughter should never leave the paternal roof except legally betrothed and pledged to be a wife. As their purpose was not honorable marriage, their offers were politely declined. Hoshi grew up as pure in person as the flower which she called "the face of the morning,"

and we the morning-glory, when jeweled with the dew.

In this respect our story must be different from that in perhaps the majority of Japanese novels. These powerfully illustrate the idea of filial piety, even to the idea that a daughter must cheerfully sell herself and her happiness at the command of her parents, so that they may be saved from debt or poverty. In the name of filial piety crimes against women were constantly committed. Perhaps no pages of Japanese fiction more vividly illustrate this truth than those of the classic writer Bakin, in his story entitled "Biography of a Gold-fish."

From the middle of the sixth month, according to the lunar calendar, people went out in the evenings to saunter on the great bridge along the river-flats and over the hills. Then the jugglers displayed their skill, and curious animals, fish, bugs, beasts, fossils, and monstrosities were exhibited. Story-tellers gathered their gaping crowds and "picked the pockets of listeners with their tongues." Musicians, both players and singers, mountebanks, the man who cracked stones with his fist, the sword-swallowers, the tortoise-tamers, the snake-charmers, the acrobats who danced on the top of the man who lay on the ground with a tengu's nose eight or ten feet high, were in their glory.

At night the river-banks, boats, tea-houses, flats, and parts of the dry bed of the stream were brilliantly illuminated. In this month also the picnic parties spread their rugs, and made merry with

baked and fried fish, saké, cakes, rice, hard-boiled eggs, pickles, and all sorts of portable and outdoor refreshments, the eating being interspersed with song, jest, and dance. By the first day of the seventh month the temples were gayly adorned. The priests set up their huge, long pole-banners, decorated their grounds with flags and lanterns, and gave their great free lunches or dinners of rice and radishes to visiting companies of devotees coming from a distance. About this time also the famous makers of day fire-works entertained the people with their exhibition on the parade-ground or pleasure meadow. In a huge wooden mortar, like an upright cannon, made of the hollowed trunk of a tree bound round with bamboo hoops, a cartridge was dropped looking like a foot of round log sawed off and wrapped in paper. Fired off, it flew into the air a few hundred feet and exploded into something surprising and usually funny. Out of the black cloud of dust that stained the air for a few seconds would be seen shooting lines that formed a gigantic spider, a monkey blowing little balloons out of its mouth, an enormous cuttle-fish, a tailless cat chasing three or four scampering mice, a fox coming out of a tea-kettle, an old woman hobbling on a stick, or a nest full of rats upset. Many other familiar pictures rested a few moments in the quiet air, printed in black and red against the blue ether. As each scene became visible the children, quick to recognize the subject, became uproariously happy. Indeed, all seemed to be children in their fullness of joy and flow of animal spirits.

It was at one of these merry-makings that Honda Jiro, now himself a handsome samurai and an ambitious young man, saw Miss Asai Hoshi for the first time since childhood. Taking his seat among some friends where he could feast his eyes upon her, he enjoyed with a rapturous glow this vision of loveliness. He gave himself to his own party while conversation, fun, or refreshments were in order; but when all other eyes were turned skyward to view the "flower-fires," then his gaze was upon the fair and lovely maiden towards whom he felt a new and, as it seemed, an overmastering passion. Without going near the party in which her parents were he went home and wrote her a letter in which he breathed out his heart.

That letter Miss Hoshi had kept in a silken cover since first she received it. She had sewed it inside her best girdle. This girdle, by the way, was not, as one might think, of costliest brocade and richest color, such as ladies of the samurai class and the *géisha*, or singing-girls, wear, but of modest tints and of a quality far less than her father could easily afford. The fault of this was not in his parsimony or economy, but because, under the feudal system, a merchant could not spend his money or enjoy the fruits of his industry as he pleased. Below the privileged sword-wearing class none could ride a horse, build a house, or wear clothing except of a certain grade prescribed. In a word, men were not allowed to reap the fruits of their toil or brains except as their superiors or oppressors permitted.

This was the feudal, and not the industrial, era. Work was not honored, and trade was reckoned a disgrace; and nearly two millions of people lived upon the labor of the thirty millions whom they counted beneath them. There was little encouragement to industry, for, as a rule, the merchant and the mechanic and farmer were the prey of the ruling class, who kept themselves above the people with almost the isolation of a caste.

Partly because of his rank and partly because of his own personal attractiveness, but chiefly because her own heart responded to the glowing sentiments of Honda Jiro's letter, the maiden Hoshi treasured his love-letter in her girdle. Shall we glance at its contents? Here it is: —

Permit me to address you. Although utterly unable to express my feelings, yet my love to you permits of no restraint, so I attempt the task of spreading out my heart before you.

A few days ago I unexpectedly chanced to meet you, and caught my first rapturous glance of your face. Your countenance was to me as fair as the face of the morning and as pure as the white camellia. Your motions were as graceful as the water-lily after a shower. I was dazzled by such beauty and watched you. But alas! after the display of the fire-flowers on the river meadows I lost sight of you with my eyes, while your face lived in my heart. When I went to fencing-school your flowing sleeves waved before the point of my sword. When at study, all the characters on the page seemed to change into your smiling features. Should I attempt to avert my thought by composing prose or constructing poetry, and thus ease my mind's burden, and dismiss my thoughts of love, it

would be like "building a bridge to the clouds" or "scattering a fog with a fan." It can not be done. My heart, like a galloping horse, in spite of the reins of my will, runs away with my thought, and I find myself writing poems to you and praising my darling in songs. I want nothing but your kind words to make me happy. Your favorable response to my supplications will open for me a new life of unspeakable happiness. I have no hope of living other than as a miserable creature without you. It would be better to be born again and live as an animal than to be myself as a human being without you. Listen to me, my gem, my flower, my life, and have pity on me. Return my passion. With love and regards,

HONDA JIRO.

To Miss ASAI HOSHI.
7th month, 2d day, 3d year of Ka-yéi.
(August 9th, 1850.)

In Japan the matters of love, betrothal, and marriage were by long custom taken in charge by parents, and in many, perhaps a majority, of cases the young people who were made husband and wife had little to say about match-making. In not a few instances bride and groom never saw each other until the lady's face was unveiled at the drinking of the sacramental wine during the three-times-three, or wedding ceremony. It was considered that love was something to be cultivated after marriage, not before it.

Nevertheless in the Mikado's empire, as in republics and kingdoms, love laughed at locksmiths, and young people often arranged for themselves their own affairs of the heart, the parents only insisting on the outward forms being strictly observed. Or,

as is often the case, love-making was secretly carried on by signs and gestures, correspondence, interviews, or hours spent in each other's company. As between Honda Jiro and Asai Hoshi, none knew the lover's secret except the mother, to whom Hoshi proudly confided it, and by whose assistance and sympathy the proverbial rough path was smoothed. Mrs. Asai would sometimes shake her head doubtfully, as if marriage between a samurai and a merchant's daughter were impossible; but she knew she could only wait and see.

Had we been walking along the wide avenue bordering the outer moat and wall of the ivy-covered castle of Fukui, one September morning, a few weeks after the receipt of the love-letter copied above, we should have seen an old lady with head shaven in token of her intention never to marry again. Though still fairly erect, she is leaning upon the arm of her rosy-cheeked and womanly granddaughter of eighteen. It is the old lady's birthday, and a friend that very morning had sent her a caddy of Uji tea and a lobster. The tea was for her enjoyment, for she was a famous connoisseur of a good brew made with water from one of the four famous "tea-water wells" in Fukui; but the crooked-tail shell-fish, called "wheel-prawn," was the expression of a wish in symbol. The giver meant by it, "May you live so long that your back will be bent like this lobster's." With her granddaughter, the old lady was visiting the shrine of the god of lon-

gevity, she walking on the side towards the houses and the rosy maiden on that towards the walls and moat. As they came opposite the castle gate, out of which a samurai youth was coming to traverse the bridge over the moat, we might have noticed — though the old lady did n't — that one of the maiden's sleeves, which was towards the young man, was waved to and fro for a minute or two. That was all; no salutations took place, no words were spoken; but the young man looked pleased and seemed very happy, while his heart went pitapat as if he had been running, though he was quietly walking. All Japanese maidens of susceptible age were apt to know what the "pendulum-sleeve" meant, while another metaphor for the gayeties of wooing was derived from the butterfly that coyly flits and flirts with the flowers.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXCITING NEWS — "THE AMERICANS HAVE COME."

WHITE winter melted into green summer, the wild geese had flown back to Yezo, and the seventh month, or "little heat" of July, had come. It was not yet time for mosquito nets to be put up, but the evening was warm, and baby Asahi was sound asleep on his quilts. Thousands of people were out on the long bridge promenading, or leaning over the rails looking at the bright moon, already a week old, or "taking the evening air and coolness." Mr. Rai Goro sat on his porch looking out on his garden with its tiny waterfall and mimic brook that rippled over white pebbles on which the moonbeams danced. His wife sat near by him. The conversation had been on household details. Knocking the tiny ball of ashes out of his pipe, thrusting it in the case, and tucking up under his belt the ivory button which held the smoker's outfit, he heaved something like a sigh.

"What does that mean, my husband?" asked his wife.

"Ah! I was thinking what wonderful things our son will see if he lives to be a man."

"Why, how?" asked his wife.

"Well, I heard some things when I was at Naga-

saki last autumn that led me to expect much. The Hollanders there said we might have the American black ships visiting our shores before many months. I paid little attention to the reports, but Doctor Sano told me this morning that the news was true. His son, you know, is studying medicine and surgery on the island with the Dutch doctors. He wrote his father that he had read a newspaper printed in Holland, which said that a big steamship with cannon that could blow the roof off a house by its noise and shoot a ball as big as a well-bucket clear through a castle wall would soon be in the Bay of Yedo."

"Oh, husband! what will the Shō-gun do?"

"Do! — what can he do? We have no forts, no cannon that can fire a ball bigger than an orange. Our men are brave and our swords of divine temper; but what will they avail with men who can set our city of Yedo on fire with red-hot balls?"

He went to his library and took up from a pile of volumes that lay flat or sideways on each other an illustrated translation of a Dutch history of the world, in which the Mexican war was described and the bombardment of Vera Cruz by Commodore Perry's fleet and General Scott's army was pictured in lurid colors, but was perhaps not exaggerated.

The Japanese artist had made some curious mistakes as to the uniforms of the soldiers, the position of the batteries, and the shape of the ship's guns and carriages, but the picture was sufficiently exact. It showed churches, steeples, and towers crumbling and shattered under shot and shell, the walls

breached, crows flying wildly about, and the streets of the city full of dead and wounded. This was the first time Mr. Rai had showed the book to any one except Doctor Sano, his friend. His wife, terrified, and almost breathless, asked, "When are the Americans coming?"

"Well, the Hollanders said Perry would arrive about this time; and I find that in the last news from Yedo orders have been given to watch at all the headlands for the approach of the painted ships which have already been seen off the islands of the Sleeping Dragon."

At this moment a knock was heard near the porter's lodge out of the house. The gate-watch, lantern in hand, inquired, "Who's there?" "Doctor Sano would like to see Mr. Rai," was the answer.

The large gate was at once thrown open and the doctor was ushered in. He had just come from the mansion of the lord of Echizen, where he had heard news: "A foot runner has just brought dispatches from the government at Yedo that four black ships, two of them steamers from America, have cast anchor at Uraga. The daimiō has sent you a copy of the orders from the Yedo government."

Breaking open the seal, Mr. Rai read; "You are hereby ordered to take all means in your power to calm the people, allay any excitement, and arrest suspicious characters, so that none of our people leave the province, and that all *ronin* be watched."

"How old is the news from Yedo, doctor?" asked Mr. Rai.

"Five days or so; why do you ask?"

"Oh, it is already pretty well known here among some of our young men that the black ships have passed Idzu, and so must be already in Yedo Bay."

The doctor left after a few moments' further talk. Summoning his trusty servant to light his lantern and accompany him, Mr. Rai moved out beyond the castle circuit into the wards where lived the common people. Each ward was marked off by wooden barrier gates, at each of which a watchman was stationed. In case of a riot or disturbance the gates could be closed and the trouble easily put down by the police or military. There were in Fukui 195 of these ward gates, 216 guard-houses, and 325 guards, or watchmen. There were 5,500 houses and about 30,000 people in the city. At the great gates the guards were well provided with a rack of hooked and barbed instruments for speedily tumbling over and disarming any ruffian fellow too easily inclined to draw a sword. Visiting the various guard-houses and making known the news and precautions to be taken, Mr. Rai, now changing his officially marked lantern and modifying his dress so as not to be easily recognized, moved among the streets and over the bridges and among the groups of people to overhear their talk. He found that private word quickly sent had preceded the government news, and the long expectation had given way to anxiety and fear. Everybody was discussing the "barbarians" and talking about the big ships and what would happen if the

American soldiers should land and set fire to the houses.

"They 're a rough lot, I tell you," said an old sailor who had been on many, many voyages to the north seas, around Yezo, and even the Aleutian Islands.

"They are many feet high, wear hair all over their face, like the Aino savages, drink liquor out of big glasses, eat piles of meat, and are very ugly when they are angry. When in good humor, however, they are very kind. I have been on board their whale-ships, and one of them gave me this knife with four blades that work on hinges, as you see. But perhaps if these Americans are well treated, they will not harm our people."

Mr. Rai passed on beyond the city limits and up the hill into Atago Yama. Here, on the top of a hill that overlooked the city and valley, was the cemetery of the lords of the house of Echizen, where lay buried the dead rulers of the province. Among these tombs also a grander name than even that of local ruler was that of Mikado, for here, centuries ago, had been buried one of the emperors of Everlasting Great Japan.

What led Mr. Rai to this lonely, ghostly spot at this time, so near midnight?

For centuries the Japanese, living in unbroken quiet and shut off from all the world, imagined that Japan was not only the land of Great Peace but also the Holy Country, the land of the gods, the favorite dwelling-place of holy spirits. They

believed that they were blessed above all others by heaven. It was instilled into every child's mind that a foreigner was a barbarian, and that if one set foot on the sacred soil of Japan the country would be defiled. It was a sacred doctrine that the Mikado was descended directly from the gods who long ago had come down from heaven; therefore the divine ancestry of their emperor were indignant at this visit of the outside barbarians from America. Some people were already praying that the Divine Breath, as they called the stormy wind, might blow away the ships of the western world and wreck them. Long ago the Mongol Armada, sent by Genghis Khan to invade Japan, had been scattered and wrecked and so they hoped it would now be.

It would be very natural also for turbulent young fellows, trained in sword and spear exercise, to imagine that the best way of getting rid of the foreigners would be to rush at the American leader with naked sword and cut him down. To get courage for their venturesome act they would visit the shrine of some one of the Mikado's ancestors, and after worshiping there attempt their mad deed, expecting to die in the attempt. As to such an effort, Mr. Rai had his suspicions directed towards a certain young man, who was no other than his own nephew, Honda Jiro, who was an expert swordsman. A devoted student of history and of irreproachable character, he was almost fanatical in his devotion to the Mikado. His hatred of foreigners was intense. His idea was that the soil of Japan, because created

first of all the world by the gods, was sacred, and invasion by foreigners was defilement. His own province, Echizen, he believed rose out of the waves by divine command next after the islands of Awaji and Sado. He hated the Yedo rulers for not sufficiently honoring the emperor. He even thought his own prince tardy and lukewarm in zeal. Notwithstanding that his ancestors had been feudal retainers of the house of Echizen for over two hundred years, he severed his allegiance by having his name erased from the muster-roll. He gave up his salary, payable in rice, withdrew from all support, and was now a ronin, that is a "floating" or "wave man," free to go his own way but also obliged to support himself. Concerning this young man, as we have said, Rai Goro had his suspicions.

Arriving near the imperial shrine on the mountain, Mr. Rai, remaining in the deep shadows, descried by the aid of the moonlight a kneeling figure. Gently approaching to within a few steps he recognized him at once as Honda Jiro by his dress and the peculiar glitter of his sword-scabbard lying near. Wishing to be sure of the suppliant's object, he bade his servant wait behind, while he, removing his sandals, moved in his socks to within a few feet without being discovered. Once within easy earshot he heard his prayer repeated over and over. The young man lay prone upon the ground, his lips touching the earth. He then raised his body, resting on his knees and heels, and putting his hands together palm to palm prayed again and again as follows: —

"Reverently I prostrate myself before the holy gods. Cleanse me of fault and defilement. Blow away from me all hindrance to my purpose whether within or without. Avert the calamities that may threaten me, until I accomplish my purpose. Make me a servant of the gods in saving the Holy Country from defilement and in calming the spirits of the emperor's divine ancestry." The prayer ended, the young man rose, thrust his sword into his girdle and his feet into his sandals and was about to move off down the hill. Seeing this, Rai moved out in the graveled path and in full moonlight fronted him.

"Who are you?" asked the youth, as his hand was held over his sword, ready to turn it in the belt and draw.

"Rai Goro, your kinsman," was the answer.

Both bowed, and after salutations and remarks on the beauty of the night and strangeness of meeting, Mr. Rai said: —

"Honda Jiro, I know your purpose and have heard your prayer just offered to the gods. Be wise. Before you can possibly arrive in Yedo, you will be either headed off and thrown into prison or the American ships will have gone away. This is only their preliminary visit. I could command you and have orders to arrest you, but say the word, that you will reconsider your scheme. I do not ask you to give it up entirely, but only to postpone the fulfillment of your vow."

"Try not to move me; do not tempt me, uncle. I will kill the defiler of our holy country."

The two men had walked away from the shrine and were nearer the city. As this last word was spoken they were at a side-path which led down the mountain and to the public road in a direction opposite from Fukui. Breaking away, and darting like an arrow down the path, the athletic youth shouted "Sayonara (farewell)!" and was soon out of sight and hearing and on the high-road with his face set towards the Bay of Yedo. When he reached the boundary line of Echizen he paused and — shall we tell it? — he shed tears. Honda Jiro had never before been outside of his "country," or native province, and to leave it was to excite deep emotion. The native of his day knew no such national patriotism as that felt by the Japanese since 1868. Five days of hard travel found Honda Jiro in the city of Fu-chiu, on the great Eastern Sea Road to Yedo. Here he received positive news that the American ships had left the Bay of Yedo. The admiral's name was Perry; he had left a letter from the *dairi*, or chief magistrate, of the United States of America, and intended to come again next year for an answer. Besides all sorts of ridiculous rumors, these were the only exact facts which Honda could gather.

"Well, Rai Goro was right; but I can wait;" and the would-be slayer of the American commodore rested quietly at the inn of the "Thousand Liberated Cranes wearing the Golden Tags." The name of this inn was a reminiscence of the thousand white cranes which Yoritomo set free at the great peace festival when the wars of the Genji and Héiké were over.

Reaching home at the hour of the Rat (11 o'clock P.M.), Rai Goro, after writing out a report of his evening's inspection for presentation to his lord at the morning's audience, turned to his library for recreation. Knowing that in his excited state of mind, in thinking over Honda's stern purpose, he could not sleep, he took down some volumes of the chronicles of Echizen. He was very fond of local history and loved every square foot of Echizen. Trimming the lamp, made of pith swimming in a saucer of oil and suspended in a square frame covered with paper, he read the story of the early centuries when the young prince of imperial blood lived in Echizen. Even the little hamlet at which the prince stopped to water his horse while hunting still boasts of the honor. In still another, men boast that they are descendants of the dancers who, ages ago, amused the young heir to the throne by their antics. In a pretty village, still resting among the hills to the right of the road from Tsuruga to Fukui, and now famous for its paper-makers, lived this prince. There he fell in love with a pretty maid, who loved him to distraction, and both were happy in each other's society. But one day couriers and high noblemen came from Kyōto to inform the prince that he was now ruler of all Japan and successor to the heavenly line. He rode off with the great train to fill a throne, leaving the maiden broken-hearted. She could not be consoled, but becoming crazed, set out to find him. She followed in his track bearing in her hand a basket of his

favorite flowers, which she had been accustomed to bring him. Wandering away and lost on the mountains, her fellow-villagers pitied and mourned her, and planted a memorial cherry-tree near her house. When, by reason of long age, the house fell to ruins, the site was never rebuilt; and the memorial tree, many times replanted, still bursts out every spring in clouds of bloom.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LIFE OF A RONIN.

FU-CHIU, the city (now called Shidzuoka) which now sheltered the ronin, Honda Jiro, was the capital of Tsuruga, in which Japan's lordly mountain of Fuji overlooks thirteen provinces. The peerless cone casts its shadow at sunrise and sunset on distant peaks, far-off cities, and out over the purple sea. The lofty crest even in July wore a tiny cap of fresh-fallen snow, and during the afternoon an umbrella-shaped white cloud gathered, and presently hooded the crown and cap from view. Thousands of pilgrims annually visited this shapely mass, which out of granite and ashes the Creator had made so beautiful.

Unnumbered legends were told about Fuji and the origin of its name. Had not a hundred generations of poets sung its praise? Had not artists in every form of painting, carving, sculpture, and decoration kept it before the eyes of the people? Modeled in marble, wood, living vegetation, and artificial mound, Fuji lived in echo all over the Mikado's dominions. Hokusai had published his books of drawings of One Hundred Views of Fuji.

Somehow it contrived to get itself talked about all the time. In Chinese form its name is Fuji-san,

or Mount Fuji, and in pure Japanese, Fuji no yama, or the Mountain of Fuji; while barbarians improperly write the name Fusi, pronouncing it as if they were blowing out a candle — phew! There is no such sound in Japanese. There is neither fuel nor fudge in the matter, but all who sound the lordly mountain's name will pronounce it *foo-jee*.

Even in regard to the meaning of the name, what two natives, even scholars, are agreed? Have not tons of "India" ink made in Japan been rubbed, and rolls of paper been smeared with brush-pens, and the earth scratched with sticks, and left-hand palm tickled with deft forefinger uncounted times, to prove that Fuji means "Not Two," "Peerless," "Rich Scholar," and other things, according to the Chinese characters used? In reality, is not the name pre-historic? Was it not given by the Aino aborigines long before writing was known in eastern Japan? Does it not mean "Mother of Fire"?

Like a true Japanese, forgetting for the nonce his fiery purpose, Honda Jiro had the usual literary tilt with a passing acquaintance whom he met in the inn. They were on the matting, and discussing such questions with the mountain right before them, the outdoor picture making, when seen through the open sliding partition, one of those unframed wall-pictures which the Japanese call *kaké-mono*.

Fu-chiu (Central City), at the foot of Fuji (now called Shidzuoka, or Peaceful Slope), lay in a region of tea-plantations. Here the great Iyéyasŭ lived.

In the keep of the castle, of old so high-walled and famous, he once lay as a prisoner, but later came out to be Japan's greatest soldier and statesman. He built Yedo, founded the Tokugawa family, which ruled all Japan from 1604 until 1868, who called themselves tycoons, or great princes, Iyéyasŭ being himself the first of the line. After his wars were over he lived in Fu-chiu from 1610 to 1616, gathering up books and manuscripts so that learning should revive and the scholar might succeed the soldier. Here the Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, and English envoys visited him. Among the latter was Will Adams, the English pilot, after whom a street in the great city of the Bay Door was named and whose grave is on the shores of the Bay of Yedo.

A few miles from Fu-chiu on the mountain of Kuno, stood the ancestral temple of the proud family that ruled all Japan and even overawed the Mikado. On the pagoda and the roofs and cornices of the temple glittered the golden trefoil of asarum leaves set in a circle, which was the family crest or coat-of-arms. Everywhere there were impressive signs of the power of the mighty Tycoon of Yedo; yet it must not be forgotten that at this time, in the eyes of an increasing number of students of history, the Yedo rulers were usurpers. The theory of "two emperors, one spiritual and the other temporal," which foreigners usually accepted was in reality a false one. There were thousands of patriots like Honda Jiro who were burning to see the Tokugawa government overthrown and the Mikado restored to his

ancient, undivided and supreme power. How the gorgeous splendor of the family, which in his eyes oppressed and impoverished the country and insulted the emperor, impressed Honda may be gathered from a letter which he wrote to a friend in Fukui, who was an artist, and politically of like mind with himself. We shall read his missive, remembering that a Japanese begins at the beginning, without preface, and puts all address, date, and signature at the end.

The weather is becoming very hot, the frequent showers and great heat are making the farmers' fields bright and green, and already the new rice is transplanted and is about six inches high.

I trust you will be careful during this season of the "great heat" not to over-study or expose yourself to the sun.

I left Fukui suddenly without being able to say good-by, and set out over the Eastern Sea Road, hoping to accomplish my purpose against the hairy barbarians and defilers of our land of the holy ones; but heaven has spread the net of destiny against me, and held me for the present as helpless as a fly in a spider's web. I wait my further opportunity, for I hear that the barbarians' black ships are to return again next year.

I trust you are keeping up your studies in history as well as in fencing and riding. I shall never forget my last visit to you when I found you in tears over your book. You were weeping over the loss of the imperial power at the hands of the Ashikaga usurpers. Yet the Son of Heaven, our Mikado, suffered not only during the middle ages, but even now is insulted and degraded by the treachery of wicked rulers in Yedo. I think Rai Sanyo's "External History" is a wonderful book and is steadily educating the samurai of Japan to their duty.

I have no doubt that the cowards at Yedo will truckle with the American barbarians, and make a treaty with them and allow them to trade instead of driving them off. We are well able to defy them. When was the sword of Japan unable to cope with enemies? I predict that, if a treaty is made, thousands of samurai will become ronin, and the cry of "Drive out the barbarians!" will be raised all over the country.

On my journey here, almost as soon as my foot touched the East Sea Road I was so fortunate as to meet a samurai who was journeying eastward. I found he was no less than Ban Saburo, a relative of the great historian whose books we are all reading. I was overjoyed at the honor of being allowed to travel with him. We had a delightful time in comparing notes. He is full of hatred to Tokugawa and the counterfeit government at Yedo, and is on fire with reverence to the Mikado.

One adventure I must tell you about, to show that opportunities for gratifying our hatred of Tokugawa and of honoring the Mikado are not wanting. We passed a Buddhist temple a day or two ago in which was a beautifully carved wooden statue of Ashikaga the Third, who lived, you remember, nearly five hundred years ago, and accepted the hateful title of "king" from China, thus insulting our Mikado. Ban, happening to see it, and finding no one near, drew his sword and sliced the face of the wooden image, leaving only an oval of whitish pine instead of a visage. He then spat upon the wooden face and pitched it into a hole near by.

Yesterday we walked up the mountain and visited Kuno temple; there we were closely watched, for one of the priests overheard Ban imprudently say: —

"Ah, nest of robbers! Look at all this splendor and extravagance! The Tokugawas press out the fat and blood of the provinces to build such palaces as these."

On coming out he saw at some distance from the temple a stone lantern with the golden trefoil of asarum leaves

carved over it. Tumbling it over with a push, he jumped and stamped on the crest with delight and rubbed off the gold with a rough stone.

I have found that my companion is not very wise, and is even more radical than I am. We shall have to leave Fu-chiu to-day, as the officers will get word of the insult to the Tokugawa crest and be after us as the offenders. From here we shall visit Kamakura, the cursed place where Yoritomo and the first usurpers of the Mikado's power fixed their seat of government, and where the Genji, Hojo, and Ashikaga lines held power. We shall worship at the shrine of Nitta, that brave and loyal soul who shed the blood of his loyal heart for the emperor near our native city of Fukui. Please lay a fresh flower on his tomb for me when you again visit it, as I know you do weekly. While persevering in your art studies do not forget the reading of histories such as Mito's and Rai Sanyo's.

From HONDA JIRO, Fu-chiu, Tsuruga.
To OIWA SAMRO, Fukui, Echizen.
Ka-yéi, 5th year, 6th month, 5th day.
Inn of the Thousand Cranes with Golden Tags.

Three days' leisurely travel brought them to the famous hot springs in a pretty hamlet in the heart of the Hakoné mountains, named "Beneath the Shrine (Miyanoshita)." Here they rested two days, amusing themselves by enjoying the baths, in reading the adventures of two pedestrian travelers, in a funny book entitled "Shank's Mare on the Eastern Sea Road," and in visiting the famous places near by. In one of their excursions they came to a cave which was a resort of pilgrims and very sacred in the eyes of the people.

"Let us go in and see what the boors find to feed their superstition," said Ban.

"Only a Buddha, I presume," said Honda, who, as he entered, saw in the twilight what he supposed to be only one of the common images of the infant Buddha and his mother.

"Not so!" roared Ban, seeming livid with rage, and looking round as if for a missile.

"What's the matter?" cried Honda, surprised.

"Kirishitan! Kirishitan! Look at it again. See! It's Yasu and his mother!" angrily answered Ban as he picked up a rock and hurled it at the image, knocking it over.

"Wait till I examine it!" cried Honda, as Ban was about to throw the heavy stone against it to break off the head of the fallen image.

"Don't you see? Look again at that, and that!"

True enough, it was an image of the Virgin Mary and the child Jesus copied from some European model, but done by a native stone-cutter. In a word, it was a relic of the seventeenth century, when the Portuguese Roman Catholic missionaries traversed Japan, and thousands of churches, under the sign of the cross, gathered multitudes at the altar to pray through the Virgin's intercession to Christ and the Father. Either hurried away into the cave for safety during times of persecution, or chiseled especially for this secret place of worship, the image had stood until the last Christian had gone into exile or died; and the forgotten image was mistaken by native Buddhists for an idol of the Buddha and his mother.

Honda saw that the cross-shaped halos on the

head, the carved heart with blazing fire visible on the outside of the mother's breast, and some minor details were rather un-Japanese. He had not much time to look, for Ban, in fiery rage, rapidly demolished it and stamped the pieces into the earth.

"How wonderful it seems," said Ban, "that the Jesus superstition, the worship of a criminal God, lingers so long in the honorable country! Even yet, at Osaka, but more especially around Nagasaki, there are, as I suspect, hundreds of farmers who follow the European superstition."

"What! Why, I thought the corrupt sect was stamped out long ago! The Buddhists in Echizen have long since, even in my grandfather's day, given up their annual visitation of families to see if any Kirishitans remained. In Tsuruga, where, as I am told, there were more believers in Yasu, it is now only a mere form."

"Well, it ought to be kept up yet as it is near Nagasaki, where they still observe the custom of *fumi-yé* (cross-trampling)."

"Fumi-yé — what is that?" asked Honda.

"Never had it in Echizen? Well, a copper plate with a figure of the Kirishitan criminal god Yasu on the cross, the sign of the wicked religion, is set into the ground, and every man, woman, and child in the villages is compelled to walk over and trample upon it. Any one objecting or not vigorously stamping it is arrested and tried for treason."

"And this custom is still kept up?"

"Yes. I saw it performed when at Nagasaki two years ago."

"Did any one flinch?"

"None that I saw; but in previous years, when some of the same Kirishitan sect from Corea fled to our country, a number of the people refused to tread on the plate and were imprisoned. I have heard also that lately some of the villagers near the city avoid going under the Shintō temple gates, which is not a good sign."

Emerging from the cave, the two travelers returned to their inn, paid their bills, and set out over the Hakoné mountains for Kamakura. Here they spent a day visiting the renowned shrines and temples, especially that of Hachiman, the tombs of Yoritomo and other heroes, and in looking at the historical relics preserved in the museum. Among these were a Héiké red banner made of bamboo thread, a war-coat of Yoritomo, a drum belonging to Nitta, besides masks, carvings, and weapons. They also studied carefully the strategic position of the place which for nearly four hundred years had been a great city, and the chief seat of military power in Japan. Honda's eyes danced with delight and his heart was full as he traced the path of his hero Nitta's valor, and walked over the ground on which he had once stood, when in the year 1333 A.D., as a loyal soldier of the Mikado, fighting to restore the Mikado to supreme rights and power, he had stormed Kamakura and captured it from the Hojo usurpers. On the night before the attack, when the fortified hills and cliffs at the point of land called Inamura Saki and the fleets of war-junks on the water seemed to

mean defeat, he climbed the cliff and, invoking the sea-god Kompira, flung his sword into the sea. The next morning the tide receded and left a dry space on the sands, and Nitta and his army marched forward, and after prodigies of valor captured the city and burned it. The most splendid architecture and treasures of art disappeared in smoke and ashes and the glory of the Hojo was a dream of the past. Rice-fields now cover what were once wide streets thickly built up and the village is only a shadowy fragment of former glory. The great bronze image of Buddha fifty feet high, unmoved by fire, lightning, typhoon, or tidal wave or war, still rises serenely over the landscape. Where spear and arrow makers lived, and sword-forgers and armorers dwelt by hundreds, are now only peaceable farmers. The hawk and crow flew over the ruins of gateways whence had issued lords and ladies, the processional splendors of feudalism, the smart hawking parties with relays of falcons, or the great train of hunters which Yoritomo led to the side of Mount Fuji to afford to his warriors in peace the discipline and excitement of war.

The two travelers on the way to Kamakura had also spent some hours at the lovely island of Enoshima, entering the cavern of Benten, feeing the fisher-boys who dived for coins and haliotis shells, and enjoying the superb scenery. At the inn of Kamakura, Ban read from a book which he found in the house — a book, by the way, which had on it the stamp in red ink of the famous old library which

once, centuries ago in the times of the Ashikaga tycoons, existed in the place — the story of Benten, and "The Birth out of the Sea of the Beautiful Island."

CHAPTER XV.

FROM KAMAKURA TO YEDO.

SINCE the year 1192 Japan may be said to have had two *kio*, or capitals, one in the east and one in the west. In the western city of Kyōto were the emperor and the throne; in the eastern city the general and the camp. In one were honor and dignity; in the other, sword and purse. The empire was divided into East and West, the division line being at the barrier gate of Zézé, a little town at the foot of Lake Biwa.

The eastern cities were, successively, Kamakura, Odawara, and Yedo. Yet none of these head-quarters of government on the Gulf of Yedo was ever called To-Kio, or eastern capital, but only To-do, or eastern city.

Our two pedestrians, setting out from Kamakura to Yedo, made a two days' trip of it, because time was of no special value, and besides they wanted to enjoy the scenery. Clocks and watches had not yet come into fashion, and the common people had no familiar word for any period less than an hour.

At noon of the first day they lunched at a village on the hill from which they could overlook many leagues of blue sea.

"This is the fir-tree under which our great painter

Longslope sat to paint this sky and land and water picture," said Ban.

"I do not wonder that he threw away his brush in despair, so that this tree is called 'Throw-away-the-Pencil Pine," said Honda. "No drawings or color do it justice."

Far away on the golden rim of the horizon rose the glorious blue mass of the mighty island Oshima. The tops of the white swelling sails of junks emerged from the world below to move up the bay to Yedo. Hundreds of vessels laden with southern produce bent their large, square sails of matting to the breeze. Far beneath in the crawling waves near the shore the fisher-folk gathered sea-weed. The salt-makers, mostly merry girls with skirts tucked up and each with a pair of buckets slung on a neck-yoke, rushed out into the water. Gayly singing they scooped up the brine and dexterously showered it over the evaporating beds of hot sand. Fishermen out in their boats flecking the blue, millions of rice-fields checkering the leveled and irrigated soil, temples with sweeping recurved roofs and white gables, pagodas peeping amid the evergreens, and many another sign of human art and industry made a beautiful landscape, over which towered the lordly mountain to which the lesser chains of hills seemed to do homage.

Evening with its purple shadows and opal tints brought them to a miserable little village of farmers and fishermen, named Chestnut Beach (Kurihama). Probably six hundred persons lived on the flat land

at the base of a line of bluffs. The long wooden house with its peaked roofs, erected by the Yedo government for the reception of President Fillmore's letter at the hands of Commodore Perry, was still standing. Compared with the straw-thatched cottages of bamboo plastered with mud, it appeared like a palace amid shanties.

"It looks like a fox's tea-bag [large mushroom] beside a row of little toadstools, does n't it?" said Honda.

"Yes; how I should like to burn it to-night!" said Ban. "But I suppose we should be in a trap, for the place has a guard, I see."

True indeed, for all around the new building, made of unpainted wood, but a work of fine carpentering, there was stretched a purple curtain of bunting about six feet high. By the large white crests or coats-of-arms having the design of the moon floating on silvery waves, Honda saw that the officers in charge and the men temporarily on guard belonged to the southern clan of Kuroda. This particular kind of curtain signified government property and business. The crests or armorial bearings might, at a distance from shipboard, look like the port-holes or embrasures of a fortification. At first the Americans thought that the Japanese, as was alleged of the Chinese, built canvas forts to scare off enemies. As this military curtain was from ancient times the sign of military occupation or business, the government of Yedo, or the camp, was called the *bakufu*, or curtain government.

"We should be safer to let such wild schemes alone, friend Ban," said Honda; "and if we want to overthrow the bakufu and restore our Mikado to his ancient power, we must have more patience."

"You are right, comrade. And now, what say you to a moonlight sail to Kanagawa?"

The plan was a welcome one, for it was the night for full moon. After an hour's ride over the silvery waves and past Yokohama, then an obscure hamlet, rest was enjoyed in Kanagawa at the inn of "The Crystal and the Dragon."

Instead of going to bed, the bed came to them. The rosy-cheeked maids opened a cuddy, rolled out the padded quilts which served for mattresses, laid on them the wrappers or coat-like coverlets, and then prepared the pillows. These were blocks of wood shaped like bricks. They stood on edge with a groove on the top large enough to fit a fair-sized Bologna sausage. The bolster was a little muslin bag stuffed with rice-chaff and fitting into the groove. Around this the maids rolled a clean sheet of white mulberry-bark paper, and tying it on the block by the string running through the hole in the center of the wood, there was, presto! a clean pillow-case. On this pillow the Japanese gentleman with a top-knot, and the lady with carefully built hair-architecture, could rest two or three inches of skull and save their hair-dressing, so that once a week was enough to submit to the barber. After a hot bath and good-night the paper sliding screens were drawn and the two gentlemen lay down to sleep, Honda to rest

dreamlessly, but Ban to dream of riding on a dragon's back over the top of Fuji San, and of falling off and into his father's garden-hedge near Kyōto. Waking up he found his head off the pillow. Replacing it on the little bolster, he slept soundly till morning.

After a breakfast of tea, rice, black beans, and broiled fish well flavored with soy, they stepped out on the Tokaido. Not far from the inn they passed the supposed grave of the Japanese Rip Van Winkle. Every child within the four seas of Nippon knows the story. A fisher-boy named Urashima Taro once went out to fish alone on the ocean. During three days and nights he caught nothing, but while wet and hungry he caught a turtle, which begged for its life. Hungry as he was, Taro did not kill it, but laid it in the bottom of the boat and fell asleep. The turtle then changed itself into a lovely maiden, and when Taro awoke he instantly fell in love with her, though afraid to tell her so. She told him she was the daughter of the king of the world under the sea, and if he would vow to take her as his wife she would take him to her father's palace, feast him, give him all joys and comforts, and always be faithful to him. She told him to close his eyes. When he opened them he was in a world of dazzling beauty, full of gold, silver, coral, gems, and things unspeakably beautiful. He sat down to a splendid banquet with the lords and ladies of the beautiful palace, and there were dancing and music.

Taro so far forgot his own country and people

that he lived in constant pleasure during three years. At the end of that time he wanted to visit his old parents. The princess, his wife, gave him a box and charged him never to open it, but when he wanted to come back to her to hold it and wish himself with her again. Getting into his boat once more he shut his eyes, and when he opened them he was near his native village. He stepped ashore, but he knew none of the people nor did they know him. The children laughed and the dogs barked at him. Inquiring of an old man where the family of Urashima dwelt, the aged villager replied, "What a strange question! Whence do you come? I have indeed heard from old people that seven generations ago a family named Urashima did live in this village. Their son sailed out to sea alone and never came back; but that was three hundred years now gone. Their house crumbled to pieces long ago."

At this Taro felt sick and unutterably lonely. He went out to the village graveyard to look at the moss-covered stones set over the ashes of the dead. There he brooded for days over his disappointment, thinking of his sweet princess in the under-sea world, but forgetful of her orders he opened the casket. Only a purple vapor floated out; but instantly Taro felt the stiffness of old age, his hair became as white as snow, and after a few hours of decrepitude and wretchedness he fell dead.

"What is Urashima's grave doing here?" asked Honda. "As they tell the story in my province, the fisher-boy was a native of Tango, whose prom-

ontory on fair days we see just west of us. I've often looked at the place. It is near the Bridge of Heaven."

"The Bridge of Heaven! What do you mean?"

"Oh, the floating Bridge of Heaven, on which Izanagi, the first god, stood when he looked down on chaos, and stirring it up with his jeweled spear, created the earth. Afterwards the bridge fell down, and it still lies off Tango."

"Oh, yes, of course," said Ban. "I remember it is the great line of narrow rocks running out into the sea, and one of the three greatest natural wonders in all the empire. But as for Urashima, the tradition goes that he was a native of the province of Musashi."

"Oh, then it is a local tradition, like our rivers which do not have one name all along their course, but are known by different names to the people who live along their banks."

"Yes; the story goes that when coming up in Tango from the under-world he set out eastwards to the home of his parents in this village, and at the Hakoné Mountains opened the forbidden box, hobbled to this place, and here fell down dead."

"Well, our artists and bronze-smiths seem never to tire of picturing him."

Passing on, Honda noticed that nearly every man at work in the houses or fields, or traveling, had the skirts of his coat tucked up behind into his girdle, and he spoke of it to his companion.

"Oh, yes; that is the Adzuma fashion. You will

now see many curious eastern customs and hear many eastern expressions. Did you know that people here call the American foreigners 'eastern men,' or 'Chinese'? It is curious, since the Americans come from the far west; but I suppose that to the common folks all foreigners look alike, just because they are not Japanese."

"I shall be a Yedo man to-day," said Honda. "This is my first visit, and I shall feel like a boor from the rice-fields in the great city. I have heard there are sharpers who take in the green fellows from the provinces. I wonder if I shall find it true, as the proverb says, 'There are boors even in the capital.'"

"Capital!" roared Ban, glaring at the speaker. "Don't call Yedo the capital, even in jest. Yes; you must look sharp for gamblers and thieves especially."

The great To-kai-do, or Eastern Sea Road, was gay with ten thousand travelers. They met two long trains of daimiōs coming from Yedo, and had to wait each time until the tedious procession passed; for to hurry past one made one liable to insult or even arrest, while for a common person to cross the line was sure death. The led-horses, palanquins, umbrellas, baggage-boxes, gentlemen on horse and foot, and long lines of retainers and porters made waiting tedious. Contrasting frightfully with all this glitter and shine were the foul and leprous beggars at the place called "Rows of Trees." These filthy creatures lived in abject misery in straw huts in the

meadows at the side of the road, in both winter and summer. They were importunate in their cries for "*chabu, chabu,*" a low word for "grub," or food.

At River Point they turned aside to enjoy the splendid carvings of dragons, flowers, and birds in a shower, in one of the temples, and crossing the river in a scow were soon within sight of the long, straggling suburbs of the great city, and in front of the execution-ground. This was on the left-hand side of the road, an oblong embankment of earth containing in the center a *chi-tama*, or blood-pit, at the edge of which the victim to be decapitated knelt, the swordsman standing behind him. A beam of wood set upon two uprights constituted the pillory, on which the heads were exposed, the trunk being usually covered up in a straw bag. Executions were of almost daily occurrence at this field of blood, though there were others also on the great highways leading into Yedo. Sometimes a row of top-knotted heads lined the pillory. Set on a bed of freshly mixed clay, they remained publicly exposed during a period of from one to three days. The old codes of law based on those of China, and in force for nearly a thousand years in Japan, prescribed death by the sword for no fewer than two hundred and fifty offences.

On this day in July, 1853, there had been an execution early in the afternoon, as the shallow pit shining red in the sun, the fresh clay crimsoned with bloody ooze, and the single head exposed, which was that of a man of about fifty-five, too plainly showed. There were several little children playing

near by, apparently oblivious of anything horrible. A group of four or five passers stood reading the inscription on a board tacked on the pillory.

"Who is he?" asked Honda of a by-stander.

"A joker," answered the man addressed, with a heartless laugh.

"A joker!" replied Honda testily, for he imagined that he was being taken for a countryman and that the fellow was making game of him.

"Why, yes; every easterner, as I suppose, has heard how the rich merchant, Mr. Middlefield, made money by secretly trading with the American barbarians, and how at a dinner to celebrate his gains he boasted that the American fleet had been his ship of good fortune."

"Is it possible?" asked Honda. "When was he found out?"

"Well, he was arrested and thrown into prison as soon as the eye-appliers [spies] heard of his joke. He was tried yesterday, sentenced this morning, and had his head laid on a clay pillow about Horse time (1 P. M.) this afternoon."

"Trade with the hairy foreigners will not become popular at this rate," laughed Honda.

"Served the old coin-counter right," said Ban. "These men of the ink-pot and ledger need to be taught such lessons. But come, let us get into Yedo before the gates close."

Through the long, rambling suburbs of Shinagawa they made their way, and passing through the densely crowded streets of Yedo, moved on till near the foot of the Kudan, or Hill of Nine Steps.

"We 'll put up at the inn of the Big Gold-fish," said Ban.

"Good name, that! Did the proprietor select it from the title of Bakin's famous novel? I read his 'Biography of a Gold-fish' last summer."

"No; the name is more matter-of-fact than the heroine of our novelist, who, you remember, was a pretty girl whose filial piety made her a paragon. You will see when you look into the water of the castle moat to-morrow gold-fishes larger than elsewhere in Japan. The tea-house is named after an actual fish with fins and scales."

"Very good; but are you not afraid to go under the very knee of the lord of Yedo? The inn is near the very gate of his castle."

"Not at all," answered his comrade; "I shall act on the principle of the proverbs, 'It is dark at the lantern's base,' and 'While the hunter looks afar, the bird starts up at his feet.' Here in the crowded city I shall be unknown, and as hard to find as 'one hair of nine oxen.'"

There was a strange sound in Honda's ears as he lay early down to sleep, tired after his long walk. It was the hum and stir of the great city of a million souls. It being a moonlight night, thousands of people crowded the larger streets where all sorts of venders displayed their wares, and the total effect of the countless voices and noises was that of a prolonged hum. Fortunately "the flower of Yedo" did not bloom that night; or, in plain prose, there was no conflagration to disturb their sleep, though the watchman's hourly cry was, "Look out for fire!"

CHAPTER XVI.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BIG GOLD-FISH.

THE quarter of great Yedo in which Honda Jiro was lodging was at the base of the highland at the north of the castle enclosure. This plateau is called Suruga Dai, or the table of Suruga, because one seemed to be in that province while looking at Mount Fuji, as if it were set on a table near by. A few steps from the inn took one up to the highland, where the glorious mountain stood revealed from base to crown. The moats, walls, ramparts, drawbridges, and towers of the castle extended to this quarter of the city, forming the extreme north-western angle of the circuit. Two great double gateways with their ponderous iron-banded, rivet-studded gates, copper-clad towers, and named respectively the Pheasant and Pure Water gates, were within sight. The high, grassy counterscarp, the parapet of gray stone masonry, and the white rampart of plaster and tiling were mirrored in threefold richness of color in the deep moat of fresh running water. Here in the crystal depths swam, unharmed, hundreds of huge silver and golden carp, many of them two feet long. Farther round to the west, where the water was shallower, millions of wild fowl of various species enjoyed summer sunshine in the lotus-beds or

on the tree-roosts, and in the winter over-populated the region, fearing neither gun of fowler nor the stone of the small boy. The municipal law, enforced with a death penalty, forbade the firing of a gun in the open air within ten miles of the center of the great castle, whose citadel and intricate lines of wall and moat covered a space several leagues square. With arrow, bird-lime, snare, or falcon the fowler must go beyond city limits for his game.

Our travelers were awakened on their first morning by sounds that showed how strong were the probabilities of war with the Americans. On a lot only a few streets away a cannon foundry had been erected, and the heavy reports during the day showed that the bronze field-pieces and siege-guns were being tested. Even before they had their breakfast the sound of matchlock and musket-firing showed that in nearly every clan head-quarters target-shooting was going on. Every one of the few learned men who could read Dutch was busy in translating military books on gunnery and fortification. In scores of places groups of men were busy with mud and trowels, making mimic forts, field-works, or rifle-pits, and mounting them with toy cannon or bamboo tubes. This was the work of the progressive or modern men under a few teachers. The majority of clansmen, reared in old-fashioned ideas, still believed in the divine sword, the soul of the samurai, and in wearing armor. These exercised themselves in helmet and cuirass, on horseback or on foot. They practiced with wooden swords or

bamboo spears, or shot arrows at targets until they felt themselves invincible.

There were some who clearly foresaw that the "barbarians" must be fought with their own weapons; but how to get the weapons was the question. They were clearly of the opinion that in folly it was a painful illustration of the old proverb, "On seeing the enemy, to sharpen arrows." Since, however, they could not at once buy ships, guns, and arms equal to those of the Americans, and instantly train men to use them, their next best thing was to study European books. Influence was brought upon the government to release from prison Égawa, a man who had been arrested for learning of the Dutch at Nagasaki how to make and use firearms. By a decree which allowed further concessions to the advocates of progress, an office was opened "for the examination of barbarian books." This was the tiny germ of the present magnificent Imperial University of Tōkyō.

"How my uncle Rai Goro will rejoice when he hears of this patronage of the Dutch language by the curtain government! He imagines also that the counterfeit dynasty of Tokugawa can save the country, but I don't," said Honda.

"Nor I," said Ban. "Tokugawa is a nest of robbers like that of the Buddhist priests that used to kill and rob their dupes in the name of salvation on this very ground."

"What! how?" asked Honda.

"Why! my Echizen friend, have you never heard

the story of the golden lotus into which a man went after paying a fat fee to the priests? He came out a common corpse to the ordinary eye, but a *hotoké* (saint in paradise) according to the certificate of the bonzes."

"Why, what a good story! Pray, tell it to your rustic friend."

"Well," said Ban, "I used to go to school here in Yedo, and many a time I have heard the legend from old men who lived near by. You see right across the moat, west of the mansion of the Hitotsubashi family, there was long ago a great meadow called Go-ji, which the bonzes bought and on it erected a gorgeous temple. In the main hall a cunning workman built for them a golden lotus six feet high. The petals were of great bent plates of gilded copper, as heavy and powerful in their closing as the scales of a dragon. The flower, which is the symbol of deity and eternal peace of Nirvana, was worked by ingenious machinery so as to open and shut. The bonzes wished to get money enough to buy a vast estate, and by enriching themselves and the temple make it the most famous in Yedo. They hit upon the plan of persuading pious old people who were wealthy that this lotus was the gateway to Nirvana. By sitting in a praying position inside the lotus and calling continually on holy Buddha, the lotus-flower would by divine power close its petals upon them, and, instead of pain and death, sleep and translation into paradise would be theirs. Amid the chantings of the holy writings by the

bonzes robed in their full canonicals, clouds of incense, bursts of music, and enthusiasm of the spectators, many an old man and woman went to glory in this way. The money and the possessions of the victims accrued to the priests, so that their purchased land soon made a large red spot on the map of Yedo."

"True enough," interrupted Honda, who had the day before bought an old map which he was now comparing with a new one he had borrowed from the landlord. "The red spaces which show the ground belonging to the Buddhist temples even yet take up a large part of Yedo; but what became of the bonzes and temple, for I see no red on the spot you name?"

"The thing was overdone, and the government, listening to those having suspicions, ordered an investigation. It was found that the victim on the calyx of the lotus, as soon as the flower was closed, was lowered into a copper air-tight cylinder full of carbonic-acid gas. After quick death not only were his limbs, but even his face was smoothed out and given a hotoké look. The lotus-flower was then opened, the saint restored to his friends, or carried at once to his barrel-coffin. The bonzes wrote his posthumous saintly name, and the funeral was usually very gorgeous. Of course no poor man could thus be sent to glory. 'Even the tortures are graded according to the amount of money one can pay,' as the proverb has it, when priests have charge of the hereafter. The government made short work of the fraud, beheaded most of the priests, and destroyed the temple. For a generation or two the land has been given up to foxes and badgers."

"So you think the Tokugawas, like the priests of Go-ji-ga-hara, invite our nation to settle into peace, when in reality they would destroy it."

"Yes, that is it; but listen — Some one downstairs is inquiring for us."

In a moment more a maid announced two visitors, who, being introduced, forthwith all present fell on all fours, with palms and knees and foreheads on the matting. Mutual announcement of names, inquiries after health, compliments, and polite sucking in of the breath followed. In brief, the elder of the visitors was a learned scholar, Okuma Éi, versed in Chinese, Dutch, and French, and the younger his sometime pupil, Nogé Toro.

Polite commonplaces over, Ban inquired of Okuma the news.

"Consider us genuine boors who have not even learned to tuck up our coat-tails in our girdles, after the manner of Adzuma men; for my friend here has never been in Yedo, and I not for two years. What good thing have you last done for the honorable country?"

"The government has voted to buy a modern man-of-war built in European style."

"Wonderful! A steamer, and will purchase it of the Dutch?"

"Yes; but I have petitioned to have some of our countrymen go out to Europe to negotiate for it, learn how to work the machinery, get experience in navigation and engineering, and find out a good deal of the world in coming and going."

"Noble thought, wise teacher; do you think your ideas will be officially approved?"

"I fear not. It is not much encouragement to a patriot to know that, if he suggest anything novel that is not accepted, he must commit suicide by cutting himself open."

This was indeed the general law. All innovation was stoutly discouraged by a policy that had benumbed the Japanese intellect and kept the country in the stupor of unprogressive routine for over two centuries. Many a Japanese thinker who saw the weakness and danger besetting his country had first to write out his opinions and then commit hara-kiri. Only then, as a rule, were the reforms suggested attended to.

"Honored teacher," said Ban solemnly, "if your proposal is rejected, you have to die in thus attempting to benefit the divine country; then will the blood of the one who condemns you to death be as the tea in this tea-cup" — at that moment emptying the vessel and turning it upside down.

"Hush! you know the walls have ears," said Honda.

"I say it again, Honda Jiro — if my honored teacher must die, there will be two graves instead of one."

Nor was the threat of the young man an empty boast born of hasty impulse. Though they were far from agreeing as to the exact course to pursue, the four samurai here gathered together were at heart one in intense love of country, even though the

patriotism of Honda was of rather a narrow sort. They were a few of the not numerous, but devoted, patriots in Yedo who felt that the only way to meet the foreigner was to equal him in character, weapons, and determination. None was more truly unselfish and courageous than Ban. He hated the bakufu with a righteous hatred because it had again and again suppressed the truth which his relative dared to publish. It had imprisoned upright men for no other crime than for writing good books and making maps. It was equal again to beheading noble patriots who counted their life less than nothing for love of truth. The philosophy of life to an educated Japanese is as noble as was that of the Stoic. Show him his place in the line of duty, and he holds himself and his life as but dirt in comparison to his ambition to fulfill his obligation.

An hour or more was spent in conversation, and the party broke up, believing it to be best, under the circumstances, to separate. Let us see how they spent the following six months.

Ban, besides being present at every secret gathering of patriots opposed to the bakufu, and eager at every hazard to destroy it and restore the Mikado to ancient monarchy, entered a fencing-school under one of the first masters of the art in Yedo. His faith lay in the sword. He practiced every possible sweep, cut and thrust, front and back, up and down, forward and backward. In those days, of the nearly two million people of the privileged classes, the men — that is, all the samurai — habitually wore two

swords. Thousands of the common people at night, or on journeys, also carried one sword. It is no wonder, then, that many of these swordsmen itched to flesh their weapons and stain them with real blood. The dogs that ran ownerless, numerous in every town and city, furnished tempting objects, and these were well utilized. To see them minus one ear, or a tail, or gashed in face, flank, or limb, was no uncommon sight — to say nothing of those cloven asunder in skull or severed in twain by single blows of the keen blades. Until taxed and owned, the dogs led a life level with the proverbs about them. One favorite game was the "dog-chasing affair," it being archery on horseback, in which the riders, dressed in picturesque costume of leopard-skin aprons and gay silk tunics, chased a dog around an enclosure. They made a target of the animal, which limping, confused, or killed with blunt arrows furnished them with sport. In too many cases, when dogs were lacking, the gentlemanly ruffians took human life, and the unburied carcass that for hours defiled the streets was that of a man.

As for Honda Jiro, he too attended fencing-school and practiced spear exercise, adding the accomplishments of rushing suddenly and drawing sword on the full run, and cutting an orange set on a post, or by backward sweep smiting off a flower from a bush. He had been told that Americans were tall, and so he trained himself to lunge and sweep at objects above his head. He went down frequently to see the crowds of laborers building forts in the bay near

the city. In spite of himself, being an eager student, he became interested in the study of Dutch, with the desire of learning how it came to pass that the European was so far ahead of the Japanese in military science. Okuma, the learned teacher, gave him a start by teaching him the alphabet and a few pages of a little school geography, and the privilege of transcribing a small Dutch dictionary. With a perseverance worthy of a samurai Honda actually copied out with pen and ink every one of the four hundred pages of the fat duodecimo and committed to memory hundreds of the most important words. He thus gained in six months considerable knowledge of the Holland language, though his pronunciation would have shocked even an African Dutchman.

He took his amusement, not in the tea-houses, drinking-places, or theaters, but in studying the endless variety of street characters, the country folk, the parades, festival celebrations and processions at the daimiōs', as they came into the city from all quarters of the empire. Etiquette and pride required each of these noblemen, according to his rank, to make his full show of horses, palanquins, state umbrellas, baggage-boxes, and all the paraphernalia of feudal display. On the road, while traveling, a daimiō might, for economy's sake, get along with only a few followers, since paying the hotel bills of so many retainers was an onerous burden; but once in Yedo, the full quota was a necessity, with disgrace or punishment as an alternative. Hence — as Honda Jiro soon found — there

were dealers whose stock-in-trade was empty trunks, parade ornaments, ceremonial uniforms, and men to be hired. He soon learned to recognize the same faces, the same bare legs and top-knots, the same clothes, and the identical trumpery turning up, day after day, in different processions entering Yedo from various points of the compass. The daimiō might be from Yezo or Kiushiu, but the same faces and legs and top-knots reappeared under the different coats marked with the varying coat-of-arms.

Having bought a book on heraldry, a pocket dictionary of the feudal nobility, he was able at once to recognize the train of any one of the three hundred or more province rulers or petty vassals of the lord of Yedo, the Tycoon.

Of the other two friends, teacher and pupil, the former kept busy at books, waiting to see whether his proposition to the government to send Japanese to Europe to buy a man-of-war ship and to learn western civilization should be approved. He had not long to wait; for although the authorities vetoed his suggestion, yet it was in the form of substantial victory for him. The law of Iyéyasŭ, passed in 1609, forbidding the building of seaworthy ships or any craft holding over twenty-five hundred bushels, thus allowing only small coasting-junks to be constructed, was repealed. The daimiōs were given permission to build war-ships, which were to fly the feudal flag or pennant of the clan at the foremast, and the national flag of Japan, a red sun on a white ground, at the peak or mainmast. This was really

the origin of the sun-flag as a national emblem, though it had long been in use in an irregular way. The military scholar, Égawa, who had learned gunnery from the Dutch at Nagasaki, was released from prison and made instructor in musketry.

All this was so different from the treatment which other proposers of new things had received — imprisonment, hara-kiri, exile, and decapitation — that the teacher, being a man of sanguine temperament, began to hope that the Yedo government had come into new light, and that a new era was about to dawn at once on Japan. Alas! no. "The rat-catching cat hides its claws." The poor scholar was as a mouse under the playful strokes of the cat's velvet paws. As for his pupil, Nogé Toro, he heard early in the opening of autumn that a ship flying the double-eagle flag of Russia was at Nagasaki. Thereupon, without saying a word to a soul, he dropped his books, and packing his traveling-basket, called on his teacher to say good-by. His home was in Chōshiu, not many scores of miles from Nagasaki.

"So you are going to visit Nagasaki also, are you?" asked the teacher, who knew that night and day for months his pupil had pondered and dreamed of voyaging to the great world of Europe.

"Yes; but do not let any one know it. I shall visit my home."

"Ah! yes; here is a little *shinjo* [gift] and here is a farewell stanza," said his teacher, as he thrust a package of oval gold coins and a piece of poetry into his pupil's sleeve.

Sayonara (farewell) being said, Nogé Toro was off. After seventeen days' journey, partly by land and partly by water, the tired pilgrim reached Nagasaki to find the Russian vessel gone. Nothing daunted, the pedestrian tramped back to Yedo in order to be present when the American ships should return. In Yedo he learned that a shipwrecked fellow-countryman, brought from the Sandwich Islands by an American sea-captain, had been at his own request put into a whale-boat off the coast of Japan and had reached his native province. The government ordered him to Yedo to serve as interpreter. To see this man and find out about America was now Nogé Toro's aim. To get at him, however, was impossible, as the spies were incessantly vigilant, day and night, in keeping isolated this rare specimen of the Japanese who had seen the outside world.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN OBJECT LESSON IN WESTERN CIVILIZATION.

A VICTORY of peace celebrated with the splendors of war! Many a time in Japan's history has this happened. The pageantry of arms has been summoned to celebrate the return of peace after long battle and bloodshed. The glory of costume, the long procession of warriors with weapons and armor, and the massing of fleets have mingled with the imagery and symbolism of peace. Such festivals have been celebrated at famous places and in great cities, by Yoritomo and Taiko and Iyéyasŭ; but the spectacle of the ninth day of the third moon of Anséi (March 8, 1854) was at a place almost unknown to the Japanese, except to the farmers and fishermen whose thatched cottages stood there. In this tableau the old and the new mingled their glories. The obscure place, now made the scene of splendor and destined to become a mighty city and the school of a new civilization, was Yokohama.

Land and water were combined to make the theater. Out in the bay, yet but a few hundred yards from the strand, were ranged broadside to the shore the ten war-vessels flying "the flag of the flowery field." The steam frigates, three of the squadron, — the Susquehanna, Powhatan, and Mississippi, — were

the finest war-vessels then in the world. The Vandalia, Macedonian, and Lexington were stately frigates. The Lexington, Southampton, and Supply were store-ships. They were ranged in crescent form, the flag-ship in the center. They had their port-holes open and guns run out. How clear their decks, shining their equipment, firm their spars, stately their forms, and graceful their lines! "Could the men who built such ships be barbarians?" asked many a thoughtful Japanese.

Out beyond, towards the blue mountain-lined shore of Kadzusa, was a longer crescent of Japanese spy and guard boats, all flying gay flags, pennants, and streamers, and with long bushy tassels like horse-tails pendent from their prows. These were intended to keep off the inquisitive hermits of a hermit nation from communicating with the American "barbarians." Coming into and through the line of boats was a long, stately, and double-decked barge towed by a half-dozen boats full of stalwart scullers. Carved and lacquered, gay with silken awnings and curtains, it reminded the Americans at a distance of a splendid river-steamer, such as at home plied on the Hudson. In the pavilion on the upper deck on camp-chairs sat the Japanese treaty commissioners, appointed to meet Commodore M. C. Perry, brother of the hero of Lake Erie. On the silken curtains, the bunting flags, and the horse-hair plume-banners could be seen a variety of the coats-of-arms belonging to the feudal lords on board. There was the trefoil of mallow or asarum leaves in a circle; that

was Tokugawa's. Then there was one of five balls set around a central disk; another had three lady's hats also in a circle; another looked like a windmill; still another, a triangle with a square at each line, suggested a problem in trigonometry; the last of all being nothing else than the design of a pair of spectacles. The flags, streamers, pennants, tufted poles, horse-hair banners, ensigns and standards of all sorts numbered thousands, yet a true national flag Japan did not yet possess, despite the official permission to the daimiōs to use the red ball or sun-flag. The truth was the nation was cut up into hundreds of petty feudal factions, and when a Japanese said "my country" he meant merely his province or local neighborhood. The country needed pressure from without to give it unity. As the stately barge moved through the cordon of boats, all hands and all heads of sailors and officers were laid prostrate to do homage to envoys of the Yedo government.

On land there had been a sudden concentration of population at the little village "across the strand" from Kanagawa. Probably twenty thousand people who had never seen Yokohama before looked upon it now. First there were soldiers. These had been called out of their homes in the raw days of early winter and spring to live in the camps which lined the bluffs and lowlands, though the Americans saw but few of these men of war. Nobody knew but that the American barbarians might begin rapine, and hence the presence of the military armed with old matchlocks and Brown Bess and Dutch muskets.

Most of the soldiers, in hideous-looking armor and helmets with flaring fronts, which made the men look like beetles walking on their hind legs, were posted on the line of bluffs which overlooked the plain. In the center of the flat foreground stood the imposing treaty-house. Farther back and roped off was a space making a hollow square, along which were picked troops; the fourth line closing the square being the water. The troops on the plain were under arms to keep back the crowds and allow no one inside the ropes except the officers chosen to receive the Americans and attendants.

The Japanese made a scene of glittering display, for the variety of colors in the silken robes, the dazzle of lacquered helmets, and gorgeousness of feudal insignia were positively trying to the eyes.

On the part of the Americans, twenty-seven boats filled with five hundred men — sailors, marines, and musicians — were already on the blue waters. At a signal, bows abreast in line, they were pulled to the shore. The officers landed first. Then the marines formed a hollow square, and the three bands of the musicians played lively tunes. The sailors formed lines of blue nearly up to the treaty-tent. When all was ready Perry stepped into a white barge and was rowed to the shore, as the hills echoed with the thunders which the fire and flame of the seventeen guns of the Powhatan evoked by their salute to Perry. As he and his officers were received by the embassadors near the door of the treaty-house, the boat howitzers fired two salutes of twenty-one and

of seventeen guns respectively in honor of the Tycoon and of his envoy, Professor Hayashi.

"There are the men whom our people call barbarians," said Okuma Éi, the teacher whom we met in Yedo, to his pupil Nogé Toro.

Both were standing in the crowd on a little swell of land at the foot of the bluffs.

"Yes, teacher," respectfully answered Nogé. "Do you think it a strange name to give them?"

"Why, yes; we may live to see the day when our rulers and people will be ashamed to apply the term *i-jin* to men who can build ships and cannon like these."

"Yet, teacher, are they not barbarous, who, ignorant of the doctrines of the sages, know nothing of the ambition and ideals of a Japanese?"

"Well, their religion is very different from ours; yet I imagine they must be men of study and moral culture, or they never could do what they have done."

"Are not the Americans inferior to the Europeans? Have I not read that the country of the United States of America was once used by Great Britain as a penal settlement and place of exile like our Hachijo Island?"

The teacher laughed and said: —

"No; that idea, I think, is not correct, though some of our people believe it. The Americans are much like the English, speaking the same language. They revolted against Great Britain about seventy-five years ago, and became a separate nation. They

have recently had a war with Mexico, a country near by; but though they won many battles, they did not subjugate the country."

"Are these the same ships, soldiers, and cannon that were used in Mexico?"

"Yes; the Admiral Perry and many of his officers and men were there, and some of the very cannon on that big paddle-wheel steamer formed a battery at Vera Cruz, which in a few hours battered the walls to rubbish. Our castle walls would not be of much avail against such artillery, and besides the shells could set all Yedo on fire in a few hours."

"I have heard, too, that the Americans are great in invention and have made many wonderful discoveries. Is it not so?"

"Yes; and I hope Perry has brought some machines and will show them. To see how they talk at the end of a wire would be the delight of my life."

Each of the two friends had a secret purpose, which neither communicated to the other. Okuma fortunately knew one of the servants, named Kichibéi, employed in the gang about the treaty-house. In figure, face, and tint of skin, weight, and walk, this man resembled him, and with him Okuma had made a bargain while in Yedo. On the second night after Perry's landing Okuma met him back of a shrine just across the canal, below the slope on which is now the foreign cemetery, and there borrowed the servant's clothes, kitté, and pass-word. He put on the tight trowsers shortened above the

ankles, the coat marked by the dyer with the owner's name, Kichibéi, in white mordant, the straw sandals, and the knotted blue handkerchief over the forehead. In case of Okuma's getting into trouble, or on Kichibéi's desire to communicate with him, the latter was to sing or chant like a push-cart man. No foreigner who hears this cry for the first time can ever forget it, but among natives it would attract little attention, especially when uttered in a low voice.

For nearly ten days Okuma, acting as an assistant in the gang of servants, doing menial and laborer's service, was able each day by due prostration and use of commonplace speech to spend much time unchallenged in the house erected near the treaty-pavilion. In this house the American presents, arms, tools, maps, books, daguerreotype and electrical apparatus, and machinery for the little railroad, with the preparation of chemicals and equipment, were exhibited and prepared. He not only assisted in planting the telegraph-poles and in laying the ties of the little railroad, but was present all day long when the preliminary messages were sent in Japanese, English, and Dutch, over a mile line of wire, and when the little Philadelphia locomotive made its trial trip with a mimic train of cars. All the machinery and apparatus were at length put together and set in working order, while the ornamental and useful articles were ranged in imposing display. Then the Japanese officers from Yedo, the embassador, envoys, secretaries, and interpreters, came in a body to visit the curiosities and receive

their presents. There were gifts from the head of the Tokugawa family — the person whom the Americans call "The Emperor." By this phrase the Americans did not mean the Mikado, but his lieutenant in Yedo, the Tycoon.

Okuma, who easily read many of the labels in English, had a quiet little laugh all to himself, but it was wholly inward and not visible in his countenance, as he thought of the Americans calling the head of the bakufu "Emperor," just like the barbarians who named him "Great Prince." When, however, the Yedo officers were around he kept his face down, and squatted or kneeled so low on the ground as almost to scrape the tip of his nose, lest he should be recognized by some of the officers or interpreters. How he did envy one of the latter whom he saw carrying away a copy of Webster's Dictionary which he had received as a gift!

Most of the presents for "The Emperor," that is, the Tycoon, were rifles, swords, or military equipments; but there were also boxes of books, and maps, dressing-cases, perfumery, telescopes, samples of the measures, weights, and coins of the United States, seeds, agricultural implements, various kinds of machinery and inventions, clocks, stones, etc., with all the telegraph, railway, and daguerreotype apparatus.

Each of the treaty commissioners and the secretaries and interpreters were also well remembered. The uses of each article were explained both by verbal description and by pictures, and the little

temporary buildings of Yokohama became for the time an industrial exhibition. Nearly all the Japanese visitors, except those of high rank, took notes or made sketches of what they saw, while the artists were delighted with the superb colored plates of Audubon's Birds and Quadrupeds of America, in splendid folio volumes.

At the outdoor exhibitions of the little railway thousands of people looked on with delight. The tiny locomotive and tender were only four or five feet high, but every part of the machinery was perfect. The passenger-cars were hardly big enough to hold a child, but what the train lost in size it made up in speed, for the little engine, once started, moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour. This first train of cars in Japan was for passengers, not for freight; but in order to get a ride the Japanese commissioner had to sit on the roof, holding on to the edges as he was swung round the circle, his loose robes streaming and flapping in the March wind. As for the telegraph, officers and people never tired of hearing the click of the armature and of getting instantaneous messages in Japanese, Dutch, or Chinese; and these feats of the far-off writers acted like belladonna in enlarging the eyes, if not the pupils, of the delighted folk.

As for "getting his picture taken," however, the average native was more shy, since it was the firm belief of many that a part of one's soul went into the silvered plate of the camera. According to their theory, after one has been "taken" a few score or

hundred of times no spirit would be left — the body and the oft-bepictured man would be good only for the cremator or the grave-digger. It might be a new form of transmigration, but it was not very popular.

Thus did the Americans, with ammunition of good things to eat and drink, gifts to please the fancy, and the results of thought to awaken thought, bombard the ignorance and storm the prejudices of the hermits of Japan. They had so long shut themselves up in their heaven-high walls of seclusion that their pride and self-conceit seemed invulnerable. Instead of artillery and powder Perry, who had studied them through books for years, now reaped the fruits of study as surely as did Yoshi-iyé. He himself, while in the United States, had gathered the materials to impress their minds. He had long before planned his method of campaign. Apparently as useless as an attack with ram's horns, these peaceful tactics issued in making the walls of this oriental Jericho fall flat. The Japanese called their isolated land the "Cliff-island Fortress;" but instead of reducing it with his heavy navy guns as he breached the walls of Vera Cruz, Perry tickled the stomach, dazzled the eyes, stimulated the curiosity, and fired the ambition of the people over whom he won the victory of brains.

"We thought the Americans were coming to make war on us, but they have taken a strange way to do it," said one bakufu officer to another.

"Yes; it 's the most delightful kind of warfare to be in," said a *hata-moto*, who was a captain of cavalry. He had not enjoyed being summoned into

camp in the changeable March weather, and was in ecstasies over the entertainments provided both on shore and at the dining-table on board the ship.

"This is only the beginning of what the United States of America is likely to do for Japan. As for me, I am an out-and-out changed man. I came to see savages, and I find men civilized beyond ourselves," said a naval officer, then in low rank, but in later years a helmsman of the ship of state in Tōkyō.

These remarks were but a very few of the hundreds overheard by Okuma, though they were usually spoken in almost a whisper, and when no government spies were near. Yet with amazing self-control Okuma played the part of a menial servant, rarely, if ever, looking up squarely into any one's face. Indeed he was exactly like some of the subjects of the daimiōs who never actually looked upon their lord's face, because out of fear or politeness they always kept their eyes on the earth and saw only his feet or clothing.

So excited with the wonderful sights that he could scarcely sleep at night, Okuma also kept a level head and restrained his tongue. Notwithstanding that he heard, in addition to the covert remarks of progressive natives, English and Dutch spoken daily, understanding some of the former and much of the latter, he held his peace, silencing himself from asking any questions or from talking in a foreign language. He used only common people's talk. He even refrained from taking any notes, but

trusted to his memory alone, lest he should be detected in using pencil and paper.

It is difficult to exaggerate the impression made upon the Japanese by the peaceful diplomacy of Perry, even though it was backed by an imposing display of great war-ships. Notwithstanding the events of later years, the idea of the United States as "the Great Pacific Power," then photographed upon the Japanese mind, remained as a permanent impression.

To the majority of the Mikado's subjects the United States of America is still the land of invention, comforts, schools, colleges, teachers, missionaries, hospitals, physicians and of the forces of peace and Christianity, rather than of war and aggression.

Despite all their fear of the religion of the Americans, — a fear nourished and diligently fostered by the government, — a new meaning was in many minds given to Christianity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARRESTED AND IN PRISON.

HAD nothing extraordinary happened to disturb Okuma Éi's enjoyment of new-found knowledge, he might have remained in laborer's clothes until the American squadron sailed away. An incident, not altogether surprising, however, interrupted his pleasure, and made him at once long for his double, Kichibéi, to change garments.

One day, early in April, the treaty having been concluded, one of the American ships having sailed away to America with a copy for ratification, the American commodore came ashore for a walk in the country, which was then glorious with camellia-trees in full bloom, their masses of red flowers often rising thirty and forty feet in air. On the same morning a brass boat's-howitzer and several chests of Chinese tea had been presented by the commodore. The former was labeled, "To the Emperor" (the Americans meaning the Tycoon). The tea was for certain Japanese officers. Two of these latter, having finished their duties as secretaries and being ordered to return to Yedo, wished their tea at once carried there. Okuma, of all men, was ordered to carry two of the chests and deliver them at a cer-

tain street and house named in ink on a label of cedar-wood stuck in the rattan binding.

Here was a quandary. A gentleman unused to bearing the shoulder-yoke or burden-pole to be a tea-carrier! He could indeed have hired more stalwart legs and shoulders to transport the burden, but in Yedo, not to say the guard-house at Kanagawa, would he not be recognized and detected if he accompanied the porters?

There was nothing, however, to be done but to obey, and so along with three laborers he was put into a boat and rowed over to Kanagawa, where they rested for the night in one of the cheap inns. Fortunately the three other men with Okuma were not of his gang, and were strangers to him as well as he to them.

Lying awake that night even after the heavy boom of the midnight-proclaiming temple-bell had been followed by the far-off tinkle of eight bells, from amid the twinkling lights of the American squadron Okuma imagined he heard, above the noise of the snoring of the sleepers, the low crooning of the peculiar song of the push-cart men as they drive the untired wooden wheels of their heavily loaded carts. He listened, and at the end of every line heard the name Kichibéi, which was his humble friend's own name.

"Hai, hai, hai, da, ho, ho! Hai, hai, ho, Kichibéi!"

Going out into the garden near the hedge, whence the sound proceeded, a figure rose and a low voice said: —

"Master Okuma, is that you?"

"Yes; is that you, Kichibéi?"

"Yes, master; I have brought you your clothes and shall take my place again. I heard that you, with others, were ordered to carry something to Yedo, and I walked over from Yokohama and have been fortunate in finding you here. I have a friend in one of the back streets near here, and if you will come with me to his hut you can dress yourself while I tell you the news."

Moving off to the little house of an oil-paper shop, where water-proof coats, leggings, hats, umbrellas, and such like articles were made, the owner admitted the two men, and left them alone in the front room which served both as factory and place of sale.

"Now for the news, Kichibéi!"

"Well, to come at once to the matter, there are two samurai imprisoned in a cage here in Kanagawa, this evening, who have got into trouble because of the foreigners."

"Why? how? and who are they?"

"One is named Honda Jiro."

"Honda Jiro! What of him?"

"Well, to-day the American Admiral Perry came ashore and took a long walk in the country. In short, he went on a flower-viewing. This Honda, it seems, had sworn by the gods to take Perry's life. He had stationed himself behind the closed gate of the yard of the little inn of the village where he had put up in the morning. The inn-keeper noted

that he seemed excited, and watched him. When the American party was coming into the village, the inn-keeper noticed Honda standing behind the gate which would open on the street. He had slipped back the wooden bolt, and holding the leaves of the gate shut with his foot, he turned his sword in his belt and spat upon his sword-hilt."

"Spat upon it? You mean he moistened with his tongue the bamboo pin which held the blade firmly to the hilt. That was to avoid all danger of the blade slipping out."

"Certainly, master. Upon seeing this, the inn-keeper suspected his intention, and knowing that if harm came to the Americans he himself would have to suffer and the reputation of his house be damaged, went over to the temporary government office and gave information. Upon that, three two-sworded men, each one armed with a long pole armed at the end with twisted iron hooks, entered stealthily the rear of the inn. The American admiral was just then within a rod of the house, and Honda was just about to rush out at Perry and draw his sword and strike, when the three guards charged on Honda. One twisted up his clothes with the ball of hooks, one got his iron rake of spikes between his legs and pulled him flat on the ground, and the third pinned his head down to the earth with his iron yoke, making him helpless, in spite of his sword; they disarmed and gagged him; and it was all done so quickly that the Americans probably never knew there had been any disturbance, especially as two

other guards outside stood in front of the gate, covering it by their figures. Clapped into a cage, Honda was brought to Kanagawa this evening."

"Well, well; and who is the other samurai in the next cage?"

"His name is Nogé Toro."

"What?" cried Okuma, almost losing his presence of mind.

"Yes, master; you know him, and I am sorry to tell it. I am acquainted with a fisherman who sold him a boat yesterday at Négishi, who wondered what such a gentlemanly person wanted with a boat, and at his insisting that he should row it himself," said Kichibéi, laughing lightly.

"The rest of the story," he continued, "I heard from an interpreter, who was telling it to a companion. Mr. Nogé Toro rowed his boat over towards the big steamer on which the admiral lives. He actually succeeded at first in passing the cordon of government guard-boats, but was pursued and overtaken. His hands were all blistered with hard rowing, and the sleeves and breast of his coat and the inside of his trowsers were lined and packed with rolls of paper and pencils. What do you suppose he had such a supply of paper for?"

"Poor fellow! his idea was to get to America and take notes on everything he saw. Was anything else found with him — money or baggage?"

"Yes; his two swords, a basket-trunk with some clothing, and several blank-books and more writing materials, and about a hundred *riō* [dollars] in money."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, master; but I am afraid to tell you."

"Never fear; let me know all."

"Well, the interpreter said that there was also a bundle of letters and private papers, and that one of them was a poem of yours; they mentioned your name, Okuma, as composer."

"Did they say anything else about me?"

"Pardon me, master."

"Speak on, Kichibéi."

"They said you were an accomplice of Mr. Nogé's, and that you would be arrested. Now, master, hide yourself in the house; my friend is trusty and true, and will aid you to escape. Don't go to Yedo."

"Never fear for me," said Okuma; "nor will I long endanger your friend. Take these five riōs for your trouble, go back to the inn and to your old place, and think no more of me unless I send for you; then be faithful as you have been."

"Thanks, master. Let me serve you if I can."

Two weeks later, and Yokohama returned temporarily to its former insignificance, except for the treaty-house still standing. The Americans' great black ships had vanished. Little children came out from the village to seek relics of the foreigners' visit. The bay was once more clear of boats, save junks and fishers' punts, and all went on as before. But in Yedo three new men were in prison who had never before known prison bars or prison fare. Their names were Okuma Éi, Honda Jiro, and Nogé Toro. On their life, during many months, we draw the veil.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TALK OVER THE CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

FRONTING the swift Ashiwa River, and opposite the peach-orchards on the flats at the base of the hills, stood the house of Doctor Sano. It was a pretty two-story dwelling of wood. It was not roofed with black velvet, though it seemed so. It was covered with those thin shingles, a span long and four fingers wide, which the Japanese carpenter uses by the thousands for one house, tacking them on with wooden pins which he supplies from his mouth, though he holds a reserve supply in his wallet. A railed veranda ran along the front of both stories, somewhat like that of a tea-house, for the doctor liked to view the scenery by day and night. Being a physician, he could act independently and with more freedom than other folks in building a house, in growing a beard, in not shaving his head or wearing pomatumed top-knots, in carrying one sword instead of two, and in studying Dutch or other strange books, with no one to find fault with him for doing so. His study was in the front room of the second floor. Around the walls were ranged boxes on top of each other and closed with panels which slid up and down, the handle being a peg in the center. These were in reality library cases, and

the books, bound with flexible covers and stitched with silk, were laid sidewise flat upon each other in the boxes, the number of each volume being marked in ink on the edges. On a writing-desk one foot high from the floor lay a black ink-stone, sticks of solid vermilion and jet "India" ink, brushes for writing, a water-drip for furnishing moisture to the stone, a paper-knife, and other writing materials. In one corner stood a clock, shaped like a pyramid, with brass works at the top, and a dial-plate running down the face, which was graduated like a thermometer. The brass pointer attached to a leaden weight inside indicated the hour, which was marked on the right-hand side by a number and on the left hand by a zodiac sign. The dial-plate had to be changed once a month, and the indicator was rarely nearer than several minutes of the exact time, yet this was one of the best native clocks then known. The doctor, however, was one of the very few men in Echizen who owned and carried a watch and knew practically what minutes, and even seconds, were.

Doctor Sano was not alone this evening late in September, 1854. He had invited two of his gentlemen friends to view his chrysanthemums, of which he was very proud as well as fond. He reared the plants with his own hands, giving them almost as much care as he gave to his children. Among his collection were many varieties, sizes, and colors; but in order to secure the finest results on selected specimens, he cut off all other buds and raised but one flower on a single stem. Most of these were

kept under a canopy of oiled paper, in order that plenty of sunlight, but only a certain amount of water, should be given the plants.

His guests to-night were our friend Rai Goro and a fine-looking gentleman about fifty-four years old from Higo, named Koba, who had arrived in Fukui early in the summer. After enjoying a view of the dainty flowers in the garden, the doctor receiving showers of compliments, they adjourned to the study-room. There, sitting upon the matting on the floor, and looking out over the scenery and upon another row of the same brilliant flowers, the conversation began.

Doctor Sano's house, like those of many other physicians at this time in the hermit kingdom of Japan, was a center of light and intelligence. He practiced medicine according to the Dutch, or European, method, and at his home gathered the scholars and thoughtful men of the city. These kept as far as possible from politics, and talked of science and history and the reform of bad customs. They especially delighted to discuss ethics, and particularly the moral teachings of the great sage Confucius. Among the friends oftenest at the doctor's house were Mr. Rai Goro and Professor Koba. Mr. Koba had been invited by the lord of Echizen to come to Fukui to be his personal adviser, and to encourage ethical studies among the gentry. Mr. Koba had already succeeded in gathering round him a circle of young men who were eager students of the texts of the sages and earnest lovers of moral culture.

He had also given lectures on his favorite themes, which had been largely attended by the samurai. He had thus won a reputation even beyond Echizen. Already a score or two of young men from other provinces were his pupils. He was a man of fine presence, with a grave and noble countenance. Very striking were his intensely black eyes, that had in them a piercing quality when he looked into one's face, and a strange light and far-away look when they were at rest or he seemed lost in thought.

"What thinks my honored teacher?" said the doctor, as he saw Mr. Koba casting an admiring glance at a single-stemmed gold chrysanthemum.

"I was in a revery of hope, doctor; I think it is time the chrysanthemum should come to higher honor. I want to see it more cultivated by our whole nation in new fields."

"Do you value it above all flowers, like our medical friend?" asked Mr. Rai.

"Yes, certainly; above all plants of the *awoi* family, the mallow, sheep-sorrel, or asarum. I confess I am tired of seeing the three leaves of the low earth-plant everywhere, while the tall chrysanthemum seems to grow only in Kyōto; and Fukui," he added, looking archly at the doctor.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the doctor, "a pretty allegory. You want the Mikado more honored. Of course you will add Mito before Echizen."

"Yes; I should like the golden flowers to bloom more in Yedo, and, as we all know, they flourish in Mito. As we see in nature, so should I have it in

government. The chrysanthemum is taller and more beautiful than the asarum; so I should like to see our imperial flower flourishing above all else, on our flags, on our soldiers' helmets, on our banners, our ships' colors, and on all that belongs to government."

"Your idea is a good one, teacher," said Mr. Rai. "Centuries ago, when the great ancestor of the Tokugawa family made a certain village his residence, he was presented by the people with round cakes on each of which three leaves of the asarum plant were laid, and this has ever since been the family crest; but the Son of Heaven in Kyōto has a double coat-of-arms, the single round chrysanthemum and the triple heart-shaped leaves and fragrant blue blossoms of the *kiri* tree" —

"Which foreigners call the *Paullownia imperialis*," interposed the doctor. "A Russian botanist, admiring the blossoms, named it after the imperial princess."

"Well certainly, our country is weak because divided up into too many feudal factions ruled by petty barons. We have a rich garden of crests and coats-of-arms, but no national emblem. I hear that the Americans at Yokohama hoisted a striped boat-flag used only by the custom-house, and actually saluted that with salvos of artillery as the national flag of Japan."

All three roared in hearty laughter at this, and then, in a solemn tone, and with a strange light in his eye as he seemed to be looking into the future, Mr. Koba said: —

"Friends, this coming of Perry and the foreigners will change the whole face of our garden-land, long ago named 'the luxuriant field of reedy moors'; the asarum trefoil will be rooted out of the center and be put in the shady corner, while the chrysanthemum will be planted on the sunny banks and fill all the garden with its gold, silver, and purple glory, while on all the slopes and hills will flourish the kiri-tree in a perpetual fourth month of bloom. Beside the great world our country is a tiny flower-pot. In it a skillful gardener may raise a plum, pine, and bamboo together; but a sheep-sorrel and a chrysanthemum can not grow together when foreigners enter our land. The one must overshadow the other, and that one is the golden flower."

"Master," said Rai Goro with a troubled look, "we feel with you, even if we can not see so far, but you will not say such things outside our circle. Remember the spies are everywhere, and the big Yedo ear hears every whisper in the empire."

"I shall be discreet, friend Rai; but let me tell you that before twenty years go by that flower"—pointing to the golden bloom on the veranda—"shall shine on the frontlets of the helmets and on the banners of a national army, and on the pennants of a national navy, and be stamped on the edicts, documents, and laws promulgated from one capital. We must have national unity, of which the doctor's peerless single-stemmed flower is the symbol."

"I love to hear you predict, for you are a true prophet, teacher; but do not get excited," said Rai.

"No, nor will I. To turn from politics to practical morals, let me ask how many eta people, or outcasts, live in Fukui?"

"About four hundred, master."

"Poor creatures! I visited their quarters at the town's end yesterday. The poorest of them live under the bridge, in the damp and foul places. I see they are as badly treated in the dominions of the beneficent lord of Echizen as elsewhere. They are obliged to live apart, to marry only among themselves, earn a livelihood as cobblers, skinners, tanners, leather-dressers, buriers of dead animals, mountebanks, or beggars. No citizen will give them food or drink and ever touch again the cup or plate in which it was given. Their lives are not worth a straw if they meet a drunken brawler at night, and no process of law exists for the prosecution or punishment of one who kills an eta. Now to a student of Confucius this is a disgrace: for the sage teaches us humanity."

"Can not a samurai be a good Confucian, and accept things as they are in our social system, without making himself unpopular by championing the cause of the eta?" Rai looked at the doctor as if expecting his sympathy.

"As for me," said Doctor Sano, "I have long felt as does our teacher Koba. Consider the origin of the eta. They are the victims of the combined barbarity of the uncivilized ages of Japan and of priestcraft; Church and State, as the Europeans say, are combined against them. According to all we have

heard on the subject, the eta are the descendants of Coreans taken in war and made prisoners or slaves. They were condemned to menial and disgusting occupations, such as scavengers, buriers of all dead bodies, and feeders of the imperial falcons. When Buddhism came to our country, it did little or nothing for the eta, but made their case worse by branding them as outcast and unclean because they had to kill animals and bury them. That is one reason, out of many, why I hate the Buddhists. Further, as I was traveling with a fellow-samurai, I saw a sight that made me wonder how in a land where Confucius is studied and honored such an event could occur. Shall I tell you the story?"

"Speak, teacher," said Rai.

"Making a pleasure tour in Etchiu, along a river swollen with heavy rains, I saw a beggar on the other side apply for permission to cross in the ferry-boat. He was refused, as he had no money; and so, while the lucky ones with cash were poled across in the boat, he tried to walk over. I did not notice anything for a few moments after first seeing him. Either the swiftness of the current or his stumbling over a stone tumbled him into deep water. While reading in my palanquin, I happened to look up, and saw a hand clutching at the empty air. Next I saw an umbrella-hat tumbled over in the raging water, and again a naked foot tossed up, and then his body rolled over and over as if in the horrible play of some monster. It was a minute or two before I fully realized the facts."

"Did no one help him?"

"Not a man, though the people in the boat saw him, and there were a dozen men at least on the shore; but not a rope was thrown or a pole put out, nor did a man step in even so much as to wet his feet. On our side of the river, owing to the distance, we could do nothing."

"How did your companion take it?"

"I called his attention to the dead man, and asked if this was the way they allowed men to be drowned in Etchiu, as he was a samurai of that province.

"'A man!' replied my companion: 'why he is only a beggar or an eta.'

"Well, what of that?" I asked. "He is a human being."

"'Oh, yes, to be sure; but only a beggar. An eta, most probably.'

"This was all I could get from my companion. He had no further interest in the corpse."

"Is it not a disgrace to our language also," asked Doctor Sano, "that in some provinces they speak of men in number as so many beasts or animals? Only a few days ago I wished to engage some laborers, and the contractor asked 'Laborers? How many beasts?' I could n't help comparing it with the European phrase 'hands' for the workmen, which sounds more civilized. I have read that in some European countries they give a gold medal to any one who rescues a drowning person or in any way saves a human life."

"Well, teacher, I am profoundly interested in what you suggest doing by your quickening words," said Rai. "To elevate the condition of our fellow-men has become our chief ambition, since you came among us. The teachers and preachers of the New Learning who came up from Kyōto, some years ago, and lectured here, stimulated many to live more moral lives and revived the study of the sayings of the sages in this stronghold of Buddhism, but none touched the human side of duty as you do."

"Indeed, teacher Koba," said the doctor, "I half-suspect that you have yourself a teacher even greater than Confucius. Pardon my horrible boldness," said the doctor as he saw a strange, startled look of inquiry sweep across the face of Mr. Rai.

"Yes," said Koba solemnly; "loyal and reverent as I have been for years, and am to Confucius, there is One whose name, defamed and denounced in the public laws in every place where the government edicts are hung, and made the symbol of sorcery to the common people, whose teachings I honor."

"O master!" cried Rai Goro with alarm, "how can a sparrow understand the heart of a swan? Yet if you believe on Yasu [Jesus] and are a Kirishitan [Christian] — Oh! oh! remember Takano Choyé, and Watanabé Noboru! How could we who look to you to reform our uncivilized customs live without you? Remember how merciless are our Yedo rulers."

"I have but one life. I am not like either of the noble martyrs you name — a man of family. A

single man, I can afford to believe what I think to be true, or to die for my conviction if necessary."

The reference of the cautious Rai was to the famous and brilliant scholar Takano Choyé who, having learned Dutch at Nagasaki, gathered a knot of scholars around him, translated European books on geography and history, and even instructed a high officer named Watanabé Noboru. The two kindred spirits tried to reform the barbarous customs of Japan, and to cast away the infantile notions and the useless learning of China, and in their place to introduce western science.

When in 1839 the American ship Morrison, with seven Japanese castaways on board with their interpeter Dr. S. Wells Williams, visited Yedo Bay to return these men to their native country, the ship was fired on and driven away. This was the act of a cowardly government afraid of the light; for although the unarmed ship came in the interests of humanity, to offer an olive-branch and not to fight, yet the Yedo officers were terrified at the very thought of a foreign vessel entering the waters of Japan, when there were nothing but arrows, matchlocks, and cannon not much bigger than a goose-gun to repel them. Taking advice with his friend Watanabé, Takano Choyé wrote, in fascinating literary style, his book entitled "Dream Story," in which he depicted the power of England and of the western nations. He described England particularly, because the ship, though owned and sent by Americans, was named after the English missionary Dr.

Morrison. The book created tremendous excitement all over the country. It was eagerly read alike by far-seeking patriots and by hide-bound and helplessly stupid conservatives. The government tried to suppress it, but could not. Watanabé, the nobleman, remembering India and the conquests of Asiatic nations by Europeans, tried to second the purpose of the book and to open the eyes of the high officers to the state of affairs, to have the coasts properly defended and the military classes roused out of their luxury and sensuality. He had copies of the flags of European nations distributed among the people along the coast so that the movement of foreign vessels could be reported.

At last the government woke up and appointed a high officer named Ṛenzo to attend to national defense. This man who was of a jealous disposition, and a bigoted adherent of the Yedo government, having met Égawa, who had learned the modern military art from the Dutch, was chagrined to find him far ahead of himself in knowledge. By means of his well-paid and numerous spies, he found out other things, namely: that Égawa was a friend of Takano and Watanabé and that there was a circle of scholars who were studying European books. He also found that two Japanese gentlemen, father and son, had their plans all laid to sail in a junk over to the Bonin islands, and thence to get on board some whaling-vessel, visit America, and learn western science.

All this was an eye-opener of the most powerful

sort. Yet there was something even more surprising to be known. When the Yedo officer caught sight of it he gloated over it, clapped his hands with delight, saw promotion in rank and income for himself, suicide, decapitation, poverty, orphans, and widows on the other side.

Let us see why Renzo gloated.

Watanabé had found that Japan, by her long isolation, was far behind the nations of Christendom, and, in searching into the secrets of the difference, found it in the dissolute morals and low ideals of his countrymen. He therefore went to the Dutchmen at Nagasaki and asked them about the Bible and Jesus Christ. He obtained from them a brief Life of Christ, which he got a scholar named Ozéki to translate for him. As the book was put into Japanese page by page, Watanabé read it with surprise and delight, taking full notes of it and intently pondering every sentence. The translation was nearly finished when the sleuth-hounds of the law reported their evidence to the Yedo officer. All this was but six months after the publication of the "Dream Story," of Takano Choyé.

The rest of the story of this noble band of scholars — a galaxy of stars that scattered a few rays of light in the darkness before the dawn of 1868 — is soon told. Watanabé, the daimiō's counselor, was seized and thrown into prison. To save his wife and children from punishment and disgrace he committed suicide by hara-kiri. According to law and custom, when a gentleman did this his own fault was expiated and his memory and his family honored.

Ozéki, the scholar who helped to translate the Dutch Life of Christ, hearing of his friend's seizure, said to himself: "This calamity that has fallen upon Watanabé is due to my having made the translation. I would gladly go to the government and make confession and suffer in his place, but this would avail nothing; for the authorities would not set Watanabé free, but I should be crucified on the bamboo cross and my shame would remain upon my family and to remotest posterity. Therefore I shall commit harakiri."

So on that day he tore up every scrap of his writing and burned all his Dutch books and his manuscripts. That night, when in bed and while his wife was undressing in another room, he plunged his dirk into his bowels and died.

As for Takano Choyé, he said: "My only crime is that I wrote the 'Dream Story,' and I am also charged with communicating with men who wanted to go to Europe. Now if I hide myself I can not explain anything. Therefore I shall go and confess."

This he did. He was sent by the authorities to the great prison in Yedo where he remained six years, during which time he wrote several books. During a fire, when the prisoners, according to custom at such time, were released, he got away and did not return. For some years he lived quietly and unsuspected in Yedo, translating Dutch books and going into the open air only at night and with disfigured face to avoid recognition. It was the excellence of the translations which he made for

others or which he published himself that made the government spies suspect that Takano was still alive. By the aid of a prisoner who had formerly known him in jail he was treacherously entrapped. His house was entered by armed men. He fought desperately for his life, and unable to drive off his assailants, thrust his sword into his own neck. His wife and four children, and all suspected of employing and of aiding him, were thrown into prison. This was in 1846, and their imprisonment and trials continued until 1850 — only four years before the discussion at Fukui which we have given above.

"Honored teacher," said Doctor Sano, "listen to your friend Rai, and please be cautious. To hear of your imprisonment or death would make our hearts cold in our bosoms. Don't let the curtain government add you to its long list of victims and martyrs. Please be patient and careful."

"Well said! And now my good friends, this I must declare: To the moral improvement of my country I have devoted my life. For the elevation of the eta to the level of humanity and citizenship; to the abolition of gambling; to making it legal for students to go abroad to Europe to learn, and for the liberty of intelligent men to choose Christianity as a religion, I have devoted myself."

"All but the last, teacher. How can you propose anything so radical?" said Rai Goro.

"Friends," said Koba with deep solemnity, "there sounds the bell for Mouse-time, one hour before midnight; and we have an engagement elsewhere, as you

know. I may not be able to speak of this subject publicly for years to come, nor shall I soon again introduce it privately; but this I declare, and do you mark it: The truth can not be suppressed even by prison and sword. The religion of Jesus Christ has already entered Japan as a seed which will tear asunder the very masonry built to confine it and crush its life. When it comes before the mind of Japan the brightest of our young men will accept it, and then our country will enter into a long day of glory."

CHAPTER XX.

THE HOUR OF THE OX.

THE three gentlemen whom we heard conversing together at Doctor Sano's house sat down at midnight to a hot supper of boiled rice, pea-soup, tea, broiled fish, beans, and macaroni, which the chubby housemaid served up on three tiny tables. At the end of the radius of the semi-circle sat Mrs. Sano, who presided over the teapot and rice-pail. Each eater sat on his knees and heels before a little black-lacquered wooden table only six inches high and a foot square. In the center of each table was a little dish of sweet pickled black beans, and occupying each of the four corners stood a rice-bowl, a soup-bowl with a cover, a tea-cup without saucer or handle, and a low-edged plate full of macaroni. The fish was served on an extra dish. Part of the furnishing of the table was a pair of fresh cedar-wood chopsticks thrust into a paper envelope, except at Doctor Sano's table, where the eating implements were of ivory. A guest, in taking food at a house, would make use of the virgin wood for the first time, and, after eating, was accustomed to break up the sticks and throw them away. In this way, the use of an eating-tool so useful and elegant as to be worthy of a better name in English than "chop-

sticks," may be made the teacher of delicacy and refined manners, and indeed is, in so far, superior to knives and forks.

"Mrs. Sano, we are making your husband keep irregular hours. This midnight supper reminds me of my young and hilarious days in Osaka," said Mr. Rai.

"O honored sir, a physician's wife is used to all hours, for we hear the bell-stroke at the first croak of the raven in the morning and at the last scream of the wild geese at night; but your errand and his in this instance are not medical," said the lady, laughing.

"No," joined in the doctor; "but we are to study a symptom — of the body politic," laughed the doctor.

"A grave one too," said Mr. Koba. "Are you acquainted, honored lady, with the young woman whom we expect to see at the shrine at the Hour of the Ox?"

"Yes; I have known her from a child. She was always proud and high-spirited as well as beautiful. Though a merchant's daughter, she seemed more like a samurai lady. There are very few people in Fukui who know that Honda Jiro made love to her and then left her in a way that made her think he had deserted her. What a scandal it would have created, had it been generally known that the young people were in love — a samurai willing to take his wife from a trader's family!"

"Did he desert her? Was he unreasonable or cruel to her?" asked Mr. Rai.

"The matter was in this way. Miss Asai Hoshi's father is one of the wealthy merchants of our city, and, as such, is much honored by the gentry and even by our prince. For years, despite our severe rules of etiquette which encourage affection after, rather than before, marriage, Honda and Hoshi have seen much of each other and, it is believed, were secretly betrothed. But when Honda became a fanatical student, he gave himself up entirely to the aims of the Mikado-reverencers, and neglected her. She could not understand it, and he would not explain. When the news of the Americans coming to Japan was told him, Honda avoided meeting her, never wrote her a word, and for months she has heard nothing of or from him. She believes he loves some other woman, and only thus can she explain his conduct. By accident my serving-maid overheard her this morning at the temple praying and saying to herself, 'To-night, to-night, at Fudo's shrine; no candles, no fire and bamboo, no light but moonlight, and revenge! revenge!' She seemed to be in great excitement."

"Then you think we are likely to see the rare sight of a woman crossed in love taking vengeance on her lover by straw proxy, do you?"

"I do," answered Mrs. Sano, pouring out another cup of tea for the speaker, Mr. Rai.

The lady clapped her hands, and after the echo of a "Hai!" from the kitchen, in stepped the rosy-cheeked maid again.

"Get the gentlemen's rain-coats," said the lady.

Three cloaks made of dried grass and lined within with a netting of green cord were produced, and the gentlemen, putting these on to keep off the dew and chill, left the house, and proceeded down River Street and stopped upon the wooden bridge east of the O-hashi, or Great Bridge.

"Look out, doctor, that you don't run against any of the headless horsemen who gallop over the planks at night about this time."

"Is this another local reference, or a joke?" inquired Mr. Koba.

"Ah! you have n't heard? You remember nearly three hundred years ago the great Taiko Sama surrounded this castle at Fukui, and that Shibata Katsuiyé and all his men, unable to defend it against overwhelming odds, committed hara-kiri and cut each others' heads off?"

"Yes; I have read it."

"Well, the country people in this neighborhood say that on certain nights the ghost of Shibata and all his men, without their heads, ride over the bridge and knock people into the river as they pass."

"Ha, ha! a good story; but when will superstition cease? Curious too is such an idea: for Shibata was a great civilizer, builder of bridges and roads. He lessened the farmers' taxes, and developed civilization in Echizen."

Reaching the opposite side of the river, they moved through a street, passed one block of houses, turned to the right, crossed a small stream, and then walked up a path until, at the top of the hill, they stopped for breath.

"This is the site of Taiko Sama's camp, and here he sat under his war-umbrella when the arrow shot by Shibata split the pole beside which the Taiko was sitting. The people point out that stone over there on the river-bank as the one by which he stood," said Doctor Sano.

They looked down on the river and city sleeping in the silvery light of the moon only two days past its full. Hurrying on to the shrine, they selected places of concealment in the scrub-bamboo grass which grew high and thick around.

It was a lonely-looking place. Within a wooden fane of Fudo, the god of vengeance, stood the hideous black-faced, fire-haloed, scowling idol, holding in his hands a rope to bind evil-doers and a sword to punish them, his body being set against a background or garment of flame. In place of the usual grated door, the shrine opened outward without protection, except from the projecting eaves. In front, but some feet to the side, stood a crooked old pine. In this tree a multitude of rusty nails had been driven and down its trunk were ruts and rust marks, with here and there a fragment of weather-stained and mildewed straw, while at the bottom was a little of the same material. Two or three of the lower branches were encircled with wreaths of fringed and twisted rice-straw knotted together. These tokens marked the tree as sacred to the Kami, or god of the place.

"It is ugly and bent enough to be a gallows-tree," said Mr. Koba, referring to the common superstition

that some trees have power to fascinate men to suicide by hanging, especially after the first unfortunate has thus ended his life voluntarily by the rope.

"Yes, you see by the nails already driven that many women have been here before. In most cases the jealous or revengeful creatures make a doll or image of straw and bury it under the house or bed of the one to be bewitched," said Mr. Rai. "But those least afraid to come here at night or most goaded to revenge take this method as surest to work death."

"Hold, don't smoke," whispered the doctor as he saw Mr. Rai pulling out his pipe and pouch. "She may smell the tobacco and suspect our presence. It is nearly time; let us get into our hiding-place."

Their positions were chosen so that the full light of the moon fell on the tree and shrine. They had but a few minutes to crouch in the thicket before they heard the liquid notes of the booming bell from over the river. Soon after, out of the twilight of the path, emerged a female figure in white.

It was a strange sight. A young woman about nineteen years old, with luxuriant black hair streaming wildly to her waist, and dressed in the long white robe worn at funerals as a symbol of death and sorrow, walked on high wooden clogs which lifted her six inches above the ground and gave her the appearance of being supernaturally tall. The light wind mingled her hair and drapery in wild contrast of white and black. On her head a tripod such as is ordinarily used to hold a boiling kettle over the

fire, but now turned upside down, serving as a weird three-pointed crown, still further exaggerated her apparent height. On her breast hung a silvered metal mirror on which the moon-beams danced and shot out lengthened rays. The strangest part of her equipment was in her hands and mouth. The fingers of her right hand grasped a blacksmith's hammer, and in her left was a pair of manikins or rude dolls made out of rice-straw. Out of her mouth protruded three long iron nails and in front of her belt hung a little bag, containing a further supply. By the time she arrived in the open fronting the shrine the watchers could see her eyes glittering with rage and her whole frame trembling with excitement.

Kneeling before the god Fudo she took off the earthen tripod, and laying the two straw images on the stone step before the shrine and then the hammer and nails, she bowed her head, clapped her hands tightly together, and offered up this prayer:

"O awful deity, in thy name I invoke vengeance upon the faithless one and his partner. On thy sacred tree I lay these effigies. Let not the tree be harmed, but transfer the hurt of the wood to the bodies of the victims, and wreak thy vengeance on the offenders that they may pine and die."

Rising from her devotions she approached the tree sacred to the god Fudo and decorated it with the straw circlets. Pressing one of the effigies upon the stumps of the old nails already on the tree, she laid the other upon the top of it, holding them down with

her wrist while she held the nail taken out of her mouth. Selecting a place where the heart would be in a human being, she drove in the first nail. Then into the place of the eyes, the mouth, the neck, and into each of the limbs, the iron was driven through the straw until a score of nails had been expended. All the while her lips moved as if in imprecation upon the man and the woman whom the straw dolls represented, and with further prayer to the god to save this tree. This done she tossed the tripod into the bushes, turned away, and her form was soon lost in the darkness.

"I have seen this thing done before," said Mr. Rai as he stepped out with his companions to examine the rude implements and images. "In one instance the avenger had three lighted candles stuck on the tripod, and a little torch of bamboo and pine lighted at both ends and held in her teeth. Could it be in this case that the love of daintiness, for which Miss Hoshi is noted, and the fear of begriming herself with smoke or melting wax overcame her scruples?"

"Rather fear of catching afire," said the matter-of-fact doctor. "Perhaps the pure love of being eccentric."

"Or perhaps the moonlight made other light unnecessary," said Mr. Koba. "A woman must be brave thus to come out after midnight on such an errand alone, but revenge is the most powerful of motives with us Japanese; and, if you will permit me to say it, always will be while Confucius is our master of ethics. So long as the sage teaches men not to live

under the same heaven with the murderer of father or lord, jealous women will not be slow to apply the same doctrine to recreant lovers. Will you not, friend Rai, do your part to extirpate from your province this witchcraft and superstition in all its forms?"

"I will, I promise. Even now I feel like running after this woman and scaring her by roaring like a bull. Part of the superstition is that if the bewitched see an ox the potency of her charm is destroyed. I have known mischievous boys to make a huge white figure of a bull's head and horns and nearly terrify women into insanity. Besides, it ruins the potency of the charm. What say you, doctor?"

"No, no; wait. Have pity on the poor girl. She is half-crazed now, and I fear for her reason. With time and patience I can assure her of the true facts with regard to Honda Jiro; and truth in this case will be the best medicine."

"Do, my good friend; show her that Honda Jiro has not, so far as we know, been unfaithful to her, nor is there another woman drawing away his affections. Her idea is one of pure imagination."

"If too we could only get Honda released from prison," said the doctor; "this done, with your help I do not even despair of seeing them married and happy, and Honda's energies turned into the right channel. From mulberry leaves to silk is a great change, but not greater than can be wrought by kindness and tact in this case."

"From what I have heard of the young man,"

said Mr. Koba, "he is a noble specimen of manhood, despite his waywardness. In him is the true *Yamato-damashii*, the ideal of unconquerable Japan. This ideal needs only to be kept from being merely military and degenerating into barbarism, to be the noblest on earth. From such men as Honda, rightly enlightened, we must look for the establishment of our nation upon foundations which even the shock of foreign intercourse, or even war, can not shake. Indeed, when the intellectual methods and moral principles which govern the nations of the West become ours, such youth as Honda Jiro will be the hope of the land. May you be as industrious, as successful, doctor, in this transformation, as is the silk-worm in turning the mulberry leaf into satin."

Mr. Koba meant even more than he said, but he checked himself and purposely returned to the doctor's illustration of the silk-worm.

The three moved towards the city, still talking on the theme of popular superstition.

"These absurd notions of the people are a drawback to the honorable practice of my profession and greatly hinder science," said the doctor. "Just look at those little cedar-wood tablets bought at the Buddhist temple to keep off fire, thieves, and diseases! On some houses there are layers of a dozen or more. Then look at those figures of a black hand on a white sheet of paper pasted beside the doors of their houses. They are supposed to keep off small-pox. Old Tamétomo's palm is as

helpful against the disease as so much ink and paper, but no more. There, on that house, for variety, they have a red sheet of paper marked with the three Chinese characters for a horse — as valuable for the purpose as the proverbial wind in a nag's ears. Pustules are about as much influenced by it."

"The red color," said Mr. Rai, on looking at the amulet by the aid of the moonlight, "reminds me of what I saw a sailor do on a ship before we started on our voyage from Higo. He wrote the Chinese character meaning 'red' on his left hand, and then licked it off, believing thereupon he would have a lucky voyage."

"Which he did," laughed Mr. Koba.

"By the way, gentlemen," said Doctor Sano, "to enter upon a more agreeable subject, let me ask, if the question be proper, Are the negotiations for the marriage of the daughter of the lord of Higo with our prince's son proceeding happily?"

"Yes; in confidence let me tell you, the young people are betrothed, and will be married in the time of the cherry blossoms two years from now.'

"Good! In view of such an occasion I think it will be quite possible to prevail upon our lord to intercede with the Yedo government for the release of Honda Jiro. Even though he be a ronin, I think if you use your influence, Mr. Rai, the matter is settled."

"I shall be happy to do so. As we are now in the city, let us say Sayonara, in this hope."

"Sayonara (farewell)."

CHAPTER XXI.

OVER THE TOKAIDO TO YEDO.

ONE evening late in December, Mr. Rai came home from the government office, where he had been in consultation with the honored and popular lord of Echizen.

"My lord has ordered me to Yedo, to seek, if possible, the release of Honda Jiro," said he to his wife. "I shall need an early breakfast to start in good season, and Uhéi will accompany me."

"How long shall you be away, husband?" asked Mrs. Rai, who at once began to think of the clothing and comforts to be packed, and also the purchases for the family to be made in Yedo. Mr. Rai liked to take his own favorite brand of tea with him, and Doctor Sano usually attended to the filling of his *inro*, or gold-lacquered pill-box.

"Ah, that I can not tell. I may be greatly delayed by official opposition, but our prince is a near relative of the Tokugawa, and has tremendous influence at court. Besides, he sees the excellent points in Honda's character, despite his rashness, and secretly admires his courage and patriotic motives. For his father's sake, and the young man's, he wants him not only released, but he actually sends by me an

invitation to Honda to reënter the service of the house of Echizen."

The favorite route of the samurai, in making a winter's journey from the City of the Happy Well to the City of the Bay Door, was over the highlands of Echizen and Omi to Lake Biwa, and thence along the Tokaido or Eastern Sea Road.

Master and servant therefore went over the same pass at Yu-no-o, where the same chattering girls, like a flock of magpies, invited them to stop for refreshments. Snow had already fallen heavily, and in one place stout mountaineers stood ready with saddles of straw and leather strapped over their shoulders and held on their loins. Mounting these two-legged steeds, sitting astride the saddles, and holding on with their arms around the men's necks, the two travelers rode man-back to the plains below. Then they took basket-palanquins to Odani, near the blue mountain-bordered lake, the largest in Japan and named after the four-stringed lute. They were now in the country of mulberries, and immense orchards of the trees, kept low-topped for the rearing of food for the silk-worms, were passed in the lowlands, while above them towered the glorious form of Okubi, or Great Head Mountain. They were now entering into the classic region and richest in historic associations.

Though Mr. Rai had been over the same route a score of times, he enjoyed every foot of the journey. At one spot they passed three stone tombs, one of which was that of Tokiwa, the mother of Yoshit-

suné. Then the two old battle-fields of Imasu and its famous hill were seen. On the hill-top, according to the story of artists and poets, and twenty-two years before America was discovered, a noble of the imperial court wished to stand and look down upon the scenery of the valley by moonlight. The villagers hearing of it, and with the idea of doing honor to the occasion, tore off their old thatched roofs and covered their cottages with shining new straw. They were unable at first to understand the disgust of the Mikado's courtier, who, seeing the staring new roofs, ordered his bullock-cart turned back to Kyōto. The charm was utterly lost, poverty being in this case picturesqueness. A genuine sentimentalist was that high-capped officer, in whom the artistic instinct prevailed over the humane, and to whom popular comfort was of less importance than a romantic view by moonlight.

Nearly an hour was spent on the great battle-field of Sékigahara, where in October, 1600, the great Iyéyasŭ fought the most decisive battle in the history of Japan, by which the future of the nation was settled for a quarter of a millennium; for after this battle Iyéyasŭ built Yedo and firmly established his family in power. Just as they emerged upon the Eastern Sea Road they passed a great grassy mound, a memorial of the battle, for beneath it were buried the heads of the enemy, which, according to the old war customs, had been cut off as trophies of victory.

The bustling life of the chief high-road of Japan was at once manifest. Villages were more numer-

ous and hotels more luxurious. In the highlands of Echizen and Omi, Mr. Rai drew from his own tea-caddy, and had Uhéi prepare certain of his favorite dishes; but on the Tokaido the bill-of-fare was sufficiently varied and the cooking done with skill. All around the rooms, or hung in the hall-ways, and even on the outdoor passages, were wooden tablets, decorated in gold or cinnabar or black lacquer, of famous guests, noblemen and others, who had stopped in the favored inn, or left verses of poetry. Pine-tree mounds marking the distances, shrines, temples, and turfy "head-piles" of old battle-fields, long sea-walls or embankments built to keep out the waves, aisle-like stretches of glorious pine-trees, were passed, and then they came to Owari, the city of the splendid castle, renowned for the golden grampus whose scales the famous robber Ishikawa tried to steal by the aid of a kite.

At Shirasha they crossed the longest bridge in Japan, but on many of the rivers saw the mile-long lines and piles of "snake-baskets," or net-work of bamboo, loaded with large pebble-stones to protect the river-banks against the encroachments of the floods and currents. Most rivers in Japan are alternately full to overflowing or dried up, excepting a thin stream, leaving a large space of sand and shingle. At Araii they dined on the famous clams, and crossed the bay in a boat. They met men naked, except a belt, and running with live fish just out of the sea and laid in a straw bag on their shoulders. The fresh fish were warranted by the

express runners to get on the gridiron before life was entirely extinct, for the rich epicures. On the hills they saw the fishermen watching the waves for signs of the incoming schools of fish, while for miles of country millions of the smaller finny fry were being dried for manure. Passing over a steep mountain, they rested in Fu-chiu, at the foot of imposing Mount Fuji. Thence they came over the Hakoné Mountains to Odawara and Yedo.

Notwithstanding that this was his twenty-first journey from Fukui to Yedo, Mr. Rai looked on many things, and especially the human beings, his fellow-countrymen, in a new light. His long conferences with Mr. Koba had opened his eyes. The gamblers, the porters, the multitude of beggars, and the *hi-nin*, or "not-human," the harlots, and all variety of outcast humanity, so common, oppressed him as with an unpleasant dream. In one place, desiring to travel during the night, he came to a relay-office, where on one side was a group of loathsome and noisy beggars and on the other a party of gamblers, the horrible wretches being utterly naked. He silenced the beggars with some iron cash, and they crawled under their coverlets of filthy matting, their shelter being only a shed of mats by the road. He then turned his attention to the shivering porters, for it was evident he must depend upon them to transport him. Despite the muscular build of some of them, they were pitiable specimens of humanity and repulsive in their abject wretchedness. The ruling passion was strong in death, because for

some of them to die by being frozen was nothing uncommon. Most of them had gambled away their clothing, and a dozen or more were stark naked. Water was freezing on the ground in the shade, and as evening was coming on, the shivering wretches seemed ill-fitted to carry the travelers four *ri*, or ten miles.

"Feed them before they start, and watch them while they eat, or they 'll gamble away their rice, and there will be only hungry men to leave you in the lurch. Pay for their food yourself, and give them their wages only at the end of the journey," said the relay-agent.

Mr. Rai ordered rice and soup from the restaurant, and had these wretched creatures — called "clouds," because they wander about homeless and outcasts — fed under his eyes. Then cheerily setting the poles of the palanquins on their shoulders, and swinging their burden, they started off, an extra four men being provided for relay. At every ri, or league, they stopped, built a fire of leaves, and after warming hands and legs till they were as well singed as a chicken under a newspaper blaze in the kitchen, they jogged on.

Yet even these men touched Mr. Rai's awakened sensibilities less than the clouds of women, many of them young and fair, who were doomed to lives in which moral purity was impossible. As he occasionally passed the dead body of an eta on the road, or saw the fresh-turned earth which covered the unmarked corpse of a "cloud," his thoughts were

stirred. "It must be true," he thought to himself, "as Mr. Koba said, 'Our country can never equal in civilization the western nations so long as human life is so cheap.'"

Reaching Yedo, Mr. Rai occupied a room in the Superior, or chief one of the three *yashikis*, or houses, of the lord of Echizen. All of the wealthier and more important of the daimiōs had these dwellings, which may be described as being half-way between a palace and a caravanserai, in which the men and families of the clan dwelt while in Yedo. They were named in their order, Superior, Middle, and Lower. The Superior Yashiki was inside the castle circuit; the secondary one was within the quarter occupied by the samurai, but beyond the outer moat of the castle, and the third, or Lower, was over in the less important part of Yedo across the river. The relative wealth, grandeur, or rank of each feudal lord was indicated by the massiveness of the gate entrances, the number of beams projecting towards the street, and the gorgeousness of the golden crests on each beam-end. Some of the gardens within these palaces were of surpassing natural loveliness, cultivated to the utmost of the florist's art, and rich in objects of taste and skill. Within the buildings, or fire-proof stone houses, were amazing stores of paintings on silk, carved ivory and crystal, bronzes and gold-damaskened iron-work, lacquered cabinets, costly libraries of manuscript, block, printed, and illuminated books, brocades and silk, and all that art and wealth and cunning workman-

ship could supply to suit refined tastes. The Middle Yashiki was less pretentious, while the Lower House, or caravanserai, was more like a comfortable hollow square of barracks, with vegetable gardens in the center.

So numerous were these vast yashikis with open court-yards within, and so great was the space in Yedo devoted to gardens, groves, and temple areas, — despite the million of human souls crowded in the great city, — that foxes and badgers and wild birds of many a feather felt almost as much at home as in Fukui, where occasionally a deer or wild boar, or even a "spear-rat," or hedgehog, was captured in the streets.

This was the camp-city of Yedo, modeled after the quarters of an army, with the Tycoon's castle or head-quarters at the center, and the principal wooden tents, or yashikis, of his staff officers on the most commanding locations. It was a city governed by military force, for at the beck and call of the Tycoon, or commander-in-chief, were eighty thousand hata-moto, or flag-supporters.

CHAPTER XXII.

A JOURNEY THROUGH A PRISON.

NEW YEAR'S ceremonies and rejoicings were fully over before Mr. Rai, having awaited various tedious delays, received the welcome commission to visit Honda Jiro in prison, and to bear to him the conditional order for release. As political matters quieted down after the American fleet had left, there was no great opposition to the request of the daimiō of Echizen. The condition imposed was that Honda Jiro, after release from Yedo prison, should be kept in house confinement in Yedo, and then reënter the service of his lord. This punishment was a grade or two below that of shutting up the gates of a householder and confining him to his own house, which was considered a dreadful disgrace. In a word, Honda Jiro was to be let off easily.

Accordingly, armed with the written permission of the mayor, or governor, of the city, Mr. Rai made his way into the oldest and most densely populated part of Yedo, where Pack-horse Street and the prison entrance were. Having never been before in the neighborhood, he was as interested as a sight-seer in studying the dimensions and appearance of the great "man-house," or jail, the various buildings and

enclosure of which covered one hundred and forty acres.

The prison wall outside was twelve feet high, made of rows of tiles laid flat, with earth and cement between each layer, and surmounted with *chevaux-de-frise* of wooden beams armed with sharpened spikes. In front of the wall and running around it was a clear space of ground about twenty feet wide. On the border of this outer space, at the same distance from the wall, was a rampart of earth five feet high, on which was a fence of bamboo palings. The gate through which the entrance was had into the prison was like that of an ordinary yashiki. Immediately within were the porter's lodge and dwellings of officers, turnkeys, executioners, carcass-buriers, and prison attendants of all grades. All the buildings of every kind were of wood. The prison area was divided into a number of yards having stone walls and walls surmounted by iron spikes.

The prison proper consisted of a long one-story building. The office of the wardens and turnkeys, a room about twenty feet wide, was in the center, and the cells were arranged east and west from this office. Looking at the prison from the outside, in the clean yard, it reminded one of an immense coop or cage in a menagerie. All the bars, however, were square, well planed, perfectly smooth, and good specimens of carpenter-work. The obsequious turnkey, at the nod of the polite officer, produced a bunch of enormous rods of iron, which proved to be keys, though they had neither ward nor barrel and bore

not the slightest resemblance to keys made by a European locksmith. Inserting one in the extreme end of a long lock, like a bar or tube, the bolt was drawn from the triple staple. The heavy mass of timber composing the small gate was shunted in its grooves, and Mr. Rai stepped inside of a cool, clean passage like a corridor, with an earthen floor about one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and fifteen feet high. In this wing of the prison were four large cells, each about twenty-five feet square and fifteen feet high. The cells, like the outside of the prison, were formed of square bars of hard wood five inches thick, with spaces between them three inches in width. For about five feet from the floor the timber was a solid mass, and strengthened on the outer side by heavy transverse bars of hard wood. Inside the floor was covered with coarse mats. In a recess lay the bedclothes, which the prisoner was allowed to bring with him; in another recess were ranged his eating utensils.

The first cell was for women. There was but one at that time, a mournful-looking young girl, incarcerated the day before, who bowed humbly as they looked into her cell. The prison-keeper said that few women were ever in prison, usually two or three only. In the next room were six men serving out long terms of imprisonment. All bowed as Mr. Rai looked in, and even appeared to enjoy the sight of a visitor extremely. These were all political prisoners. In another cell were about forty men listening to one of their number, evidently a literary

character, who was reading a book and explaining it to them. These "forty thieves," who had been arrested for petty larcenies, were serving out terms of short length. Some of them, dressed in the prison-suit of red, went out daily to work on the public roads, but were allowed to spend an hour at some intellectual entertainment after five P.M. At night they were taken to other cells.

Mr. Rai passed with the officer round to the end of the ward, seeing the north side of the cells, which were exactly like those of the south side, and then visited the eastern wing. Here was the cell for samurai. It contained about twelve men, one of whom was a portly and noble-looking man of fifty. One instinctively shrunk from vulgarly gazing at such a man. The cells were like the others as to size, strength, and cleanliness. Everything was very clean, and it was evident that the cleanliness was not merely for the occasion. This was very different, as Mr. Rai knew by observation, from many of the provincial jails, where the filth, dampness, and general wretchedness of the cells were in keeping with the rapacity and cruelty of the keepers of the prisons. In some places the temporary prison-pens were simply large wooden boxes about fourteen feet square, shaped like fire-proof safes, without light or air except as these could filter in through the cracks. The jailers were of the most degraded and degrading characters, who maltreated, mulcted, or starved the poor wretches under their charge. The Yedo prison was one of the very best in the empire.

Inquiring of the keeper, Mr. Rai was told that the prisoners were fed twice daily, at nine A.M. and four P.M. Their diet was boiled rice, radishes, pickles, beans, and soup. They were not allowed tea, but drank hot water instead. This was fairly good diet for a Japanese prisoner, and hot water is even yet drunk by the lower classes in Japan. The food was passed into the cells through a small opening faced with copper. The prisoners were not allowed to leave their cells for exercise; but the enjoyment of a hot bath was permitted at regular intervals, as a sanitary precaution rather than as an indulgence, which they eagerly availed themselves of. No lights were allowed at night, nor fire in winter. The cells, from their structure, were very well ventilated, and very different from some of the daimiō's prisons, which were like the Black Hole of Calcutta.

No instances were known of jail-breaking in the Yedo prison, as the floors were of heavy plank boards of hard wood, and nothing made of metal could get into the hands of the prisoners; and even their food was taken with wood — that is, chopsticks. The prisoners were not allowed to shave their scalps, as all Japanese did and liked to do.

In the sick-ward the floor of the space outside the cell was of smooth plank, and the inmates were allowed to be outside their cells in this place until four P.M. daily. There were five doctors attached to the prison, and medicine was dealt out twice a day. In all there were about two hundred prisoners in the jail at the time of Mr. Rai's visit, which was

the usual number. This seems a small number of prisoners for so large a city as Yedo, with its million inhabitants; but it must be remembered that there was little need for a large prison when the death-penalty was prescribed for over two hundred offenses, and that the man condemned in the morning was beheaded on the same day, thus saving the expense of confining him in prison. In many parts of the empire there was no prison except in the chief city of the province, or daimiō's capital. The reason of this was that offenders, when arrested, were at once tried and executed, so that, as in an army, prisons were not needed except at garrisons. The feudal system in any country is only a modified form of martial law, and under such a system the Japanese then lived. "Under a higher civilization," as Professor Koba used to say, "there will be many more prisoners and prisons."

From the prison proper they walked to the execution-ground. There were in or near the city three of these aceldamas. One was in the southern suburbs, Suzugamori ("Grove of the Tinkling Bells") near Shinagawa, which Honda Jiro saw on first coming to Yedo; another was in the northern suburbs at Senji, near Asakusa, on the road to Oshiu; but the number of executions at these two places was very small compared with that in the prison-yard itself.

The business of waiting on the condemned prisoners, handling and burying their carcases, and attending to all the ghastly and polluting details of the innumerable beheadings was done exclusively by

men of the eta, or hi-nin, class. As the travelers approached the black gate opening into the awful place of death, eight or ten of these social outcasts, who were standing near in their uniform dress of blue cotton, at the beck of the chief officer sprang forward to unbar the gate. When they had done this, Mr. Rai stood in the place of despair and on the ground where the eyes of the intended victims were bandaged with paper before being led to doom. How many thousands have from that spot taken their last look on earthly things, seeing only sky and black prison walls! No — for only a few feet off was a tree which in spring was a mass of blossoms, and in summer thick with green leaves — the one beautiful thing in this field of blood.

The prison-yard was about eighty feet square. In the north end, under a long covered space, were a number of plain black palanquins, in which criminals of the samurai class were carried to court. Very rough *kagos*, or open basket-palanquins, for ordinary criminals unable by reason of torture or weakness to walk, but able to sit, were ranged under another shed, together with long bamboo baskets, in which criminals senseless from the torture, unable to sit or walk, were carried in a recumbent position.

Torture was the regular method of procedure taken to obtain evidence and confession. Whether innocent or guilty, the accused was compelled to testify against himself; and if he did not say what, according to the preconceived notions of the judge or examiner, he ought to say, he was put to the

torture. He was beaten with bamboo rods, burned with the moxa, made to kneel on a block of wood cut with sharp ridges while heavy flat stones were piled on his legs, tied with ropes and hoisted up and down, burned with melted copper, and in other ways, too brutal to detail, was made to confess either lies or truth. The strangling apparatus looked as if it were in frequent use.

At one end of the yard was a roofed structure of posts, entirely open on all sides. This was the place in which *seppuku*, or hara-kiri, was committed. Samurai condemned to death were allowed this means of expiating their crimes. A few feet in front of this *jisaiba* (or place for killing one's self) was a raised platform on which the officer of the court appointed to witness the act sat. In such cases canvas screens were stretched round the jisaiba, and out of regard for the criminal's rank none of the lower-grade officers or attendants was allowed to be a spectator. The dirk, neatly wrapped in white paper and laid on a tray, was presented to the victim, who sat facing the official witness. Behind him stood the executioner, to strike off his head as soon as he thrust the blade of the dirk into his own body. After decapitation the head of the victim was laid on the tray, to be inspected by the officers of justice. Cases of seppuku were very frequent in this place at this time; and not long after Mr. Rai's visit, owing to political troubles, the jisaiba was for a time in almost daily use.

About fifteen feet from the jisaiba was the *chi-*

tama, or blood-pit, in which criminals were beheaded. It was a pit originally about a foot deep, six feet long, and four feet wide. At the top, partly above the ground, was a curb of heavy square wooden planks, six inches thick and deep, which enclosed it. It was kept covered by a sloping timber frame, like the roof of a house. When this was lifted off by two eta the hideous reality was startling. In the pit were rough mats soaked with the fresh blood of many criminals. The straw was thickly dyed with the still crimson stains, and on it lay spotted or red-dyed paper bandages that had fallen when useless from the eyes of the severed heads. Beneath the upper mat, when lifted by the eta, was another, and another, all stained and clotted. The sides of the wooden frame were black with the gore of years, deposited in crusts and lumps.

The faint odor that ascended was more horrible in the awful cloud of associations which it called up than in the mere stench. The last execution had taken place the day before, and hundreds of heads had tumbled in during the previous year. In that small area a thousand had fallen within ten years; and from its first day of use a myriad of men must have bowed to the sword and shed their blood there. It was awful to picture the hosts that had found this the portal of eternity.

The criminal who was to be executed was led, bound and blindfolded, into the yard, and to the chi-tama, where he knelt upon the mats, and for the first time smelt the odor of the pit, which, one may fancy,

added a tenfold horror to the moment. The attendant eta, placing the victim in position, took hold of one of his feet, in readiness to jerk the body, so as to make it fall forward immediately after the fatal blow was struck. The swordsman, who was a samurai legally protected from disgrace, unsheathing his sword, touched the victim with the flat of the blade to intimate that all was ready, and that he must crane his neck and stretch out his head. Hot water was then poured on the sword by an eta to add keenness to its edge. This done, the death's-man lifted the weapon, but only a few inches above the neck. The blow fell on the back of the neck, the executioner striking from above downward, occasionally expending the force of a blow on the hard wooden curb. This was, as we have said, six inches thick. But in the place where the blade fell the hard wood had been chopped away for the space of six or eight inches wide, and sloping down to four or five deep. Mr. Rai was reminded of the "Beard-cutter."

The swords used were those ordinarily worn by samurai, and not of unusual weight, but as sharp as razors. Two in constant use were shown Mr. Rai. One of them, fresh from the work of the day before, was slightly nicked in many places, and the edge had been roughened and burred by cleaving through the hard neck-bones.

The bodies of all criminals were delivered to the friends of the deceased if they claimed them. If the criminal were friendless or unknown, his re-

mains were buried in a cemetery near the execution-ground at Senji.

Strangling appeared to be a punishment one degree less severe than decapitation. But the worst punishment of all was that of *gokumon*, or exposure of the head, on the pillory at Shinagawa or Senji. All Japanese had a wholesome dread of this punishment. Notices of an execution were posted up at Nihon Bashi in the center of the city, or on small *kosatsu*, or proclamation-boards. Orders from the Sai-ban-sho, or court, were issued on one day; execution followed on the next.

By official permission the interview between Mr. Rai and Honda Jiro took place in a private room in the superintendent's house. The prisoner had been somewhat prepared for the proposal to be made to him, and his mind was receptive. After a long and earnest conversation he signified his agreement to the invitation of the lord of Echizen, and signed a document to that effect. He then put on his samurai dress, which had been carefully kept for him, received his swords, and the two gentlemen left the prison together. Honda Jiro found lodgings in Echizen's Middle Yashiki, and was put under the charge of the superintendent.

Here, during his private incarceration, we leave him, only saying that, with the aid of Doctor Sano, Mr. Rai, and Professor Koba, Honda Jiro was well supplied with Dutch, Chinese, and Japanese books, and that he at once gave himself diligently to study. It was during his last year of confinement that Mr.

Townsend Harris, the American envoy, arrived at Shimoda. The two years flew swiftly by, and at the end of that time Honda Jiro went forth an accomplished scholar, and to a long, happy, and useful life.

Far different was it with the other two men imprisoned at the same time, Okuma Éi and Nogé Toro, teacher and pupil, whom we met at Yedo in the Inn of the Big Gold-fish, and at Yokohama, when Perry's treaty-ships were anchored there. Okuma Éi was released shortly afterward, only to be imprisoned by his own clan, and ten years later to fall a victim to assassins who murdered him because he proposed to open Japan to foreign influences; while Nogé Toro and Ban Saburo in the political troubles of 1860 were condemned to death, and performed hara-kiri in this same Yedo prison-yard.

It is time now to turn to a more sunny phase of life in the "Country of Peaceful Shores," in another part of the "Land ruled by a Slender Sword." We shall see Honda Jiro again in the castle halls of the lord of Echizen as the honored guest at a wedding-feast.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WEDDING OF A PRINCESS.

FAR down in the southern province of Higo, at Kumamoto, a fair young maiden named Kiku (Chrysanthemum), usually spoken of as Kiku-himé (The Princess Chrysanthemum), who had been betrothed to the son of the prince of Echizen, was living in joyful anticipations of being united to her betrothed. She had been told by her friends and by her mother that in the northland she would be homesick; but her light heart feared nothing, and she looked forward with joy to new scenery, people, and experiences.

In company with her parents and maid, and a few ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and their servants, they set out in the springtime of 1857, to travel northward to her future home in Fukui. There she was welcomed and made a guest in one of the many spacious dwellings belonging to the prince within the castle of her future father-in-law.

Princess Kiku was a most beautiful lady, of that noble cast of countenance which belongs to the families of high birth and breeding. As every one knows, there are in Japan two types of features: one is that of the "pudding face," which is flat, round, large-featured, and unintellectual-looking, which be-

longs in general to the humbler classes; and the other is the Yamato type, which has an oval face, delicate profile, more oblique eyes, tiny mouth, long, rounded nose, and an expression lighted by intellect and culture. Though in individual instances preconceived theories as to origin and ancestry are as easily upset as a study of a man's character by his handwriting, yet these two types of the conquerors and the aborigines are very marked. Kiku had the stamp of the Yamato race in her lovely and rosy countenance, which was habitually that of modesty lighted by gracious smiles.

No vain doll was Kiku, but besides inheriting her mother's beauty she added to it the inner grace of a meek and dutiful spirit. In addition to her skill in household duties, her memory was well stored with the knowledge of Japanese history and the Chinese classics. She had committed to memory the entire books of the "Woman's Great Learning," and had read carefully five other works on etiquette and morals which her father had presented to her on successive birthdays. Kiku was a remarkably well-educated maiden, and would have been a prize for even a *kugé*, or court noble.

Faithfully following Japanese etiquette, Kiku had been carefully kept from the company of the male sex since her eighth year. She never talked with any young man except her brothers. Occasionally at family parties she was addressed by her uncles or cousins. Sometimes, when officers or gentlemen called to see her father, Kiku would serve tea to the

guests and was thus made the subject of compliments; but as to "receiving" male company, she never did it. Kiku never went out, unless accompanied by ladies-in-waiting or the maidens selected to attend her. These were arrayed in most elegant silks, and the dressing of their hair was an amazing triumph of the hair-dresser's art. Well stiffened with camellia pomade, their tresses at the back of their heads spread out from a central body of tortoise-shell comb like the wings of a butterfly.

The gods of Japan are said to meet together at the great temples in Isé during the eleventh month, and tie all the nuptial knots for the following year. Kiku's marriage-knot had been tied by the gods long years before she even suspected the strings had been crossed, for when an infant in the cradle she had been betrothed, and the negotiations, settled when she had come to lovely maidenhood, only confirmed officially the covenants of the parents.

In Japan only the people in the lower classes are acquainted and see each other frequently before marriage. The business of selection, betrothal, and marriage is attended to by the parents or friends of the pair, who carry on negotiations by means of a third factor, a middle-man, or go-between. Children are often betrothed at birth or when on their nurses' backs. Of course the natural results, mutual dislike and severance of the engagement at mature age, or love and happy marriage, or mutual dislike and subsequent divorce, happen as the case may be. In general, when the parents take oversight of the

betrothal of grown-up children, it is not probable that the feelings of the son or daughter are outraged, or that marriages are forced against the consent of either, though this does sometimes take place. In Asiatic countries, where obedience to parents is the first and last duty, and in which no higher religion than filial obedience exists, the betrothal and marriage of children is not looked upon as anything strange. The prevalence of concubinage as a recognized institution makes it of no serious importance whether the husband loves his wife or not. The awful frequency of divorce and the looseness of the marriage-tie are perhaps the best arguments against this defrauding of the young people of their natural right.

To tell a Japanese that American people often marry against their parents' consent is to puzzle him and make him believe bad stories about them. If a man who marries against his parents' wish be not a triple-dyed ingrate, he must be a downright fool; and beyond this idea the old-fashioned Japanese can not go. You might as well try to make a blind man understand that "celestial rosy red" was "Love's proper hue," as to convince a young man of the old school that a good man ever marries against his parents' wishes. Such ideas and practices are convincing evidences to him of the vast moral inferiority of western nations when compared with the people descended from the gods.

Was Kiku happy? Nay, you should ask, Can that word express her feelings? She had obeyed

her parents: she could do nothing higher or more fraught with happiness. She was to be a wife — woman's highest honor and a Japanese woman's only aim. She was to marry a noble by name, nature, and achievement, with health, family, wealth, and honor. The house of Echizen was most illustrious and closely related to the Tokugawa. Kiku lived in a new world of anticipation and of vision, the gate of which the Japanese call *iro*, and we, *love*. At times, as she tried on for the twentieth time her white silk robe and costly girdle, she fell into a revery, half-sad and half-joyful. She thought of leaving her mother to go back alone with no daughter, and then Kiku's bright eyes dimmed and her bosom heaved. Then she thought of living in her new home, in a new house, with new faces, new responsibilities. What if her mother-in-law should be severe or jealous? Kiku's cheeks paled. What if Fujimaro, her husband, should achieve some great exploit and she share his joy as did the honorable women of old? What if his present position should give her occasional access to the highest ladies in the land, the female courtiers of the castle in Yedo? Her eyes flashed. What if Fujimaro, in the near future, should become lord of Echizen? No! that was impossible until gray hairs came and they were old.

The wedding night had come, seeming to descend out of the starry heavens from the gods. Marriages rarely take place in the daytime in Japan. The solemn and joyful hour of evening, usually about nine

o'clock, is the time for marriage — as it often is for burial — in Japan. In the starlight of a June evening the bride set forth to her intended husband's home, an honorable part of the castle amid lovely gardens in which were a tiny lake and a waterfall, as is invariably the custom. Her toilet finished, she stepped out to take her place in the *norimono*, or palanquin, which, borne on the shoulders of four men, was to convey her to the main castle hall where the ceremony was to be solemnized.

Just as Kiku stands in the vestibule of her temporary lodgings, let us photograph her for you. A slender maiden of seventeen with cheeks of carnation; eyes that shine under lids not so broadly open as the Caucasian maiden's, but black and sparkling; very small hands with tapering fingers, and very small feet encased in white silk mitten-socks; her black hair glossy as polished jet, dressed in the style betokening virginity, and decked with a garland of blossoms. Her robe of pure, snowy silk folds over her bosom from the right to left and is bound at the waist by the gold-embroidered girdle, which is supported by a lesser band of scarlet silken crêpe, and is tied into huge loops behind. The skirt of the dress sweeps in a round trail and her sleeves touch the ground. Her under-dress is of the finest and softest Kyōto silk. In her hands she carries a half-moon-shaped cap or veil of floss-silk. Its use we shall see hereafter. She salutes her cousin who, clad in ceremonial dress, with his ever-present two swords, is waiting to accompany her, in addition to

her family servants and bearers, and steps into the gold-lacquered norimono, the beam of which is curved in token of her high rank.

The four bearers, the servants, and the samurai pass down along the beautiful inner castle moats whose waters mirror the stars. The cortège enters one of the gate-towers of the ivied castle, passes beneath the shade of its ponderous, copper-clad portals, and soon arrives at the main entrance of the great Hall of Four Hundred Mats. Here they find the stone walk covered with matting, and see a line of officers of the lord of Echizen, all of whom are arrayed in gorgeous ceremonial robes. Mr. Rai, acting as the "go-between," and several near friends of the bridegroom, now come out to receive the bride and deliver her to her own ladies-in-waiting, and especially two of her own young maiden friends who had gone before to the main part of the castle.

Here we again have an opportunity of looking at the lovely southern princess, looking exactly like one's ideal of a Japanese princess because dressed like one, and, more than all, bearing in her noble countenance the air of immemorial lineage. Nor is this mere imagination; for her father is none other than a *kokushiu* (province-ruling) daimiō of the same high rank as the lord of Echizen. Her father had married the daughter of a kugé, or noble, of the imperial court in Kyōto, of the house of Ichijo. On her mother's side therefore she is of true Yamato blood; and yet it is less pride than winsome graciousness that lights up her face. Surely she will be a blessing to Fukui!

Here with her maidens she finds her own property, which has been brought to her future home during the day and unpacked. Toilet-stands and cabinets and the ceremonial towel-rack are prominently displayed. On a tall clothes-frame of gilt lacquer are hung her silk robes and the other articles of her wardrobe, which are bridal gifts. Over the doorway, in a gilt rack, glitters the long spear, or halberd, to the dexterous use of which all Japanese ladies of good family are supposed to be trained. On some of those articles of lacquer the artist in Kumamoto has spent long and patient years of toil, finishing but one of the important pieces in a twelvemonth. In a box of finest wood, shining with lacquer and adorned with her shining crest, are the silk sleeping-dresses and coverlets, which are to be spread, as all Japanese beds are, on the floor. The articles above mentioned, with many others not here named, constitute the trousseau of a Japanese bride.

Kiku rearranges her dress, retouches her lower lip with golden paint, and puts on her hood of floss-silk. This is of a half-moon shape, completely covering her face. She does not lift it until she has twice sipped the sacramental marriage-cups. Many a Japanese maiden has seen her lord for the first time as she lifted her silken hood. Kiku is all ready, and she and the groom are led into the room where the ceremony is to be performed, and assigned their positions.

The castle hall, in which the families of the bride and groom and their immediate friends are waiting,

though guiltless of furniture, as all Japanese rooms are, is yet resplendent with gilt-paper screens, bronzes, tiny lacquered tables, and the nuptial emblems. On the walls hang three pictured scrolls of the gods of long life, of wealth, and of happiness. On a little low table stands a dwarf pine-tree, bifurcated, and beneath it are an old man and an old woman. Long life, a green old age, changeless constancy of love, and the union of two hearts are symbolized by this evergreen. In the *tokonoma*, or large raised recess, are the preparations for the feast, the wine-service consisting of gold-lacquered kettles, decanters, and cups of Hizen porcelain.

On two other tables are a pair of white storks and a fringed tortoise. All through the rooms gorgeously painted wax-candles burn. The air of the apartment is heavy with perfume from the censer — a representation in bronze of an ancient hero riding upon a bullock. All the guests are seated upon the floor.

With a Japanese marriage neither religion nor the church has anything to do. At the wedding no robed priest appears officially among the guests. The marriage is simply a civil and social contract. In place of our banns is the acceptance of the suitor's presents by the family of the sought and the announced betrothal and intimation of the marriage to the government. In place of our answer "Yes" is the sacramental drinking of wine. We may say "wine," because we are talking of high life and must use high words. Saké, the universal spirituous beverage of Japan, is made from fermented rice, and hence is prop-

erly rice-beer. It looks like pale sherry, and has a taste which is peculiarly its own. Sweet saké is very delicious, and it may be bought in all degrees of strength and of all flavors and prices. As the Japanese always drink their wine hot, a copper kettle for heating saké is necessary. On ceremonial occasions, such as marriage, and especially when in a castle, kettles are of the costliest and handsomest kind, being beautifully lacquered or gold-damaskened.

Bride and bridegroom being ready, the wine-kettles, cups, and two bottles are handed down. Two pretty servant-maids now bring in a hot kettle of wine and fill the bottles or tall decanters of exquisite porcelain. To one bottle is fastened by a silken cord a male butterfly and to the other a female butterfly made of paper. The two maidens who act as bridesmaids and pour out the wine also are called "male" and "female" butterflies. The virgin having the female butterfly pours out some saké in the kettle, into which the virgin with the male butterfly also pours the contents of her bottle, so that the wine from both bottles thus flow together. Then the saké is poured into another gilt-and-lacquered bottle of different shape.

Now the real ceremony begins. On a little stand three cups, slightly concave, and having an under-rest, or foot, about half an inch high, are set one upon another, like the stories to a pagoda. The stand with this three-story arrangement is handed to the bride. Holding it in both hands, while the saké is poured into it by the male butterfly, the bride lifts

the cup, sips from it three times, and the tower of cups is then passed to the bridegroom and refilled. He likewise drinks three times and puts the empty cup under the third. The bride again sips thrice from the upper cup. The groom does the same, and places the empty cup beneath the second. Again the bride sips three times, and the bridegroom does the same, and they are man and wife — they are married. This ceremony is called *san-san-ku-do*, or "three times three are nine."

Like a wedding at once auspicious and illustrious, the nuptials of Kiku and Fujimaro passed off without one misstep or incident of ill omen. In the dressing-room and in the hall of ceremony Kiku's self-possessed demeanor was admired by all. After drinking the sacramental wine she lifted her silken hood, not too swiftly or nervously, and smiled blushingly on her lord. The marriage ceremony over, both bride and groom retired to their respective dressing-rooms. Kiku exchanged her white dress for one of more elaborate design and of a lavender color. The groom removed his stiffly starched ceremonial robes and appeared in dress of crimson and white. Meanwhile liquid refreshments had been served to the parents, bridesmaids, friends, and maid-servants.

The wine-cup is passed around, and the friends of both houses drink to the health of the bride and the groom. There are not many cups, and even these are so small as to hold scarcely three thimblefuls; but there are tureens full of water, in which the

cups are dipped and rinsed before each drinking. Previous to going into the festal room where the supper is served, the friends all go out to look at the grand array of fish, fowl, flesh, vegetables, pastry, and all the good things which are to be eaten. The cook has done his best for the occasion, and artists have assisted the cook; for all these delicacies and these solid foods are arranged in a most artistic manner to represent the whole landscape of Japan. Here are edible mountains, rocks, and precipices; there are rivers of liquid, and semi-solids of jelly, and here are bays and promontories and shores; and all these pictures of geography are represented in things which are good to eat. Here are also fountains and cascades, and trees and plants, and vegetables arranged so as to resemble a garden. In short, a most wonderful picture has been created, which is to be destroyed for the sake of eating.

Husband and wife now took their seats again with the whole company in the main hall and joined in the supper, during which apparently innumerable courses were served. Neither salads, ices, nor black cake appeared, but the bill-of-fare contained many choice items best appreciated in Japan. Let us enumerate a few. There were salmon from Hakodaté, tea from Uji, young rice from Higo, pheasants' eggs, fried cuttle-fish, *tai*, *koi*, *maguro*, and many other sorts of toothsome fish. There were sea-weed of various sorts and from many coasts, bean-curd, many kinds of fish-soups, condiments of various flavors, eggs in every style, and shell-fish of every

shape. A maguro-fish, thinly sliced, but perfectly raw, was one of the features of the feast. Sweetmeats, candies of the sort known to the Japanese confectioners, and *castira* (castile) cake, *loquats*, oranges, and many sorts of fruit crowned the courses.

As usual the near friends, Professor Koba, Mr. Rai, Doctor Sano, and Honda Jiro, all of whom were present at the wedding, got off by themselves before the end of the evening and had a pleasant chat. Mr. Rai mentioned that Mr. Townsend Harris, the American consul-general, who had been living quietly at Shimoda, was pressing his demand to be allowed to come to Yedo and deliver the President's letter.

"No amount of threats, cunning, offers of reward or accommodation have been able to move him," said Mr. Rai. "He claims that it would be an insult to the President to deliver the letter anywhere but at Yedo, the seat of the government, or by any other method than in person."

"Well," said Professor Koba, "in spite of all arguments and precedents against a foreigner's entering Yedo, the bakufu must give way, and Mr. Harris will get into the camp city. Once there, he will wonder why the Shō-gun calls himself the Tycoon, and has no power in foreign affairs without consulting the Mikado and Imperial Court."

"Then he will want to go to the very capital itself," said Mr. Rai.

"Yes, that he will; and the throne and camp will be at odds. The bakufu must choose its ablest man for this time of national danger."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A GAME OF POLO.

THE fashion of making bridal tours is not Japanese. Many a lovely spot might serve for such a purpose in the everywhere beautiful Japan. The lake and mountains of Hakoné; the peerless scenery, trees, waterfalls, and tombs of Nikkō, where sleeps the mighty Iyéyasŭ, the founder of the Tokugawa line; Hakuzan in Kaga; the spas of Atami, — all these are spots which, if in Europe or America, would be thronged with bridal parties. But our princely couple went nowhere.

"At home" for three days is the general rule with ordinary people. All their friends came to see them, and presents were showered upon the happy pair. The great Shō-gun sent Fujimaro a present of a flawless ball of pure rock-crystal five inches in diameter. The Higo daimiō presented him with a splendid saddle with gilt flaps and a pair of steel stirrups inlaid with gold and silver and bronze, with the crest of the Echizen clan glittering in silver upon it. From his own father he received a jet-black horse brought from the province of Nambu, and an equine descendant of the Arab sire presented by the viceroy of India to the Japanese embassy to the pope in 1589.

Let us now notice how the outward form of a Japanese maiden assumes that of a Japanese matron. First, then, the maiden wears a high coiffure that always serves as a sacred symbol of her virginity. It is not easy to describe its form, but we think it very beautiful, and will regret the day when the Japanese *musumé* wears her hair like her sisters across the ocean. The *shimada*, or virginal coiffure, however, is changed after marriage; and Kiku, like the rest of her wedded friends, now wore the *marumagé*, or half-moon-shaped chignon, which is wound round an ivory, tortoise-shell, or coral-tipped bar, and is the distinguishing mark of a Japanese wife.

So far, however, the transition from loveliness to ugliness has not been very startling; Kiku still looked pretty. The second process, however, robbed her of her eyebrows and left her bereft of those dark arches that had helped to make the radiant sun of her once maidenly beauty. With tweezers and razor the fell work, after many a wince, was done. With denuded brows and changed coiffure surely the Japanese god of fashion demands no more sacrifices at his shrine? Surely Kiku can still keep the treasures of a set of teeth that seem like a casket of pearls with borders of coral?

Not so. The custom of all good society from remotest antiquity demands that the teeth of a wife must be dyed black. Kiku joyfully applied the galls and iron, and by patience and dint of polishing soon had a set of teeth as black as jet and as polished. Not strange to tell to a Japanese either,

the smile of her husband, Fujimaro, was a rich reward for her trouble and the surrender of her maiden charms. Japanese husbands never kiss their wives; kissing is an art unknown in Japan. It is even doubtful whether the language has a word signifying a kiss.

Henceforth, in public or private, alone or in company, Kiku's personal and social safety, even had she been a commoner, was as secure as if clothed in armor of proof and attended by an army. The black teeth, maru-magé or bent coiffure, and shaven eyebrows constitute a talisman of safety in a land which demands that a woman put her teeth in mourning for defense.

The people of Fukui were very proud of their new princess, and now boasted that the granddaughter of a kugé had come to live among them. Great was their joy when she appeared in public, so that they could look upon her pretty face. In honor of their prince's son, Fujimaro, and his wife, the young samurai had for months been practicing for a match game of polo. The princess was to witness it and award the prizes, and all who could possibly beg, borrow, or buy admittance to the riding-course where the game was to be played were in happy anticipation of the day.

The origin of *da-kiu*, or Japanese polo, which is a game of ball or hockey played on horseback, is referred to the time of Yoritomo, who wished in time of peace to keep his cavalry soldiers seasoned by hard exercise and ever ready for the toils of war.

After a battle it was always customary to cut off the heads of the slain and to count them. A soldier usually made his record and received promotion on account of his tally of heads. The score being made, the heads were then buried, forming those *kubi-dzuka*, or "head-heaps," which, as grassy or tree-grown mounds, now mark the site of old battle-fields in Japan. In time of peace, when there were no heads to be cut off, except occasionally those of criminals, a game on horseback was invented in which netted poles or "spoons" took the place of swords, and wooden balls were knocked about and counted in lieu of human heads; but as of old the contestants were named Genji and Héiké, and wore white and red, while from the tall wickets of bamboo flew the pennants of the same rival colors.

On the occasion of the dakiu tournament given in honor of the bride and groom, let us imagine ourselves sitting near the princess and judges. The ground selected was in front of the clan's stables over which Mr. Honda was superintendent. The course was a smoothly rolled, sanded space, about six hundred feet long, planted at the sides with rows of cryptomeria and fir trees. The width was about sixty feet. The stables occupied half the space north of, and parallel to, the course. The southern half was a long, covered building with a row of rooms filled with the families of the daimiōs of Echizen and Higo, ladies and gentlemen in waiting, the judges and scorers. The center of interest and the

target of all eyes on this day was, of course the fair lady from Higo.

On the opposite side were hundreds, if not thousands, of spectators, among whom were about one hundred shaven-pated monks, priests, and students, all in monastic robes and collars, from the Buddhist monastery of the Shin sect near by. Everybody was dressed in his, and especially her, best, for the female spectators were very numerous. Black and oblique-eyed beauties, with wondrous glossy capillary architecture, and silk gowns and girdles, and gay fans, rained immense influence on the handsome young contestants. Most of the twelve players were students, young fellows of the samurai, or gentry, class, of from seventeen to twenty-two, whose eyes, hands, and nerves had been trained at fencing, wrestling, archery, and spear exercise as well as with bridle and saddle. Six players, the Héiké, wore red-lacquered helmets, while those of the other six, the Genji, were white. All had bound up their flowing sleeves tightly under the armpits, and their girdles to their loins, exactly like girls when at work, though the game in hand was no girl's play.

At the signal given by two hammer taps on the clapperless bell, shaped like Columbus' egg after he had made it stand, the twelve players mounted. Another tap, and they rode into the lists and saluted the bride and groom, and the judges, near their prince. Another tap, and then, dividing into two files of six each, the players rode down to the end

opposite and farthest from the wickets. The horses were now in line at the extreme end, ranged on either side of the course, each horseman holding up his *saji*, or spoon. This instrument was made of bamboo, five feet long, with crook, or scoop, at the end netted with cord. An American boy would at once see that it was a game of "shinny" on horseback, and would think that the saji was more like a lacrosse racket than anything else.

Two old fellows now entered, each with a basket of what appeared to be red and white eggs. These were the balls. They were laid at intervals of two or three feet apart, the white balls in front of the red-helmeted players, and the red before the white hats; that is, the Genji heads were laid before the Héiké riders, and the Héiké skulls before the Genji knights. Two rows of thirty-six balls each thus lay alongside of each line of players and extended before the leaders a distance of some yards. At the far end, whence they had entered, were two wickets of bamboo poles. The wickets stood about twenty-two feet from each other. The poles of each wicket were two feet apart, and the cord joining them was three feet from the ground. By the rules of the game each ball must go over the cord and between the wicket poles; failing to do which, the balls falling outside were tossed back into the course. The Genji, or whites, were to scoop up and toss the red balls over, and the Héiké, or reds, *vice versa*. Each was to hinder the other and prevent victory if possible.

At the given signal both parties rode up the lists,

the line of balls on their right hand. They rode slowly at first, picking up and hurling the balls forward toward the goal; when within throwing distance they attempted to fling them over the wickets. In a few minutes several balls had gone over, and the upper end of the course was now a pied field, looking something like an irregularly picked paper of mint drops.

It was no longer a dress parade, but a pitched battle and a fiercely contested struggle of excited men and of clashing horse and gear and bamboo spoons. There a red flaps his saddle with his heavy metal stirrups, spurs being unknown, and his steed flashes toward a white ball. He is just about to scoop it up, when click goes a white spoon under his, and the ball flies whirling back. There goes a victor whose defiant white helmet gleams like a wild goose careering past the moon. He has already flung seven balls clear over the wickets, he is now dashing for an eighth! Who can stop him? He is already shouting his triumph, when, like an arrow, a young red dashes before him. The red spoon missed the mark, and the horse's shoulder, striking his white rival's flank, sends steed and rider rolling over the sand. Quick as lightning, white-hat leaps nimbly off the saddle, and before his horse is on his hoofs again scoops up the ball and whirls it over the wicket. A tempest of clapping hands from the ladies and shouts from the men greet the victor, who, without pausing to acknowledge the applause, is in saddle again, the white lacquer of his helmet, as the sun strikes it, dazzling his admirers.

A number of lively episodes and passes and some splendid feats of horsemanship fill up the game toward the last. It is evident that in spite of the fine playing of two of the Héiké, the Genji have the advantage of coolness and practice. One of the reds has been put *hors du combat*, with a bruised right arm and a broken spoon. The tilt for the last ball is at hand. All the balls are over and out; one alone remains. To bag the last ball is even a greater honor than the first. Now for the final tug! Eleven men and horses after one tiny ball! Now backward, now forward, now in mid-air, tossed on the top of the netted sticks like a ball on a fountain jet, now hurled back a dozen horse-lengths! See how they dash to it! What a clash and mass of horse legs, manes, heads, gilt saddle-flaps, with clanging of metal stirrups, banging of spoons! It reminds one of the battle of the centaurs with the Lapithæ, at the marriage of Hippodamia and Pirithous. Snap! a spoon has been crushed by a hoof, and a white-hat is unhurt, but *hors du combat*. "Hai! hai! hai!" shouts a red-hat, and the ball is thrown by a back stroke far on toward the goal. Out dashes another red from the mass of centaurs. His helmet on his shoulders, his top-knot all awry, his hair loose, his face streaming with perspiration, his eye flashing, yet cool and sure of triumph, he defiantly awaits his rival. The spoon of one is within a foot of the prize, when, with a yell, he lifts it and sends it flying through and fifty feet beyond the wickets. The applause is tumultuous, and in it even the dignified daimiōs,

bride and groom, ladies and gentlemen in waiting, and all, except the judges, join.

The Héiké in the red helmets have won. The riders now pass by the judges, salute, and stall their horses. The gentlemen riders adjust dress, hair, and toilet, and soon re-appear as spectators.

Several other games of dakiu followed the first by fresh relays of Genji and Héiké youth. After the final score the prizes were presented. Of the three games played, the crack contestants, the white-hats, or Genji, won two. The daimiō presented with his own hands a roll of figured white silk, a gold-emblazoned helmet with the armorial bearing of the Genji upon it, and a porcelain vase of red Kaga ware. To the subordinate players the daimiō's son, Fujimaro, gave scrolls of ornamented Echizen paper, with his autograph written thereon.

Thus ended the polo tournament in honor of the young couple and the Higo guests, with all the imposing surroundings of feudal display. The value in affording good exercise, health, enjoyment, and discipline to eye, nerve, and muscle seemed exceedingly great. It had all the excitements of war, with only an extremely low per cent of its danger, and was evidently one of the best of the manly sports of "the country of brave warriors."

So the days passed sweetly away during the whole summer in which Kiku-himé was a bride. Nor did her heart once become homesick for her southern home.

CHAPTER XXV.

SEEKERS AFTER GOD.

THE castle in Fukui, begun in the twelfth century, enlarged in the sixteenth, and again replanned in the eighteenth by Iyéyasŭ himself, and, rebuilt by his son, occupied the larger portion of the city. It was surrounded by a triple line of stone walls surmounted by ramparts and surrounded by moats or ditches, which were fed by three streams coming in from the north, all emptying into the large river which flows along the front of the city. In this manner the moats were kept full of clean, bright running water.

If we cross the drawbridge of the castle and enter the main part of the citadel, we shall find that there is in progress a large school which is devoted to the mastery of the native literature, to the Chinese characters, and also to the Dutch, the only foreign language then studied by progressive samurai. If we enter this school in the early part of the year 1859 we shall find our old friend Honda Jiro. He is no longer a would-be destroyer of foreigners, but apparently only a commonplace teacher. The schoolroom consists of a large apartment, covered on the floor with mats. On these mats young men are kneeling, or rather sitting upon their heels, before a low

table not more than a foot high. They are committing to memory page after page of the Japanese historical books, and they are repeating the words to themselves out loud, so that the noise of the room is like Babel.

The old method of study was first to know all the characters on the page of a book. Without any regard to the meaning, the scholar must learn to know the sound to the ear and the shape to the eye of the Chinese ideographs, and also to reproduce them by the pen on paper. After that had been accomplished, the teacher explained the meaning of the characters, the student construed and translated, and the text of the book was slowly mastered and its contents were understood.

Somewhat as Latin school-books are to English are the Chinese text-books, in which most of the standard Japanese books or history are written, to Japanese. The young men were accustomed to commit the text to memory and then stand with their backs to the teacher in order not to look upon the books before them, and recite to him the whole page from memory. The writing lesson consisted of copying out numbers of Chinese characters and then writing and re-writing them from memory. The Chinese characters are very clear and beautiful to the eye, and when one becomes master of them there is a great fascination in reproducing them with ink on paper.

On the tables were writing materials, consisting of large ink-stones, which were of a dark color with

a hollow place cut in them for the ink when made liquid by rubbing sticks of solid ink with water. The black fluid was used with pencils, or pens, which were brushes made of fine hair. The copy-books were of thick paper cut into leaves a foot square, which were so repeatedly covered with ink as to be without a spot of white. After every writing lesson the books were hung out upon lines to dry, and the next day new writing exercises were practiced upon the old thick layers of ink which had been used the day before. The wet ink easily showed plainly on the dry and caked deposits of previous exercises.

One may wonder at the great change which had come over Mr. Honda Jiro, that he should turn from becoming a would-be assassin into a quiet teacher; but the truth is that years of reflection, in addition to the constraint and instruction derived from the good and discreet Professor Koba and the kindness of the daimiōs of Echizen, had wrought a transformation. In the first place, Mr. Rai had hinted to Honda, when first out of the Yedo prison, that the real object of Professor Koba was to restore the Mikado to ancient power, but that his plan was to do it in a different way than by killing the foreigners. In the second place, the prince himself had assured him that the best way, in the long run, to overcome the foreigners and to keep Japan safe, was to adopt their learning, weapons, and moral principles; while Mr. Rai had been most wise and kind and helpful in assisting Honda to understand that the pen and the book were mightier than the sword.

During all the time of his "domiciliary confinement," Professor Koba had been in correspondence with Honda, and his letters contained noble sentiments and ideas about duty and man's relation to heaven, upon which the young man deeply pondered. In these letters were many things said about the Creator, providence, sin, and holiness, but wholly of a different cast of thought from what either the Buddhist priests, Shintō lecturers, or Confucian teachers taught. Yet never was the name of Christ, elsewhere so publicly proclaimed in Japan and heralded as infamous, mentioned in these letters, though it was often hinted at; for Mr. Koba feared lest the ubiquitous spies to the government should open his letters, and thus defeat his purpose, and send both of them again to prison and to death. When, however, Honda came back to Fukui, Professor Koba boldly told him that his teacher was no other than the one outlawed in Japan, Jesus Christ, whom the Japanese called Yasu, and that the book he loved most to read was the New Testament of that same Yasu. Both together then became earnest students and readers of the Chinese New Testament which Professor Koba had secured through the Chinese captain of a junk at Nagasaki.

"I am in hope," said Professor Koba, one day as they met secretly together, "that many of our thinking men will study this book; for I hear from Mito that the enlightened daimiō of that province is looking into the doctrines of Christianity. I know he has some Christian books, and images and pictures of

the Virgin Mary and the saints; but this Portuguese and Spanish form of the Jesus-doctrine does not commend itself to me. I am puzzled to account for the cruelties of the Inquisition, and at some of the political things done by the rulers of the religion at Rome, for they do not seem to accord with what Jesus teaches. However, I hope at some time to meet with a teacher from England or America. The Hollanders hinted that there was a great difference between the forms of the Jesus-religion in northern and in southern Europe."

So then Honda had given up all hope of fighting the foreigners or drawing their blood, and had given himself to the patient task of enlightening the young men of his own province. Further, he had, by means of the wise assistance of Doctor Sano, made his peace even with the young lady, Asai, who, misinformed and in a fit of passion, had once desired that the god Fudo might take his life. They had been married, and were now living in quiet and comfort in a beautiful little house within the inclosure of the castle. Her father had purchased the rank and privileges of a samurai, and now wore two swords and lived within the castle precincts, having retired from active business.

Usually a merchant who thus purchased rank and honors, and had nothing else than his money-bags to recommend him, was apt to be snubbed, insulted, and ignored at first by the samurai of hereditary rank, who sneeringly spoke of him as a "money-lifted samurai." In this case, however, Mr. Asai's repu-

tation as a man of integrity and public spirit was so high, and since the liberal sum paid by him was immediately applied to educational purposes by the daimiō, all parties were mutually pleased. Each one of Mr. Asai's family was treated with respect, and Honda Jiro's course highly approved; few, however, knowing the secret of "the Hour of the Ox."

Even Professor Koba himself, who had purposely remained single until long past forty, thought it was high time for him to cease living alone. He therefore made a journey to his native province, and there took to himself a wife — a lovely and accomplished lady, one among the many of that province who were noted for their beauty — and had brought her to Fukui, where he was now living. He had enlarged his circle of pupils and friends, who were learning from him the glorious ethical studies of the great Chinese masters, as well as receiving a new and wonderful stimulus to both discussion and action. For in Mr. Koba's lectures and conversations there were many strange expressions and even ideas, which somehow or other extremely interested the hearers and provoked inquiry; but Mr. Koba did not tell the origin of his thoughts. He enjoyed more than ever the confidence of the daimiō of the province, who gave him more and more power in carrying out the reforms which he desired to see effected.

Among other things he was exceedingly successful in abolishing from the dominions of the daimiō every species of gambling; so that the dreadful vice, which was so prevalent in some other prov-

inces, was almost unknown in Echizen. Furthermore certain other evil practices, so often indulged in by the gentlemen of the province, were banished to the sea-ports and places outside of the capital city, so that if one desired to indulge in that which is unseemly he was compelled to go to other places. No one could live long within the province of Echizen but would feel a healthful glow of intellectual inquiry and love of study. He would also note the hopeful expectation of a better state of things for all Japan, as well as a general dissatisfaction with that which was low and immoral and sensual. In a word, this daimiō's court in the little inland city of Fukui was one of the bright spots of light and civilization at this time.

A beginning was even made in the direction of elevating the eta and hi-nin to something like humanity; and many of the cruel practices and customs of which the eta were victims were prohibited, and they were treated with comparative kindness. For years the most miserable of these creatures had had no houses to live in, but only huts of straw; or they found shelter under the great bridge, to be alternately drowned out or killed by the miasma of the damp mud. The better portion of them, however, had houses, but no rights before the law. Their name, eta, as the scholars discussed it, came from *é*, meaning flesh, especially of cows or horses after flaying, and *tori*, taker or gatherer. The fact that these people handled or sold meat or dead animals put them under the ban, first of Buddhism,

and then of society, so that any reform in their behalf was a blow to Buddhism, and hence was opposed by the priests.

In the cautious discussions of political affairs, it was generally agreed by Mr. Koba and the prince, and nearly all of the enlightened men, that everything should be done in national affairs by taking counsel of all the different daimiōs, and that nothing arbitrary should take place. Since foreigners had come upon the soil the old dual system of the Throne and the Camp would soon be disturbed, and this should be carefully modified by wise counsels and not by any one-man power. In a word, the study of modern history was beginning to bear fruit.

The prince had greatly admired the action of the Yedo government in calling together a council of the daimiōs to deliberate upon the propositions made by Commodore Perry, and he trusted that this was a good precedent which would be continued to be followed, so that Japan would possess something like a parliament, in which national affairs could be discussed by the samurai.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"EXPEL THE BARBARIANS."

IN the summer of 1858 the Tycoon in Yedo was taken ill, and late in August he died. The prince of Echizen knew that a political crisis was likely to occur, since the Tycoon was childless, and an heir must be appointed. The regent, or prime minister, who had the greatest power was named Ii Kamon no Kami. He was an arbitrary man and inclined to do very much as he pleased, and to give himself up to his own selfish pleasures without taking counsel from the other daimiōs or ministers of state. At least this was what his critics said.

The prince of Echizen, leaving Fukui, came quickly to Yedo, to be present as a relative of the Tokugawa family, and assist with his advice. With the prince of Owari, and others, he wished that Kéiki, the seventh son of the prince of Mito, should be made Tycoon. This gentleman was of age, accomplished and popular; but the prime minister paid no attention whatever to the good advice of the daimiōs, and chose an heir who was only twelve years of age, and who would not have any influence; so that the prime minister, as it seemed, could take all power to himself. They now began to call him, "The Swaggering Prime Minister,"

While the view we have stated was the honest opinion of many Japanese of the years 1858–60, it must be remembered that to a few progressive men then, and many of them now, it was not a true judgment upon Ii Kamon no Kami, whose motives were not bad. He sincerely loved his country, and wished to open it peacefully to western civilization. The foreign vessels, British, Dutch, Russian, and French, were now visiting the coast of Japan in increasing numbers, and nearly all of them demanded that treaties should be made. Above all, Mr. Townsend Harris, the American minister, who had come from Shimoda to live permanently in Yedo, visited frequently the headquarters of the premier, and demanded that the Yedo government should hurry up the authorities in Kyōto to take immediate action and make a commercial treaty. The prime minister, being afraid that some accident would happen by which Japan would be involved in war, as were China and India, and be invaded or conquered, determined himself to expedite matters. In fact, he resolved to do this if necessary even at what seemed to be the expense of all propriety, and in defiance of the opinion of men who thought themselves as well able to judge as himself. He therefore put his seal and signature to a new treaty, without the sanction of the Mikado. He knew that the Japanese were not then prepared to resist the pressure brought upon them.

When the prince of Echizen, and other lords who were blood relations of the Tycoon, found out that "the swaggering prime minister" had made a treaty

with Mr. Harris, the American minister, entirely on his own account, without consulting others, or without going through the forms which were so properly observed at the time of the coming of Commodore Perry, they at once ordered their palanquins, and going to the palace desired an interview with the Tycoon, to protest against making treaties with foreign nations without orders from the Mikado and the imperial court. According to the native historians their request for an interview with the Tycoon was refused by the prime minister, who saw them himself, insulted them, sent them away, and told them never to come back into the castle again. Then, so it is said, he gave himself to pleasure at the expense of the public funds, while at the same time he sent his spies to Kyōto and other places throughout the country and arrested all the patriots whom he supposed were interfering with his arbitrary purposes.

These men were not so much opposed to foreigners as they were desirous of having things done according to enlightened public opinion and with some form of representative government. Indeed, a great many of the more respectable of them "veiled their larger purpose" under the cry which now arose throughout the country, and which afterward swelled to the proportions of a storm, "Honor the Mikado and expel the barbarians!" Though at first few, these "Mikado-reverencers" and "foreigner-haters" gradually enlarged their numbers, until there were organizations of them all over the empire. In their ardor to destroy the Yedo despotism, and to

unify their nation by exalting their sovereign, they were ready to do any deed of violence. In order to checkmate the desires and the policy of the prime minister, the more loyal, upright, and calm-minded men refrained from sympathy with these "Mikado-reverencers" and "barbarian-expellers," but desired rather that things should be done according to public opinion. Many of the more active patriots, among whom were the brother of Doctor Sano, Nogé Toro, and Ban Saburo, were seized in Kyōto and brought in cages to Yedo, where were already so many victims of the prime minister's high-handed policy that every ward of the great prison was crowded.

The hopes of the moderate men, like Koba and the daimiō of Echizen, that the example set by the Tycoon, in calling together an assembly of daimiōs to consider the treaty of Commodore Perry, would be followed by the gradual formation of something like a national body for the discussion of public affairs, were totally disappointed; for the prime minister, instead of relaxing, became still more fixed in his views of despotic government. He now gave full rein to his despotic ideas, and when the prince of Mito and others pressed upon the Yedo government the idea of honoring the emperor by canceling the treaties and expelling the foreigners from Japan, the prime minister found it necessary to take violent action. He ordered Mito to be put into permanent imprisonment and his son into exile, while the princes of Echizen, Owari, Tosa, and Uwajima were

compelled to resign their offices into the hands of their sons, and to live in their secondary yashikis in Yedo. When in the height of his career he ordered to the death over twenty upright and honorable men who had opposed his views. Among the patriots compelled to commit hara-kiri was Doctor Sano's brother, an accomplished scholar and gentleman.

The news of these doings created a tremendous excitement all through the country, especially in the capitals of the princes who had been in prison or sent into exile. A desperate band of ronins made a conspiracy to destroy the life of Ii, the prime minister. On the great holiday of the third day of the third month, that is, the twenty-third of March, 1860, while going in his palanquin to the palace, his train of retainers was set upon, during a snow-storm, by a body of armed men, most of whom were Mito ronins. In the sword-battle which ensued, the head of the prime minister was cut off and his body left a bleeding trunk. On the persons of the captured assassins was a paper charging Ii with five crimes, the chief of which was that of "being frightened by the empty threats of the foreign barbarians into making treaties with them, and, under the plea of political necessity, of doing this without the Mikado's sanction." The assassins called themselves "representatives of divine anger." Two days later, as so reported, the head cut off in Yedo was tossed into the garden of the daimiō of Mito, fifty miles away from the Camp City. Historical research proves the rumor baseless.

This tragic event only served to loosen still more the whole feudal system of Japan. The samurai daily deserted their masters, the daimiōs, and became organized bands of ronin. Their sole pretext was to see the Mikado restored to supreme power, while most of them were also *jo-i*, or alien-haters. They lived by extorting money and food from the merchants and farmers. Early in the winter of 1861 a party of the cowardly wretches lay in wait in the streets of Yedo for Mr. Heusken, a young Hollander, and the secretary of Mr. Harris, the American minister. Returning from the Prussian legation, he was attacked in the darkness. So sharp are Japanese swords that, in time of excitement, a man may receive many and fatal wounds without knowing until too late their seriousness. Though he reached the American legation, he lived but two hours. This was the eighth foreigner killed since 1859.

The foundations of society were threatened with dissolution, as the whole empire seemed to be swarming with bands of men who owned no allegiance to the daimiōs; for while little or no national sentiment existed among the farmers and lower class people, they looked to their local lords as their only rulers and to the Mikado as only a shadowy and far-off being. The political heavens were gathering blackness and all hearts feared. It was true, as one of the most high-souled ronins of the time expressed it, "the empire is on the point of becoming a hell."

Indeed, in the system of terrorism, such as the

government of Japan was under the Tycoon's military system, the only method of redress seemed to be by assassination, and the only sure weapon the sword. There existed no provision or opportunity for the expression of the views of patriots. In the political machine there was no congress or parliament to act as a safety-valve. The only way by which the feelings of those who made public opinion could be made manifest was in blood. It was "despotism tempered by assassination." In republics, constitutional monarchies, and representative governments, such as exist in Christendom, political parties make and unmake the policy of the presidents, kings, or ministers; the newspaper press reflects public opinion; but under despotisms, dynamite, bomb-shells, and the various methods of assassination take the place of caucuses, elections, campaigns, polls, votes, and discussions. It is highly probable that the premier, Ii Kamon no Kami, though trained in the ways of a Japanese politician of the bakufu days, was a sincere patriot, and wanted to save his country from being invaded by the Europeans as China had been, or subjugated as India was. To accomplish his purpose he followed out the Tokugawa policy of force, using arbitrary means. Echizen's method was the reverse.

That is the usual fault of a military man even when made a president of a republic. A soldier expects to govern a nation just as he commands an army; to say, "Do this" and expect instant obedience, or to have the insubordinate shot. The

Premier Ii also thought that in this case the end justified the means, and so used "the tyrant's plea" which, as history shows, is not restricted to any age, climate, or country. In England when the people in parliament disagree with the policy of the queen's ministers, they move a vote of censure and the ministers resign. In the United States when the people are opposed to an administration, they go to the polls on election day and vote in another platform, and change the national policy with their servants; or in congress they rebuke the president by passing their bill over his veto. In old Japan, the apparatus of parties — polls, elections, and congress — was lacking. The assassination of the Premier Ii was simply the old samurai way of moving a vote of censure. It was the swift, barbarous way of pretending to stand in Heaven's place and so using the sword. The samurai hated the priests, but they outdid the priests in claiming to be the vicars of Heaven.

This state of things could not last long, and Ii, little as he or his friends may have then suspected, was destined to be an instrument of Providence in guiding the nation toward constitutional and representative institutions. The great prince of Chōshiu addressed a letter to the bakufu urging that the Tycoon should proceed to Kyōto and call a congress of all the daimiōs in order to get the opinions of the nation. The Throne and the Camp, Court and Bakufu ought to act in concert, in which case the public opinion could be easily known. The imperial

court was so pleased with the suggestion that it sent for the writer of the letter. Orders were at once given to the great daimiōs of Satsuma and Chōshiu to keep the ronins and lawless characters in order.

Shortly after the Mikado sent an envoy to order the Yedo government to carry out the idea in the prince of Chōshiu's letter, and call the national assembly of daimiōs in Kyōto. To enforce the orders of the imperial court Kéiki was appointed guardian of the young Tycoon, and Matsudaira, the prince of Echizen, was appointed supreme dictator of affairs.

This was a proud day for the men of the Fukui clan, thus to see their beloved prince, who, for opposition to arbitrary measures, had once been imprisoned and dishonored by Ii, now raised to a position of authority even higher. Matsudaira's efforts had always been directed toward the use of argument and reason rather than the sword in matters of government, and the truest patriots rejoiced when they saw such a man at the head of affairs.

Among the three hundred or more daimiōs of Japan very few were of any great strength of character, and in general all real power and influence were wielded by their *karo*, "family elders" or advisers, who were able men of low rank. But among the crowd of titled nobodies the daimiōs of Echizen, Mito, Hizen, Tosa, Owari, and Uwajima shone conspicuous for ability and personal worth. The prince of Echizen, thus suddenly exalted to be the virtual administrator of all Japan, had the advantage of high reputation and popularity.

Yet the political situation was a very critical one and profoundly difficult. As a relative of the Tokugawa family, and being one who was above all things desirous of honoring the noble line founded by Iyéyasŭ, the prince had to face the problem of being first of all loyal to the Mikado and the court, and then of dealing with the daimiōs and the clans, who were so hostile as to wish the immediate destruction of the Yedo government. Further, he must keep faith with the foreigners who continually and greedily pressed him for more privileges and advantages; while on the other hand he was as eagerly pressed by fanatical patriots to destroy the aliens or to persuade them to leave the country.

Further, since the authority of the Yedo government had been loosened, disorders were increasing in both the cities of Yedo and Kyōto, and assassinations of men whom the ronins marked for death were of frequent occurrence. Only a few days before a retainer of the daimiōs of Tamba murdered an English corporal of marines of the British legation in Yedo for no other reason than because he hated foreigners. In Kyōto the heads of two retainers of a Kyōto noble were found stuck up on a board on the dry bed of the river before Kyōto. These events took place only a few days after the prince of Echizen received his appointment. In addition to the princes of Satsuma and Chōshiu, the daimiō of Tōsa, being then in Kyōto, was ordered to assist in policing the capital and keeping in order the fanatical patriots. Thus arose

the famous combination, lasting over twenty years, called Sa-chō-to, and destined to become so famous in recent history and so powerful in government even until 1890. The name is made, in common Japanese style, by uniting in one word the first syllables of Satsuma, Chōshiu, and Tosa.

Accepting the responsibility of being for a time the virtual ruler of all Japan, Matsudaira, lord of Echizen, summoned Professor Koba to be his chief adviser, Mr. Rai Goro to be his nearest assistant executive, and Honda Jiro to be his secretary. He began his difficult and delicate task by acting on the advice of the wise and able man and administrator whom years before he had invited from Higo, and who had been his counselor in Echizen. He trusted to the wisdom, the tact, and the courage of these three who were closest to him during the next two years of an exciting life in Yedo and Kyōto.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BLACK CLOUDS BEFORE THE TEMPEST.

THE first act of Matsudaira was to establish at Kyōto an office, or protectorate, over which the daimiō of Aidzu was appointed head. In old Japanese politics, the master-move in every game was to hold possession of the Mikado, and to protect the court and palace from those who would use his person and name to enforce their views or will. The emperor, as representative of the gods who made Japan, being the fountain of all law and authority, all who obey the commands issued in his name are "loyal;" all who disobey him are *chotéki*, rebels or traitors. The two names might be applied to the same man or party, according as he or it possessed, or were driven away from, the imperial palace. Matsudaira's first care was that the Mikado should be guarded in the interests of law and order, and that neither ronins nor the combination of a few ambitious clans should seize the imperial person and government.

The next reform and far-reaching stroke of policy carried out by Matsudaira was the abolition of the custom of requiring all the daimiōs and hatamoto, or flag-supporters of the Tycoon, to live every alternate year in Yedo. Hitherto the wives and chil-

dren of every daimiō must remain in Yedo; while the daimiōs were allowed to spend only their alternate years in their own dominions away from their families. This custom had been inaugurated by the grandson of Iyéyasŭ early in the seventeenth century. His object was a double one — to weaken the power of the feudal lords, and by dividing the clans to rule them, and also to add to the glory of Yedo. It was a policy that enriched the city and impoverished the country. It had for three centuries cost a vast amount of money, time, and trouble to the daimiōs, which was now saved them by the abolition of the custom. While it helped the provinces, it was a tremendous blow both to the prosperity of Yedo and the despotic power of the Tokugawas. At the same time, the senseless extravagance, which was the fruitful cause of theft, dishonesty, and lying, was rebuked in an order which reformed the style of dress and discarded empty ornament. All this, though for the good of the country, scared the inn-keepers and mercantile people who had fattened on the old state of affairs. Thousands of merchants and shop-keepers at once closed their places of business, and returned to their homes in the provinces.

Kyōto now became amazingly prosperous, for many of the daimiōs made their establishments in that city. The reformatory actions of the dictator, Matsudaira, suggested in many cases by Professor Koba, greatly pleased the imperial court, which ordered the Yedo government to clear away old abuses, reform the

Constitution, and proclaim pardon to all those who, since the year 1858, through the Premier Ii, or otherwise, had suffered imprisonment for their political opinions. In addition to this joyful news for many honorable and upright men, pensions were awarded to the families of those who, like the brother of Doctor Sano, had been put to death for their loyal sentiments. The honorable duty of repairing and beautifying the tombs of the Mikado's ancestors was also performed by the bakufu.

Yet though Kyōto was so prosperous, the means of the imperial court were limited, the Mikado having very little revenue. One day, however, a procession of two hundred and fifty ox-carts entered the city, bearing fifty-five thousand bushels of rice done up in twenty thousand straw bags, a gift to the Mikado from the prince of Satsuma. This precedent was soon followed by the prince of Chōshiu, who made a like gift. Having no longer large yashikis to support in Yedo, the loyal daimiōs were well able to be thus generous. The kugé, or imperial court nobles, even went so far as to rebuke a daimiō for going up to Yedo instead of Kyōto; whereupon the daimiō turned back and came to the true kiō, or capital, where eighty daimiōs and their retainers now dwelt, crowding the city beyond what had ever been known.

Meanwhile in Yedo the good work of the prince of Echizen went on. The memory of Sakuma Éi was vindicated in his proposal, made ten years before, by the Yedo government's sending an order

to Holland to build a man-of-war, while Enomoto, Akamatsu, Uchida, and others, then promising men, whose names are now renowned in Japanese naval annals, were sent to Holland to study western civilization and the art of naval warfare, and after five years' study to bring out the ship to Japan. As for Sakuma Éi, he had long before been released from prison, and was pronounced in his opinion that the country should be opened to foreign intercourse and adopt western civilization. He always rode a horse equipped with an English saddle and bridle, and, by his strong opinions, irritated the fanatical foreigner-haters.

In addition to naval reorganization the foundations of a national army were laid in a daring social innovation. Three battalions were organized in European style, to be drilled according to modern infantry tactics. The cavalry and artillery arms were formed of the class of samurai known as hatamoto, or the Tycoon's flag-supporters; but the infantry were recruited from the trading and farming classes. This was the sign of a new day for Japan, that the common people were admitted to military honors. One could easily see Koba's hand in this move.

It was difficult, and in some cases impossible, to restrain the violence and fanaticism of clansmen who were so anxious to hasten the fall of the Tokugawas that they were constantly playing the assassin and incendiary, knowing no other means of bringing things to a crisis than the use of the sword and the

torch. They had a far larger and nobler purpose in view, even a united empire, a restored emperor, a government founded on public opinion, and Japan made strong before the world; but first they must destroy the bakufu. Early in the year 1864 the British legation near Shinagawa was set on fire and burned. Near the inn of the Big Gold-fish at the Kudan, Mr. Hanawa Jiro, who had collected, for the Premier Ii, precedents for the deposing of the Mikado by the Tycoon, was assassinated. In Kyōto the same sort of work went on. No sooner had Kéiki, the guardian and advance-officer of the Tycoon, arrived in that city, than the two-sworded men pressed upon him the question of driving out the aliens. He replied that as soon as the Tycoon should arrive, the matter would be settled. This evasive answer so disgusted the fire-eating patriots that they at once assassinated Mr. Kagawa, a former agent of the Yedo government, and sent his head to Kéiki as a hint to hurry up the expelling of foreigners, while the arms of the headless trunk were sent to the nobleman, master of the unfortunate man. Neither Aidzu, protector of Kyōto, nor the prince of Echizen, both of whom nobly strove to uphold the honor of Tokugawa, as well as to honor the emperor, could restrain these apparently savage acts which were indicative of the stern purpose of the patriots.

The Tokugawas, as individual gentlemen, were noble patriots, but they were victims of a bad system and of the times, for no personal worth of pri-

vate character could save the dual system which was now tottering to its fall. On the ninth of April a party of ronins perpetrated so gross an insult to the Tokugawas that the wrath, both of the protector and the dictator, was so strongly roused that, in spite of the intercession of the prince of Chōshiu and a tremendous commotion in the city, the perpetrators were imprisoned. The Buddhist temple of Tō-ji-in was founded by Ashikaga Takauji, the rival and opponent of Nitta, and the first shō-gun of the dynasty which at Kamakura overawed the Mikado from 1333 to 1573. This temple contained in its reception-room five carved images of these Ashikaga rulers. A party of ronins, intending a direct insult to the Tycoon, went at night and cut off the heads of three of these images; and carrying them to the execution ground where the worst criminals were decapitated stuck them in clay on a pillory. When the people of the city who were first astir saw these heads in such a disgraceful place the news ran like wildfire through Kyōto, and the protector and Echizen at once arrested those concerned in the insulting act. It was a plain and defiant indication that the ronins considered both the Tokugawa and the Ashikaga families equally traitors to the country.

Nevertheless step by step the country advanced toward institutions before which even feudalism must fall, and the constitution and representative government of the future approach. Both the lord of Echizen and his faithful counselor, Koba, rejoiced

when the imperial court opened a hall wherein all samurai might freely express their opinions on political affairs. This was mightily different from the old days of repression of speech and thought, when hara-kiri was the penalty of discussion or innovation. Nevertheless there were fanatics who could not discern the signs of the times; and a few months later, in this same year, they shed the blood of Sakuma Éi in the streets of Kyōto, because he used a European saddle and bridle and advocated opening Japan to foreign civilization.

The Tycoon and his gorgeous train arrived in the capital late in April. Before the imperial throne and the Mikado, who sat behind a screen, his face being invisible, he made his obeisance on his knees as vassal of the emperor. He stayed in the castle of Nijo, while the prince of Satsuma left the city. The one burning question which was now on all lips in Kyōto was that of driving out the foreigners and shutting up Yokohama and the ports. The court sent the prince of Mito to Yedo to superintend the ugly job, which the most ignorant Japanese, like hermits or children, supposed they could accomplish; and all the daimiōs whose dominions bordered the sea were ordered home to prepare for war.

The ronins and samurai came frequently to wait upon the prince of Echizen on the subject, and urged him to name a day when the foreigners should be swept away like vermin; but this enlightened prince knew only too well the difficulties in the way, the power of the nations of Christendom, the weak-

ness of Japan, and the impossibility of breaking treaties when once made. He saw clearly that these men were as frogs in a well that know not the great ocean; while the foreigners were masters of the sea and of the forces of nature. In a few years these narrow and ignorant patriots would have their vision enlarged, but now they were as unreasonable as crying children.

Since matters had arrived at a crisis and nothing seemed to interest the samurai — the one class which formed public opinions — except the mad scheme of war with the aliens, the prince of Echizen saw that his work was done. He resigned his position as dictator. He left Kyōto quietly and came to Fukui, while his trusty counselor, Professor Koba, went back to Higo to set in motion that train of young students, who have since, in Europe and America, won the secrets of science, and the moral and social forces born of Christianity.

About the first of June the Tycoon and his high officers again visited the Mikado at court, and the date for commencing war against the foreigners and sweeping them out of Japan was fixed for June 25. The disagreeable duty was imposed upon the bakufu of notifying all the clans of this solemn act of tomfoolery, and this was accordingly carried out on paper, though the Yedo government knew that the contract could not be fulfilled. The next step in the absurd program was that the Mikado should go in triumphal procession to the shrine of Hachiman, fifteen miles from Kyōto, and there present a sword

to the Tycoon as a symbol of the bloody work to be done, and as an emblem of his authority, as general of the camp, to drive out the barbarians.

Such a proposal of course made the Tycoon sick, and he kept himself at home, sending Kéiki as his proxy, who also was seized with the kind of illness which it was especially fashionable in Japan to have when duty was disagreeable. Kéiki publicly descended from the shrine, and the ronins snorted with rage. They denounced him in caustic and obscene terms, and demanded that the Mikado in person should take the field while they marched in the van. The court had the utmost difficulty in quieting their wrath.

The Chōshiu clansmen, believing that the orders of the Mikado could be and should be obeyed when the date was definitely fixed, had left Kyōto. Returning to their province they began the erection of batteries on the heights overlooking the narrow straits of Shimonoséki, where the naval battle of the Genji and Héiké was fought in 1184. The water is less than a mile wide, but commanding the channel which runs like a mill-race in front of the town itself, the new batteries swept a space only a half-mile in width. In formidable redoubts they mounted twenty-four and thirty-two pounders and eight-inch American Dahlgren guns. They also bought at Shanghai, pretending they were acting for the Yedo government, a strong steamer, a brig, and a bark, and armed them with brass cannon, raising the red sun-flag of Japan at the peak, and

the Chōshiu flag (three balls under a white bar) at the fore. On the pennants in the redoubt was read the legend, "In obedience to imperial orders." All eager and thirsting for blood they worked night and day to be ready to open fire on the first foreign ship that passed into the straits on the date of the twenty-fifth of June, as fixed by the Mikado's order.

As for Honda Jiro, having tasted to the full the excitement and turmoil of politics and impending war, and having seen enough of the bloody work of fanatics to disgust him, and full of a new thirst, he made his way, with his wife, to Yokohama to seek knowledge of the "barbarians." He resolved to go at once to the houses of the missionaries, to become, if necessary, a servant in order to learn. Heartily appreciating the noble patriots who, under the pretext of "driving out the aliens," were in reality working for a united and regenerated country with one ruler and one capital, he was yet heartily sick of the narrow bigotry and brutal bloodthirstiness of ignorant fanatics.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LIKE THE BREATH OF A CLAM.

AS happy as a clam at high water " is the fisherman's account of himself when his fancy is tickled for the moment by something pleasant and he is filled with delight. But to the far Orientals the idea seems to be reversed. The clams, which are called " chestnuts of the shore," enter into rapture and day-dreams when the tide recedes. Then from the open mouth of the giant clam rises a vapor which creates a mirage of wonders. The clam's breath forms all the gorgeous things which to human imagination appear in dreams. Palaces of delight are thus built in the air in unsubstantial majesty.

Until Perry and the American ships appeared off the obscure village of Yokohama, or " cross strand," it lay on the bay of Yedo scarcely better known than a chestnut dropped by chance into the forest, or a clam living in the sandy mud of the sea-shore. But if a farmer from the Echizen rice-fields had looked upon the scene that revealed itself on the first day of July, 1859, he would surely have thought he was looking upon the deceptive mirage of the clam's breath. Instead of the little hamlet of thatch, wattle, and mud, with a few fishermen's nets spread out to dry, and brown children wading

in the water, there was a bustling town full of quickly moving foreigners, busy merchants, carpenters sawing and pounding as if for dear life or double wages, porters carrying bundles, and muscular fellows pushing with guttural shouts their loaded carts. Out in the bay a fleet of war and merchant ships, flying a variety of flags, steam launches and lighters, sail and row and scull boats by the hundreds, made almost a floating city.

For days and weeks beforehand the government of Yedo had been busy building a causeway running from Kanagawa over to the "cross strand," and in laying out streets and places for the consulates and other buildings. Large jetties had been built out into the water from which the ships could unload their cargoes. Hundreds of merchants were already on the ground. To build the grand new houses hundreds of carpenters had been summoned from Yedo and other cities. The phenomenon was more like a growth of one of the American cities on the prairies, for it required but a few days and weeks for this wonderful treaty port to spring up as by the touch of a wand.

On this day, July 1, 1859, there were Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and several other kinds of Europeans, who were bargaining with and buying from the Japanese, changing round dollars for square coins, and each one endeavoring to get the best of the other in mercantile exchange. The lacquered cabinets, the choice silks, the carved ivories, the tea, and all the varied produce of Japan were being

exchanged for what men brought from the United States and Europe in their ships. Hundreds of Japanese merchants were already in a high state of glee because they thought they would now indeed make their fortunes which they had so long expected. Already in their dreams the treasure-ships, with big sails bent, were coming from afar.

Great as was the commercial enterprise at Yokohama the political innovation in Yedo was startling; for in the very heart of the great city was established, on the seventh of July, the legation of the United States of America, and the flag of the stars and stripes was hoisted over it. Soon also the flags of Great Britain, of France, and of Holland showed that the hated foreigner had established himself in the Holy Country. There was also a great deal of business done between the government offices, for already difficulties concerning the exchange of native and foreign coins had emerged. Japan's currency and metallic money was in a condition very interesting to the curator of a museum or a collector of curiosities, but hardly suited to quick and accurate business. There were forty-nine different coins in circulation; twenty-three in gold, nineteen in silver, five in copper, and two in iron. In shape they were round, oval, square, oblong, bullet-shaped, and with or without a hole cut or molded in the center. Besides the various coins which, even when honest, varied in weight and purity, there were the issues of paper money from no fewer than twenty-three provinces, or fiefs of daimiōs. With coin de-

based and an inflation of paper money, the economic troubles of the peasantry were becoming chronic; but whereas the native, accustomed to despotism, submitted quietly, the foreigners protested, chafed, and fumed.

Sometimes words ran high about the regulations made and to be made, for to the foreign merchant accustomed to freedom there seemed to be too much official interference. It appeared also to be the design of the Japanese government to fence in the foreigners, and to inclose them with gates and guards and annoying regulations. In vain did the Yedo officers assure the consuls and diplomatic corps that this was for the protection of their countrymen against the attacks of ronins, assassins, and other violent characters. The foreign merchants were possessed with the idea that the only purpose was to hinder trade, and they clamored for unrestricted communication with the people.

Gradually the natives and foreigners began to understand each other, and business was settled on a basis of prosperity. Immediately, as the demand for gold, silver, tea, silk, tobacco, copper, and curios, or art works, became stronger, production was stimulated, and long trains of pack-horses and fleets of junks set their heads toward the new port. Whatever could be reared from the soil, or made by the people, at once felt the influence of the magnet of foreign commerce, and was attracted to Yokohama. At once prices rose, and the whole economic system of wages, cost, and contracts was disturbed, creating

trouble among the wage-earners and laborers. Indeed all who could not depend on keeping away hunger when the cost of rice was over two cents a pound were in real distress.

Some of the daimiōs, while pretending to hate the foreigners, found the profits of trade very agreeable, and secretly investing their funds in business, had agents among the merchants at the port and thus increased their income. They enjoyed strange luxuries in food; and the dainties, the watches, clocks, carpets, mirrors, art works, and curiosities of Europe and America were seen in their palaces.

In not a few districts rice-riots became numerous and troublesome. The farmers, not being allowed to keep or bear arms, cut and sharpened bamboo poles, hardening them in the fire, and with these and sickles, reaping-hooks, forks, and various agricultural implements, they assembled in masses under their rude banner — a long, wide strip of matting, on which was smeared in ink some motto expressing their wrongs or demanding redress — and, marching to the government offices, clamored for justice according to their ideas. Often in the disturbances an officer, tax-collector, or treasurer was slain, though usually the sharp swords of the samurai scattered the peasants like sheep. After taking the heads off the ringleaders, order was restored, though matters were not always mended, for the troubles now were less personal than political.

When Honda Jiro, arriving in Yedo from Kyōto in June, 1863, received official permission to visit

the foreign settlement of Yokohama, he took care to be well armed with the writing stamped with the government seal, as well as with his passport, for he wanted to see everything possible without let or hindrance by intermeddling *yakunin*, or subordinate officers. He found that while the merchant and trader had from the first settled at Yokohama, yet at Kanagawa several American families had located themselves. They professed to be physicians, teachers, or, as they called themselves, missionaries. However, by the threatening state of affairs in Japan, and by the orders of the Yedo government, even they had been compelled to live in Yokohama. The patriotic assassins came even within the settlement, and in their zeal murdered two Dutch sea-captains; while only a few miles away two British officers and a gentleman on horseback had been cut down by the swiftly drawn swords of men whose pride and hatred made them willing murderers in the name of patriotism. A wholesome lesson had been taught the assassins, when a samurai who had killed an English officer was not allowed to commit honorable hara-kiri, but was beheaded as a criminal in the place for the execution of common criminals.

Europeans accustomed to honorable battle could not understand how Japanese, professing to be gentlemen, or samurai, with high notions of honor, could be such cowards as to attack unarmed civilians or to cut down men by striking from behind. Americans were reminded of Indian warfare, in which savages will not face rifles if they can help it, but

crawl up like bush-whackers, or fight behind trees. On the other hand, many of the foreigners were rough and brutal in their manners, and, as in all new settlements, the worst elements came up like froth. No better and no worse men ever were assembled together than at the first opening of a port on the coast.

Making bold to call on one of the two missionaries, of whom he had heard that they were kind and hospitable to all native callers, Honda Jiro found the American a strange-looking personage, with bald head, large, curved nose, kindly eyes which looked through gold spectacles, and of sunny and benevolent countenance. Doctor Grey, the American missionary, immediately made him welcome and invited him to sit on a chair. This was a point of etiquette with which Honda Jiro found it hard to comply, as it seemed to him improper for a young man to sit down first in the presence of an elder person. However, he took the chair, and though an interpreter was present to talk, Honda Jiro found the gentleman quite able to speak Japanese, and felt more at ease when Doctor Grey sent his Japanese teacher back to the study, for Honda Jiro at once recognized him as a paid government spy. He did not mention this fact, but Doctor Grey informed him that when in Kanagawa it was five months before he could get any teacher, and that all his movements and those of his family, whether in taking their walks, in shopping, or in engaging servants, were watched, and evidently reported to Yedo. In a word, the mission-

aries who had no trade, and neither bought nor sold, were to the yakunin, mysterious beings and objects of constant suspicion and espionage.

"Our object in coming to Japan is to give the people the message of good news of love and mercy in Christ Jesus from God our Father. Japanese and Americans are alike his children, and we want the people to give up their idols and honor the Creator who made this beautiful country, and to put away their low ideas and immorality. There are many beautiful things and customs we want them to keep," said Dr. Grey.

Honda Jiro found difficulty in understanding some of the missionary's Japanese, but not so much as he had expected, for Doctor Grey had once been a missionary in China and chose phrases that were familiar to samurai, while Honda was somewhat prepared by his private reading of the Bible in Chinese. During the turmoil of the past two years he had not been able to do this frequently or carefully. When well assured that the spy was not looking or overhearing he informed Doctor Grey of his possession, and they talked until dinner-time about the great truths into which he was inquiring.

Doctor Grey insisted on Honda's sitting down to the meal with his family, which consisted of Mrs. Grey, two sons, and two daughters, all bright and merry children; for this was the sunny home of a sunny missionary. Only Honda's strong desire to learn about foreigners and to explore the mysteries of foreign civilization overcame his feelings of fear,

as a well-bred gentleman, lest he should commit some fault of taste or good manners. He had never before seen foreign people eat, nor had he ever taken a knife or metal spoon or fork in his hand, nor was he acquainted with the character of the food or drinks he might have to put in his mouth. He felt inwardly nervous and fearful, though outwardly all calm.

An American naval officer, an old friend of the host, was to dine by appointment with Doctor Grey that day. The table had eight guests, and the appointments that day wore the appearance of an extra occasion, though Honda did not know this. Apparently not noticing anything, his eyes were in reality keenly alert to every motion of his host and of the officer. Soup, fish, meat, and vegetables, however, were skillfully mastered, the knife not once going into the mouth, nor any noise being made in sipping the soup, nor one slip or false movement happening. So well did he progress that, having grown brave and self-assured, he thought he could follow the code without noticing the example of the others. Alas for his sensitive soul, the inevitable *faux pas* came to pass. When the finger-bowls, with an inch of water and a slice of lemon floating on it, were put on the table, Honda lifted the bowl and took a drink of the lemon-water.

Did host, hostess, and naval guest do likewise, to save the shame of the Japanese gentleman? Doubtless they would have done so, had they noticed it; but just at that moment a slight earthquake shook

house and ground, and their attention was called to the trees shaking and dropping their green fruit, though no breath of air stirred. When later, however, Honda saw all dipping their fingers in the bowls after eating the loquats and oranges, a fiery rush of blood crimsoned his face and ears until it seemed to him as if his skin were touched with a hot iron.

This was his first secret humiliation, unknown to any, except perhaps to the children, who were the only ones who noticed the slip or the blush; but, alas! another was to come. Doctor Grey liked his tiny cup of after-dinner coffee.

"Kafay! What's that?" thought Honda, ready to drink melted lead rather than commit another blunder. Down dropped the sugar lump, in went the spoonful of condensed milk. The smell was strange and sickening. Should he drink the mixture? Certainly; a hero never hesitates. He lifted the cup and took a swallow. Horrible! nauseous! It was less scalding than distasteful to the last degree. Oh, how long he held that thimbleful in his mouth! "How can I swallow it? Will it not sicken me? I must!" So ran his thought; but brave as a man committing hara-kiri he drained the cup.

His verdict, after making inquest of a foreign dinner, might be recorded as follows:—

Item 1. Tools and machinery, that is, knives, forks, dishes, coffee-service, etc., wonderful and varied, but not necessarily preferable to the Japanese.

Item 2. Chairs and tables, requiring more trouble, but are, perhaps, more dignified and advantageous. The lady or wife at the place of honor at the head of the table impressed me mightily.

Item 3. The children at the table, well trained, behaving well, and, though kept in subordination, are not only kindly helped but are talked to and instructed by the father. This gives me a suggestive insight into the family education of these American Christians.

Item 4. As for the soup and fish, they are no better than Japanese, for ours are excellent. The meat, which is Chinese mutton, is a new thing to me and very toothsome. The vegetables are very delicate. The jam and American preserves are wonderful. The coffee, a horrible brew; bread and butter are curiosities, and concerning them I have no settled opinion.

Item 5. The father giving thanks to Heaven while all bow their heads is beautiful. I like the idea. I am reminded of what the great Teacher did before he fed the thousands of people.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A NAVAL BATTLE.

AFTER dinner, seeing that Doctor Grey and the naval officer (who "lighted a stick of rolled tobacco and smoked it as if it were a pipe," as Honda afterward said) evidently wished to talk together, Honda Jiro left with many invitations to come again in the morning. Doctor Grey promised to take him in next door to the dispensary of the physician, Doctor Bunner, who healed and prescribed for the native poor.

Had Honda Jiro been able then to understand English, he would have heard a conversation something like that given below. Both were Americans, both strong patriots and lovers of freedom, haters of human slavery and oppression, and withal devout Christian men.

"Things look dark at home, just now," said Doctor Grey, "do they not, Captain McDougal?"

"Yes, doctor, they do. With Vicksburg still holding out, and the awful defeats at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the Union arms are under a cloud which shows no silver lining yet."

"So it seems; and sometimes I feel as if I had no country, and wonder whether my children will ever see the *United* States again. With Confederate vic-

tories on land, and the Alabama sweeping our commerce from the seas, it looks like midnight for us. The Americans here do not dare to send home a box or package by one of our ships, when one appears, which is rarely, and even our letters have to go by way of Europe. The Southern Confederacy is at floodtide, just now."

"But the morning must dawn, and the tide ebb, doctor."

"Yes; as surely as God rules in the heavens."

"The strangest thing to me," said the captain, "is the strong sympathy with a Confederacy based upon African slavery which is shown by our British friends, who speak our language and are sharers with us in the idea of liberty. The merchants out in these eastern ports seem so ready to help Captain Semmes. We have now been on the lookout for the Alabama in these eastern seas for many months, yet no word of encouragement have I had from one of them. At Singapore, the Wyoming was mistaken for the Alabama, and the letters sent to me in mistake by English merchants were full of welcome and promises of aid to the Confederate destroyer of our commerce."

"Well, captain, the Japanese seem about going not only into civil, but also foreign, war; and the prince of Chōshiu has provided an Alabama at hand for you."

"Yes; I have had orders to leave for home, and should be justified in leaving for Philadelphia tomorrow; but instead, I shall start for Shimonoséki

and try first the issue with the forts and vessels. It is a case of one ship against three, and six guns against half a hundred. I have no charts, and do not know how my Japanese pilots, furnished me by the Yedo authorities, will serve me, but I believe my duty is to face the tiger. To have each daimiō in Japan firing on the peaceful merchant-vessels of a Treaty Power, and making indiscriminate war, will not be tolerated by our government, nor by any other civilized power."

"Well, whatever is done, captain, may it be for God's glory, the coming of Christ's kingdom, and the breaking of every yoke! The missionaries out here are like those men at home working in that East River caisson under the water. Some day a glorious suspension bridge *may* unite New York and Brooklyn; and so also, Japan and the Christian nations of the earth *may* be joined by the gospel in faith and love to one common Master; but oh, how far off it does seem sometimes! Between our country's troubles and discouragements here, we missionaries have at present 'the cloudy and dark day' of Jeremiah. God bless you, captain! and preserve you and our gallant men in the battle."

"Well, doctor, I find all good Japanese are as much perplexed as we are. We Americans have been two years in actual civil war, and the Japanese are just drifting into it. The Tycoon and his rebellious vassals will soon be arrayed against each other in arms. Even though I must vindicate the honor of my country's flag, I do yet hope most earnestly

that Japan may come out as safely from her troubles as I believe the United States will."

"Both will, captain. I believe God has a work for both nations to do, and they can and will do that work best in friendship. Whoever comes out victorious, Tycoon or Mikado, may the Japan that is divided into fractions, feudal, pagan, licentious, superstitious, and idol-worshiping, sink out of sight; and the Japan that is united and Christian live!"

"Ah, doctor, I see you love the Japanese. May God permit you to see your hope fulfilled! Meanwhile, pray for me."

"I will. God shield you and speed your return safely!" and the two friends parted.

Then went forth that gallant patriot, Commander David D. McDougal, to perform with his sloop-of-war one of the most brilliant and daring actions known in the shining annals of the American navy, and to win a victory like those associated with the names of Paul Jones, Decatur, Bainbridge, Perry, Worman, Cushing, Winslow, and other American captains of single ships. On the thirteenth of July, steaming into the straits of Shimonoséki, he saw the three men-of-war lying at anchor between the town and the main channel; the brig and the bark in line and the steamer fifty yards to the left, the main channel lying still further to the larboard side. The sun-flag was flying at the main, and the colors of Chōshiu at the foretop. Six batteries on the bluffs commanded his path to these ships. The mud flats had been marked with stakes to assure certain

accuracy to the aim of the Japanese gunners. It seemed madness to face the fire of all these forts and to run between the ships; but McDougal knew two things well, first of all his duty, and second the draught of the Chōshiu steamer. He trusted much to human infirmity on the Japanese side, and much more in God. He ran his ship close under the batteries, and then drove her right between the three war-vessels.

In five minutes the Wyoming was in the vortex of a tempest of flame, smoke, shot, and shell. The muzzles of the American and the Japanese ships' guns seemed to touch, and more than once two red tongues of fire from opposite ports became one. From the steamer came only the fire of small arms, but on bark and brig the cannon fire was amazingly rapid. For a half-hour the crash of bursting shell, smashing timbers, flying splinters, and rattle of grape, canister, and chain-shot on the Wyoming's deck had little intermission. Through it all McDougal stood on the bridge directing the fire of broadside and pivot guns, and cheering his men. Once out beyond the Chōshiu ships, the Wyoming was safe for a few moments from the batteries. Then it was noticed from the American ship that the Japanese steamer, having probably a thousand men on board, and grappling-irons slung at the yards, was being maneuvered so as to capture the Wyoming, with her one hundred and sixty men, by boarding.

The outlook was dark. What if the Japanese should board and overwhelm the little crew of the

Wyoming? Visions of prison-cages, torture, decapitation, and exposure of heads on pillories rose before the minds of the Americans. The sailors were nerved to desperation and vengeance at the thought and made up their minds not to be taken prisoners. Even the marines now hoped to have something to do after the dreadful inaction of waiting. Nevertheless it required coolness, science, and skill to work and aim a Dahlgren eleven-inch pivot gun, and neither these nor courage failed.

McDougal ordered the Wyoming again into position for a decisive shot. Despite the swift current the engines brought her broadside with the enemy, and then the two eleven-inch pivot guns delivered their awful message. The forward Dahlgren sent its shell into the side of the Chōshiu steamer only two feet above the water-line. Piercing wood, coal, bunkers, and boiler, it passed out the opposite side and, a half-mile away, exploded amid the houses of the town.

Then, as from a colossal geyser, shot up and rolled out columns and clouds of steam and smoke, ashes, coal, wood, and human beings, as forty souls entered eternity, and the water was black with the heads of men struggling for life. With their blood heated with the passions of battle and hardly yet freed from the nightmare of prison-coops, torture, and beheading, the American sailors rushed to the gunwales to shoot the helpless Japanese in the water.

"Call off the men!" roared McDougal. "Don't let a shot be fired by an American when an enemy is helpless!"

Not a pistol, revolver, or carbine blazed. Even the marines, whose nerves were so tried by being compelled to stand still at arms during the cannonade, while the sailors were upheld by the excitement of fighting, were not allowed after that order the glory of a single shot.

"We 'll fight like Christians or not at all," said an officer.

Then backward through another shower of iron in the form of grape and canister, chain-shot, eight-inch shell, twenty-four and thirty-two pound round-shot from the batteries, the Wyoming passed. Hull, masts, rigging, smoke-stack, and iron-work were torn, gashed, plowed, and pierced, but neither boiler nor rudder had been touched. The brig sunk, the steamer blown up, one or two of the batteries silenced, was the report of her work done in one hour and ten minutes. Of the gallant sailors on her own deck four killed outright and two dead of their wounds, besides seven more torn, bruised, or mutilated, made the record of their loss.

The next day was the Lord's Day, and one of peace and rest, withal as beautiful as though it had come down out of heaven from God. Then how different the scene on the deck of the American battle-ship! Four hammocks neatly sewed and heavily shotted lay by the board ready for their "vast and wandering grave." Then McDougal, the hero that knew no fear, the man of science, courage, and faith, with prayer to the Father of all spirits, in tears that rolled down his face, and with a heart

that at times nearly choked the utterance of the voice, read the Christian burial service, and in the name of the Resurrection and the Life, as all heads uncovered, committed the bodies to the deep.

"It has been hard to fight with the men of the country which Perry opened so peacefully," said a lieutenant. "Even when the Japanese fight against each other, we can look on with regret. It is my consolation as an American that we fought the Chōshiu clan, rather than Japan."

"May Japan and the United States always preserve friendship; but I fear this is not the end of the trouble," said the other lieutenant.

There was no time to lose, for the Alabama was to be sought. A few days were spent at Yokohama in refitting, and then guns were loaded once more, and the Wyoming headed for the straits of Sunda, and for home. Missing the Alabama, the Kearsarge won the glory of victory, and the exploit of the Wyoming is even yet hardly known to Americans who know all about Paul Jones and Oliver Perry.

Yet that action in the straits of Shimonoséki did more than exhibit American gallantry and the power of Dahlgren artillery. It had a powerful influence in opening the eyes of one of the bravest and most enterprising bodies of men in Japan not only to the power, but to the methods, of the warfare of Christian nations. War is horrible, but even in things horrible mercy may shine, and the right object of using force may be discerned even amid

blood and slaughter. That the Americans left the helpless men unharmed when canister-shot and carbine volleys could have dyed the waters red with an awful loss of life, forcibly impressed certain Japanese officers. The Christian idea of humanity, and the moral courage of McDougal in calmly trying such odds, alike impressed them even more than did his physical courage. In the ordinary valor of brave men the Japanese fall behind no people on earth. They laugh at death and despise fear; but in the higher levels of duty, in moral courage, in the tenderness of heart that in the Christian ideal is linked with daring, the old samurai's ideal of Yamato Damashii was conspicuously defective.

Meanwhile, adopting American arms, tactics, and even clothing, the Chōshiu clansmen set themselves in undying opposition to the Tycoon and his authority. Little as they knew it, they were beginning the destruction of feudalism and of old Japan. With Satsuma, Tosa, Hizen, Echizen, Mito, Owari, and a few other clans, they were setting their faces toward the New Japan, civilized, social, constitutional, and Christian.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.

AFTER leaving Doctor Grey's house on that afternoon in July, Honda Jiro spent the rest of the day in walking about Yokohama. He noticed with interest the streets lined with smart new houses, and filled with wheeled vehicles and carriages drawn by horses. He looked in the native shops glittering with fresh wares, and watched the foreign men at the bank, hongs, business offices, and shops. Later in the day, when they went out for a walk, horseback ride, or carriage drive before dining, he saw them at their play hour. The hairiness of their faces, the ugliness of many of them, and their curious dress and manners impressed him at first with intense dislike.

When, however, he reflected on the substantial nature of their ships, stores, houses, and public buildings; as he occasionally saw a golden-haired child, or beautiful young girl; noticed the freedom of all, as shown in riding on horseback and in vehicles; and as he considered the mighty change that had passed over Yokohama, order came out of the chaos of his feeling and calm from the storm of his impressions. He went back to his inn with a determination stronger than ever to know the secrets of

their thought and life; for beneath these leaves, he thought, must be strong, deep roots.

In the morning, sallying out from his inn, he stopped at the confectioner's. There he bought a box of sponge-cake and another of candied fruit. According to polite custom, he offered these to Doctor Grey as a reminder of his visit and obligation, with the added words, "Yesterday, thank you." With Doctor Grey he then called to see the medical missionary at the latter's house.

Though busy in making a dictionary of Japanese and English, and varying this literary labor by translating the Gospel of Matthew, Doctor Bunner gladly welcomed the callers. A man not tall in stature, slight in figure, and genial in presence, he was also a most tireless worker and of rigid and systematic habits. After a few minutes' chat together Doctor Bunner invited Honda into the dispensary.

The sight which met Honda Jiro's eyes as he entered the large room was one which made an impression that will last during his life. Familiar with the sight of the sick and of the dirty, of diseased, of disfigured, and of outcast humanity, Honda had indeed become by casual observation; but he had never before made examination in detail, nor seen it so concentrated together. About two hundred men, women, children, and babies, had come for medicine, advice, and healing. Such misery and wretchedness seemed appalling. There were gray-haired hags and hobbling beggars with bleared and reddened eyes, wrinkled and puckered faces, streaming thin hair,

open sores, and foully dressed limbs. These showed the effect of long years of sin, of crime, of neglect, of ignorance, of pain, of agony, of hunger, of want, and of all that makes life miserable. Such foul skin-eruptions, such hideousness of nameless diseases that eat up the membranes and cartilages and bones, such ravages of small-pox and leprosy! Mothers, with pink-capped babies whose eyes had been corroded by the infectious plague, looked with pitiable gaze into the good man's face for a word of hope. The blind, the halt, the foul, came for salve, powder, cleansing, surgery. It was a chamber of horrors into which the young Japanese had entered, and though brave as a lion he sickened and almost fainted at the repulsive spectacle.

He watched the doctor. He keenly scrutinized every motion of physician, patient, and assistants, to see what gifts were made or received. After a few minutes' talk about God, the heavenly Father, and of Christ the Saviour, and of our need of repentance, faith, salvation, and right living, Doctor Bunner proceeded with his work, giving along with his advice, medicine, directions, or judgment, kindly and sympathetic words that were like balm. Five or six native young men who were preparing to be *Rangaku*, or "physicians in the Holland style," assisted Doctor Bunner, or were taught by him in this way as well as by books. These were active and helpful; but not a coin was dropped, or a gift made by the patients, or a *zéni* collected from them. Honda was amazed to find that these skilled services and the

medicines were free, and that the expense was all paid by Christians in America.

All this, with the talk with Doctor Gray and a further conversation with Doctor Bunner, so powerfully affected Honda Jiro that he at once made up his mind to live in Yokohama and to learn from these men more about Jesus and the religion which sent out such missionaries. Going back to Yedo to arrange his affairs with the Fukui officers, he took with him a copy of Doctor Grey's translation into Japanese of the Four Gospels in manuscript.

"It is a rough draft and merely a beginning," said the doctor, as he looked kindly over his spectacles at Honda, and smiled with a merry twinkle of the eye. "You are a scholar, and will find many infelicities in it. I shall be especially thankful if you will compare the Chinese version and mine and write out your copy," he added seriously, as he grasped warmly Honda's hand, and said: "The entrance of God's words give light, and may your soul come into the full day of obedience and love to Christ."

Honda thanked him heartily, and took his journey to Yedo. After three weeks he received permission direct from his feudal master in Fukui, through the influence of "the old prince," as the ex-daimiō Matsudaira was now called, to remain two years in Yokohama. With this permission came also an unsolicited appointment as agent for the clan, at a small salary sufficient for his support. Evidently the old prince had divined his plan and was encour-

aging him at the same time. Through the influence of friends in Yedo he had the teacher, who was government spy at Doctor Grey's house, promoted to a higher office in Yedo.

During the months spent in waiting he read carefully the Gospels, spending the mornings purely as an inquirer and seeker after truth. In the afternoons he occupied himself as a literary student, comparing the Chinese New Testament with the Japanese, and making a transcription of what he thought was the best Japanese expression of some of the wonderful ideas and most impressive sentences. He found the Gospel of St. John very difficult. Without a teacher, its study seemed more loss than profit, except for occasional flashes where the missionary had found the Japanese words worthy to match the thought. The Gospel of St. Mark was most easy, and this he read again and again with delight, though many of his old ideas were rudely shaken. His wife also became interested in the reading; but her favorite was the Gospel of St. Luke.

The couple now came to Yokohama, and renting a little house, made their home in the nicer part of the Japanese quarter. When Doctor Grey's teacher accepted the offer of official position in Yedo, Honda had the great joy of being invited by Doctor Grey to become his assistant and instructor in Japanese. Doctor Grey wished to fix a modest salary, and at first insisted on paying, but Honda explained that his office was sufficient for his support, and that any money intended as remuneration for work or tran-

scription could go to pay the expense of printing when the time came to pay for it. This, however, seemed a long way off, for while the penalty of death or imprisonment was still published before the eyes of the Japanese, neither printers nor readers could be persuaded or hired to touch the incendiary documents. With all its troubles, outward and inward, the Yedo government failed not in its vigilance in persecution of those suspected of being Christians.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE STORM BREAKS. — A NEW NATION.

THE Chōshiu men, in firing on foreign vessels, had obeyed the Mikado and disobeyed the Tycoon. The Throne and the Camp had again disagreed, and this time the disagreement was "the beginning of the end." Thousands of "foreigner-haters" now gathered in Chōshiu, and took service as soldiers and artillerymen. This one clan, thus re-inforced, seemed determined to fight the Treaty Nations and the Yedo government, and, if possible, capture Kyōto, seize the Mikado, and in place of the Tokugawa dynasty set up that of Mori of Chōshiu. On the fourth of September they fired on a bakufu steamer and, boarding her, compelled certain men on board to commit hara-kiri, and then assassinated two men known to be spies from Yedo. This opened the long war between Tokugawa and Mori.

At Kyōto, there being fifteen hundred Chōshiu clansmen in or near the city, and being suspected of plotting to seize the Mikado's person, they were outlawed by a decree of the court, then under the influence of Aidzu and Tokugawa. Eighteen kugé, or court nobles, were punished, and five more deprived of rank and titles for conspiring with Chōshiu. On the thirtieth of September the clansmen

and the court nobles retreated to Chōshiu; but in the following July a small army of irregulars from various clans came to Kyōto to petition the Mikado to restore the lord of Chōshiu and the outlawed court nobles to honor. An order was issued to chastise the irregulars, which was duly issued, and Fujimaro and his Fukui soldiers guarded the Sakai-street gate.

Then at daydawn, on the twentieth of August, began a battle before the palace gates, like that of the Genji and Héiké seven hundred and five years before. On the one side were the Chōshiu clansmen and the ronins, and on the other the soldiers of Tokugawa, Aidzu, Echizen, and other clans. The warriors were dressed in armor, but equipped also with muskets, and using cannon as well as arrows, spears, and swords. The prize of victory was the government — to gain and hold the palace and the imperial person. As before, in 1159 A.D., those in possession of the palace and gardens held their own. The Chōshiu army was driven back, but Kyōto was nearly destroyed by the cannonade and by fire. Thirty-seven of the captured southerners were beheaded in prison. Fujimaro was richly rewarded.

Elated with success, the Tokugawas now resolved to utterly suppress the rebellious province; but the southern clan, undismayed, prepared to fight both the allied squadrons of Great Britain, France, Holland, and the United States, and the armies from Yedo. In September, 1864, the fleet of four nations, with seventeen ships, two hundred and eight guns, and seventy-five hundred and ninety men, bombarded

the batteries at Shimonoséki during two days, and then, landing a force of infantry, sailors, and marines, destroyed the batteries and "cleaned out the den."

The result of this tremendous chastisement is told by a Japanese. "The effect of this affair was decisive. Some of the most enthusiastic adherents of the anti-foreign party participated in the engagement, and they became convinced that the 'outsiders' were far stronger and, in many respects, superior to the Japanese. It is fair to state that the anti-foreign sentiment in Japan was smothered by this event." Hitherto most of the sword-wearing samurai were like young Indians of the plains, who do not know the power of the forces opposed to them in the nation; but now the energies of the "Mikado-reverencers" were turned away from the foreigners and concentrated in destroying the Yedo government.

Now began a campaign led by the flower of Chōshiu, men of ideas, students of modern ideas derived from the Dutch books, armed with American rifles, having cast off their armor and being lightly dressed, their recruits being not only samurai, but chosen from the common people, well paid and full of enthusiasm and obedient to discipline. The result of the movements in the summer of 1866 was that this handful of alert men of courage and ideas beat back and defeated the motley army sent from Yedo. The prestige of the bakufu was now forever gone.

On the death of the young Tycoon, September 19,

1866, Kéiki was appointed in his place. The questions before him were, Should hostilities against Chōshiu be resumed, and should Hyōgo and Osaka be opened to foreigners? Kéiki called a council of the seven most prominent daimiōs, among whom were Echizen, Uwajima, Hizen, Tosa, and Satsuma, but was amazed to find that public opinion was ripe for the abolition of the dual form of government and a return to monarchy. Echizen and others frankly declared that the main cause of the national troubles was the division of the government into Throne and Camp. The prince of Tosa openly urged Kéiki to resign. These progressive daimiōs formed an invincible combination, and were evidently so formidable an exponent of the general sense of the country, that on the ninth of November, 1867, Kéiki, after a brief and noble address to the Throne, resigned his position.

Nevertheless the Aidzu clan kept the imperial palace, and it was uncertain where the actual seat of power was, especially since the old emperor had died, and the new one, born in 1852, was but fifteen years old. The daimiōs in combination felt that now or never was the time to strike for a united nation. Having quietly gathered their clansmen in Kyōto, they took possession of the palace gates on the third of January, 1868. They dismissed his old advisers from the boy-emperor, and in his name issued a proclamation that the government of the country was now wholly in the power of the imperial court. Thus, by a palace revolution, the government was

at last centered in the imperial person. The movement was effected by the influential men of the clans of Satsuma, Tosa, Echizen, Owari, Uwajima, Aki, and others, with the aid of a few daimiōs and kugé.

The new Constitution was proclaimed as follows: Three new grades of officers and eight government departments were created, namely: —

I. Supreme administrator, relative of the Mikado.

II. Officers to counsel and decide, of the rank of kugé or daimiō.

III. Associate officers, either kugé, daimiō, or their retainers, selected by the Mikado. The eight departments were: — Supreme Executive Council, Religion, Interior, Foreign Affairs, War, Finance, Justice, Legislation.

A parliament was also provided for by summoning to Kyōto three hundred and twelve samurai of ability and intelligence. Among those from Fukui was Mr. Rai Goro and Doctor Sano. Among the first of the associate officers invited to be adviser to the emperor was Professor Koba. The prince of Echizen was made vice-minister of the department of the interior. He hoped the revolution would be consummated without war.

A newspaper was established in Kyōto, and the new Constitution and appointments were published in it. Having now won their main purpose, the men who had veiled their larger purpose and nobler patriotism under the cry of "Honor the Mikado and expel the barbarian!" checkmated the foreigner-haters and silenced their cry. One of the first acts

of the new government was to ratify the treaties with the foreign nations in the name of the Mikado.

All this was not done without opposition, and the far-seeing and high-souled patriots who had now the destinies of Japan in their hands were denounced as traitors both by the fanatical retainers of Tokugawa and by the haters of the bakufu, who thought that they had been betrayed by their old comrades. To many of the ronins the possession of the Mikado and government had been eagerly awaited as the signal of war, but instead they found it meant peace. Echizen and Owari were sent to Kéiki to invite him to high office under the new government. He at first agreed, but afterward yielded to the counsel of Aidzu and other clans and advanced on Kyōto with a large army to drive out the men forming the new government. At the battle of Fushimi, fought during three days, from January 27 to 30, the ex-Tycoon's forces were beaten and he himself found refuge on the American man-of-war Iroquois. The loyal army now marched against Yedo, captured it, fought a battle at Uyéno, and then in the north won victories in many places. On the sea, with the ironclad ex-Confederate ram Stonewall, brought from the United States, the loyal forces overcame the navy of the adherents of Tokugawa. Yedo was made the kyō, or capital, and being in the east was called Tōkyō, or Eastern Capital. Here the Mikado came to live, and henceforth Tōkyō became the political, literary, educational, and religious center of the empire.

Kyōto was named Sai-kyō, or the western capital,

and here for several years some of the government officers remained, among whom were our old friends Mr. Rai Goro and Professor Koba.

During the years of his quiet life in Higo, since leaving Kyōto, Professor Koba had been earnestly at work in developing the resources of his native province, and helping the farmers to improve their own condition as well as their crops, and, in general, educating the people. He sent his two nephews on an American vessel at Nagasaki to study in the United States. He assisted other young men, in the same way, and soon scores of Japanese students were learning the science and languages of the west. When called to Kyōto, in 1868, he found himself among young men, and he the oldest of the Mikado's counselors.

To one of such eminent personal dignity and intellectual acquirements the young makers of New Japan gave great deference, and listened earnestly as Professor Koba pleaded for wise measures and for social and moral, as well as political, reform. Mr. Rai nobly seconded most of his propositions in the parliament. Koba urged that the eta and hi-nin should be at once given citizenship, more freedom of conscience in religion be allowed, and persecution of Christians be stopped. Though the oldest, Koba led his colleagues in urging an enlightened and progressive policy. In a word, Koba labored to obtain for the subjects of the emperor many of the rights of person and conscience now enjoyed under the Constitution promulgated February 11, 1889.

The verbal form of the "charter-oath of five articles" solemnly sworn to by the Mikado, in the castle of Nijo, before the court nobles and daimiōs, and made the basis of the new government, called the Constitution of 1868, was the work of Mr. Rai Goro. These five articles were:

I. All the affairs of state shall be guided by public opinion.

II. The upper and the lower (all) classes of the people shall be united for common good, and the right principles of social and political economy studied by all.

III. The fountains of honor and power (Throne and Camp) shall be united for the purpose of assisting every subject to carry out his will for good purposes.

IV. The artificial and absurd customs of former times shall be abolished, and all measures shall be framed according to the right way between heaven and earth.

V. Intellect and ability shall be sought for from all parts of the world to establish the foundations of the empire.

On this basis the government of Japan was, as it has proved, to be administered for twenty-two years, or until the new and more glorious Constitution of February 11, 1889. Following out the purpose of the fifth clause, the men of Echizen promptly bestirred themselves to obtain from Europe and America a physician, a military instructor, a mining engineer, a teacher of English, and an organizer of

education in the sciences and literature of Christendom.

Yet Koba never lived to see Echizen leading in the new era of Meiji, or peace under enlightened civilization. Why?

Alas, that we should have to write it, and again tell the story of blood! There were many men still in Kyōto and the country bitterly opposed to reform, to foreigners, and above all to Christianity. They had marked for death any one suspected of being a Christian, or, as they put it, of "holding evil opinions." They argued that Koba must be a Christian, or else he would not be bent upon so changing the old order of rule by the sword, upon uplifting the outcasts to citizenship, and upon treating aliens with respect.

Going home in his palanquin one night in 1869 from the court where he had been all day engaged, his bearers had reached a certain street in Kyōto when a pistol-shot was fired, the ball passing through the palanquin. Koba at once knew he was surrounded, and sprang out to defend himself. Six men with their faces tied up with cloth-wrappers, which concealed their features except their eyes, attacked him with naked swords, and one of them with a single blow cut off his head.

One of the assassins was an ex-priest and two were of the class called *gōshi*. All were arrested and beheaded for their crime, but the loss of this wise counselor was irreparable.

Mr. Rai, though often threatened, escaped all dan-

gers, living to preside at the opening of the School of Western Languages and Science, established in Fukui, and finally to see the feudal system pass away. He himself was appointed the special agent of the imperial government to hand over the lands, castles, public works, and appurtenances of the fief of Fukui to the emperor and to the nation. The impressive ceremonies attendant upon the transfer of the loyalty of the retainers of the house of Echizen to the Mikado were with sadness and dignity, blended with mingled hope and fear for the future. They took place in the great castle hall on a lovely Sunday morning in October, 1871. The next day, amid the tears and smiles of a people both loyal and patriotic, the lord and the lady of the castle departed from Fukui for their permanent abode in the capital to live as private persons; and the spectacular glories and feudal display disappeared from Fukui forever. Henceforth in Tōkyō, with sufficient means to live in a style becoming his rank, Fujimaro lived while his little son prepared for entrance into the University of Oxford.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW HONDA JIRO BECAME A CHRISTIAN.

THE year which followed the coming of Honda Jiro and his wife to Yokohama was one of intense anxiety to the American missionaries. Though home news was more cheering, and the ultimate victory of the Union arms, and the indications of the supremacy of the United States government were more assuring, yet affairs in Japan seemed to become more and more unsettled. Murder, incendiarism, and assassination increased rather than diminished. The only lawful government of the country, which in the eyes of the foreigners was that in Yedo, seemed to be fast settling to destruction. Of the constructive forces latent in the movement against the Tycoon, they knew nothing.

One happy event which took place at Doctor Grey's house cheered the toilers. One year after his arrival at Yokohama Honda Jiro and his wife were baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, in the presence of the American families of the three missionaries then at the port. After the parents had confessed their faith, the waters of holy baptism fell upon the forehead of little Sayo, their baby daughter, then three months old.

The second event worth noticing, even as the

planting of a seed is worth the notice, was the sending of a complete revised copy of the Gospels in Japanese to Professor Koba, then at Kumamoto.

The Scriptures could not yet be published, for none of the block-cutters or book-sellers could be got to touch the work, fearing imprisonment or death. Years were yet to pass before anything but manuscript could be circulated among inquiring men who were seekers after God. At this time there were many Neesimas of whom the outside world never heard, but of whom the Watcher of the falling sparrow knew. Not every Neesima met his Hardy.

How all this came to pass, the change of mind and of heart in himself, and the brave stand for Christ, even amid the risks of prison, exile, and death, is told in a letter written by Honda some years afterward. This is the way he gives his experience and relates the story of his turning to God. The document was written about the time of the formation of the first Christian church in Japan, at Yokohama, April 10, 1872, which took place after a month of daily prayer and study of the Book of Acts — the inspired text-book of church history.

"I was born in Japan when it was almost wholly a heathen land. I was brought up in the midst of idolatry and superstitions of various kinds, and I had not any knowledge of God and his salvation. I cared nothing for the Buddhist religion, but went to school where I was taught the doctrines of Confucius. The consequence was that I firmly believed

in the annihilation of the soul with the body. I thought, also, that all things which exist in the world were the works of nature and there was not any Being who created and governed them. I also believed in the original purity of the heart, as Confucius and his followers taught. These three articles are fundamental to the scheme of Chinese ethics, but are exactly opposite to the doctrine of Christianity.

"Several years having so passed, at last there came a time when I was delivered out of darkness into light. When I was undergoing my term of house-confinement for intending to take the life of Commodore Perry, I got from Mr. Koba a book which was written in Chinese, treating in general of Christianity, by a missionary in Shanghai. This was the first book written on the subject that I had ever read. This also was the first time that I was informed of anything about the religion of Jesus, except as I had vague impressions about it as I read the name of Yasu, or Jesus, on the public edict-boards, or heard it described as sorcery by my nurses and grandmother. My impression then was that it would have a more powerful effect on the minds of men in conducting their moral life than the doctrine of Confucius would, because Christianity teaches us to regard this world as only a temporary abode, but the next to be eternal. I also came to the conclusion that the fear of punishment in the world to come can restrain the most violent passions; while the hope of coming happiness inspires courage to strive after good. I had not any idea myself of accepting these doctrines

as part of my personal belief, but I had a strong desire to read the Bible just to know what was written in it. In Fukui I was further helped by studying with Professor Koba who was full of admiration for the teachings of Jesus and his sympathy for even the lowest kind of humanity.

"Afterward, in the political turmoil and bloody scenes which I witnessed in Kyōto and Yedo, I was impressed with the need of our samurai of a higher moral principle than merely that of the 'five relations' as taught by Confucius. Our samurai seemed as brave and determined, as willing to suffer and endure as foreigners; but when I read in Dutch books the history of Europe and America, I was persuaded that our country needed a moral power equal to that of Christian nations. Supposing our feudal system were to break down, where should we samurai find sufficient motive for right living and for elevating our country to the level of the United States of America? For I reflected on the great age of our country and civilization, and compared our attainments with those of England or America. In fact, my reflections while in prison, and as secretary of my lord Echizen, took much of my old pride away, and my narrow fanatical patriotism changed to a love for my country and all her people. And this, as Professor Koba first pointed out, was the sure result of studying the life of Christ who loved the lepers and outcast men and women as much as he loved rich men and learned scholars.

"I found also in my reading that many excellent

passages were often quoted from the Scriptures, and reference so often made to Bible history that I saw at length that to understand European literature I must know the Bible; for illustration of modern events the authors quoted from the ancient sacred books as a standard. While reading modern history I became convinced that Christianity has an important place in the course of modern civilization. Next I was led to think that all science, art, and useful implements of modern civilization are merely leaves and branches, whilst the principal root which produces them is the Christian religion. I can not tell now why I thought so, nor do I think that was exactly correct; yet it wrought a wholesome effect on my mind, for I commenced then continually to direct my attention to the subject of religion. I could understand the New Testament pretty well in some things, but in regard to many matters I had only confused notions.

"I now had an intense longing to come to Yokohama and see whether the Christians were much or little like Jesus the lover of men. Fortunately the resignation of my prince from the office of dictator gave me the opportunity, and I came at once. In Doctor Grey's house I was so kindly treated that I was deeply impressed. When I saw the science, the ability, the pity, and the healing power of Doctor Bunner, I was overcome and ashamed of myself for my former mean notions about foreigners. I got a new idea of what moral, as apart from physical, courage is when I saw Captain McDougal, and after-

wards heard of his valor and skill. When I learned that even in the heat of battle the American sailors were not allowed to fire at the Japanese from the blown-up steamer when struggling in the water, I could see that the spirit of Christianity was influential even in war. After I came back to live in Yokohama and was able to talk with Doctor Grey whenever I had mental difficulties, I made great progress in what our people now call 'the Jesus way.'

"I could easily believe in God who created the heavens, earth, and all the things therein, and admire very highly the moral teachings of the Bible. Yet I was not so ready to believe in the method of salvation and the wonderful miracles of Christ. At last I was led to think that it was a foolish idea for me, with such a feeble understanding to say, I can not believe these things because I can not understand them, or because they are not as I thought them to be. I became conscious also that it would be a great blessing to me if I could believe, because then I could overcome more easily all the difficulties of this life, and keep myself more easily from the follies in the hope of eternal glory and in the pleasure of serving the Lord and Creator of heaven and earth, than I could in following the teachings of Confucius, whom I regard as only a good man, and whose view was limited simply to this world. I saw too that the Bible is the book by which we can settle the difficult questions of the first beginnings and future destinies of all things in the world, and without it we should wander to and fro in dark imaginings and vain superstitions.

"Yet all this was, in so far, only the outward part of religion. I found the Bible required of me not only change of mind but of feelings. I began after that to pray more in secret, and I read the Bible for what it had to say to me as a needy soul and as a helpless sinner. As I read it and compared myself with the sinless Jesus, and saw myself in the light of God's holiness, I became conscious of many defects, and finally, after long struggle, of the fact that I was a miserable offender in God's sight. This was at first an awful blow to my pride, and then this strong sense of sin put me almost in despair of entering into the kingdom of the holy ones. This lasted some time, until I found to my joy that faith in the Saviour is the living principle of salvation. That verse in Romans, 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ,' became my favorite; and I think now that faith brings hope, and hope endurance, which by the grace of God will enable me to continue in the faith to the end. I am resolved to lead my whole life as it becomes a Christian, wherever I am or shall be, depending upon the mercy and guidance of God.

"Now that I am a member of Christ by faith, now that a native Japanese Christian Church has been established in Japan, I have more hope for my country than ever. How wonderfully God has given me my heart's desire, even as a Japanese, and answered the prayers of all who are loyal to our Mikado and imperial government! For now the object I long sought has been attained; the merchant is honored,

the lower classes are treated better, and the eta have been made citizens. Yedo has become the kyō of the nation, and is now Tōkyō; the feudal system is abolished; there is no Tycoon, or political system between the Emperor and his people. Japan is now a united nation.

"We have even hope that persecution will cease, the anti-Christian edicts be removed, and liberty of conscience be granted to all loyal Japanese. God bless our young Mikado and Japan, and may my country become not only representative and constitutional in government, but Christian in faith and practice!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A POSTSCRIPT IN SEPTEMBER, 1890.

THE *hanashika*, as the Japanese would call him, who tells this story, enjoyed a call a few weeks ago from a gentleman from Tōkyō. On his card — plate engraved in Boston — I read in English, Asahi Rai.

"Can it be possible," I thought, "that here is one of my old Fukui boys?" Going down into the parlor I shook hands with a fine-looking young man, who immediately said: —

"Do you not know me? I am one of your boys whom you taught in Fukui."

"Yes, of course I know you, and am glad to see you; but you write your name in our way — family name last?"

"Yes; we all do it in Japan now, at least most of us."

"And, may I ask, what are you doing in America, Asahi bo?"

Laughing heartily at my calling him by his nursery name, he replied: —

"I am a civil engineer, and am here on government business connected with the railroads, — for the Department of Communications, — of which, as you know, some one of the great Sa-chō-to combina-

tion is chief, or minister, for the imperial cabinet changes often. Heretofore, since 1868, the ministers and men in high office have been those who were active in the Revolution of 1868, but now there are younger men educated in Europe or America who are the emperor's advisers, and in the cabinet."

"Your words remind me of Professor Koba. Is his widow living yet?"

"Oh, yes, in good health; and his son is now the pastor of a large Christian church in Tōkyō. He is one of the most active and earnest of our leaders. He was trained at the Dōshisha in Kyōto, over which Mr. Neesima was president. When those assassins left Koba's headless trunk in the streets of Kyōto, they imagined that Christianity in Japan was at an end, but they were mistaken. I myself have the great pleasure of being a member of Rev. Mr. Koba's church, and of hearing him preach every Sunday. By the way, Mr. Neesima's loss seems almost irreparable, but we hope God will give us others like him. We have several Fukui lads at the Dōshisha in Kyōto."

"What has become of all our old friends? How is the old prince of Echizen?"

"Oh, Matsudaira? Alas, he died during the summer, after the emperor had conferred upon him the highest rank a living subject could attain."

"Indeed! I feel this as a direct personal loss. Then we shall have no Echizen nobleman sitting among the princes in the new House of Peers?"

"No; nor among the marquises: for since I left

Japan, Fujimaro, whose wedding my father attended, has also passed away."

"And what of his beautiful wife, the Higo bride you remember, whose betrothal your father arranged, and who was, as I thought, one of the handsomest ladies in Japan?"

"Ah, yes; I am sorry to say she died a few years ago. Her son, who was studying at an English university, returned in time to be chief mourner at his father's funeral. He is very promising, and has his mother's winning ways."

"I am sorry to hear of her death. Here, in this cabinet drawer, is some of her beautiful handiwork in silk and crêpe; and as for that rare old kakémono, with the painting on silk of the palace-lady, which reminds me of her, do you know how I got that?"

"No; please tell me."

"Well, in those days when I first came to Fukui, for fear of the foreigner-haters' assassinating the American teacher, Mr. Honda Jiro's father, by order of the Prince Fujimaro, used to send two mounted yakunin with me when I took a horseback ride through the country. In clumsily leading his horse over the boat-bridge at Funabashi, first built by Shibata Katsuiyé, the horse of one of the guards slipped into the water and was nearly drowned. For fear I should inform on him to the prince, he insisted on my accepting this rare old bit of art-work of the fifteenth century. By the way, how is he?"

"He is dead also, but his son is the pastor of a Methodist church near Yokohama. He was a bright

student, you know, and a fine man, and has been a very successful preacher."

"Good! And how are Doctor Sano and his son, and the three little daughters who used to bring me flowers?"

"Ah, yes. The doctor is hale and hearty yet at eighty, and still thinks Fukui scenery the finest in Japan. His daughters are all married, and one of them, the youngest, is my wife," laughed Asahi. "His son is the famous naval surgeon, who first demonstrated that the Japanese must sit on chairs instead of squatting on mats, if they would grow taller and have a better physique," said Asahi, with another merry laugh.

"And how are your mother, your sisters, and your brothers?"

"My mother is still living, and in Tōkyō with father, who, you know, is a senator. Of my brothers, one is an officer in the navy, and one in the department of education. Both my sisters married gentlemen who had been students in America."

"Your father is actively engaged in doing good, of course?"

"He is, even if his son says it. When the Constitution was proclaimed last February, he saw his heart's desire gratified in having the names of Sakuma Éi, Nogé Toro, Ban Saburo, and others who had died political martyrs, raised to honor and posthumous rank. Indeed, some of the most splendid monuments in the country are to those who, under the old system, were put to death."

"And how is Kéiki, the last of the Tycoons?"

"Oh, he is living in delightful leisure at Shidzuoka, and recently requested in the Christian churches a memorial service in honor of all the foreigners who lost their lives during the political troubles. It was a noble and generous act, and quite in accordance with his character. All the nobles of the Tokugawa family enjoy high honor, and many of those engaged against the imperial government before and since 1868 have been pardoned, and, in many cases, given high rank and office. Indeed, those far-away days, as your civil war of 1861 to 1865 must to you, seem like ancient history to us young men."

"And how are Honda Jiro and his wife?"

"Ah, yes. Would you believe it? I have just made a call on his oldest son, who is a student at the same American school at which the son of Ii Kamon no Kami was educated. Honda is still at his work in Tōkyō, as a Christian teacher. He is as patriotic as ever, but after going around the world with a commission, sent by the government to study education, he has declined all public office. His wife is very active in all that relates to the welfare of her countrywomen, but does not believe in aping foreigners, nor in adopting all the foolish innovations. In fact, both Honda and his wife, while earnestly Christian, strongly believe in holding fast to what is best and truest in our national character."

"Good! They are the kind of Japanese I like, and whom sensible people will respect. A national-

ist movement that means loyalty to Japan will win the respect of the world. No bad reaction in that. By the way, what books have you been reading?"

"Well, with your American steamers crossing the Pacific in twelve days and a fraction, as the China now does, there is not much time for reading; but on board ship I read again, daily and delightedly, out of the complete Bible in Japanese. I also re-read a work on 'The Opening of Japan to Western Influences,' by one of our most philosophic historians, in which he entirely justifies and defends Ii Kamon no Kami. On the cars, while riding across the country, I read the 'Life and Letters of Professor Koba.' These are three specimens of the kind of literature which New Japan is to have."

"I judge, then, that the missionary translation of the Bible is a successful one?"

"Entirely so, I think. One reason why we so prize the Japanese Bible on the human side is that some of our countrymen, Honda Jiro at first, and abler Christian scholars afterwards, wrought with the missionaries to make it so idiomatic and pleasant to read. It is now used in three hundred churches, by over thirty thousand native members, and by many tens of thousands more of our people."

"It is wonderful what God has wrought in Japan. The ten native believers in Christ according to the Bible way, of whom I knew in 1870, have increased to a great army numbering tens of thousands — a wonderful work indeed!"

"Truly; and I for one feel so thankful to the

American Christians for making our country so long the object of their prayers. While here I wish to pay the visit of a grateful pilgrim to Doctor Grey's tomb, which is in this state. As for Doctor Bunner's name, it is a household word in our country.

"Excuse me. I must now say good-by, but before I go allow me to hand you this. It is from Honda Jiro's artist friend, Oiwa Samro. He is a very devout Christian, and is preaching Christ in art. He is one of many whom I hope God has called to interpret to our people the Bible symbols in their own art language. We have no sheep or shepherds in our country, so we lose much of the beautiful imagery of the Bible of which I had no conception till I came to America; but God has given us a beautiful land, and some day I hope one of my countrymen will give us a Bible illustrated in the best style of true Japanese art. Sayonara!"

This closed the conversation, for Mr. Asahi Rai had calls to make on several, not all, of his countryfolk then in Boston. To simply name them will set in sufficiently dramatic contrast the hermit nation of 1852, pictured in our first chapter, and the cosmopolitan people of 1890. To say nothing of the hundreds of Japanese elsewhere in the United States, there were in or near Boston a young lad who had come to America as a deck-hand on a merchant ship and was now studying to be a missionary; three students at Harvard University; two young ladies at the Conservatory of Music; one lad, son of an admiral, in the School of Technology; two young

men learning dentistry, and finally the secretary of the new imperial diet or parliament.

Bidding farewell and godspeed to Asahi Rai, the hanashika opened the roll. It contained an illuminated scroll of seven leaves entitled "Comfort for the Week." There were seven exquisite designs in color, and with each a text in Japanese script. Wedded to the thought of the verse was the pictorial interpretation of the artist as follows: —

1. 1 John 4: 12. A pair of love-birds hovering over a spray of cherry blossoms and peonies.

2. Psalm 51: 17. A winter scene. The tree branches heavily laden, and some even broken, with weight of the pure white snow.

3. John 14: 15, 16. Doves hovering in the air, or abiding trustfully near those who fed them with rice.

4. John 1: 15. An autumn basket, garnished at the bottom and sides with chrysanthemums, and, overflowing body and edges with ripened grapes.

5. Matt. 6: 33. The fowls of the air flying over a heap of wild flowers, among which are the lilies so amazingly numerous in Japan.

6. Rev. 7: 17. Mated butterflies hovering over the "morning-faces," or morning-glories, springing into bloom after the night has fled.

7. Does the reader remember what was said in Chapter X about the wild geese — the most graceful and vigorous of winged creatures — that at sunrise seem covered with yellow gold, and at night, flying across the great silver mirror of the heavens, seem to be changed into living silver?

This last design pictured the leaders of a distant line of winged life, three full-sized birds of grace bathed in the splendor of the full moon and seeming as if transmuted into flashing silver that had life in itself, while emerging out of the far-away darkness others in their turn were changed into messengers of light and glory.

To this scene of splendor, the original of which so often captivated the story-teller by the banks of the Ashiwa River, was linked this text (2 Cor. 3: 18):

"But we all, with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit."

OWARI.

(THE END.)

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